





THE HALLIG:

OR,

THE SHEEPFOLD IN THE WATERS.

A TALE OF

Humble Life on the Coast of Schleswig.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE GERMAN OF BIERNATZKI, *Johann Chri*

BY

MRS. GEORGE P. MARSH.

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

"On that lone shore loud moans the sea."

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE work now offered to the public for the first time, as it is supposed, in an English dress, has received much commendation in Germany as a highly interesting contribution to the physical geography of a part of Europe lying quite beyond the reach of ordinary observation, and as a genial and faithful sketch of human life under conditions which are hardly paralleled elsewhere. Its descriptive portions are believed to be scrupulously accurate, and though a thread of fiction has been woven into the narrative, yet its leading incidents are historical facts, and many of the most striking of them were drawn from the personal experience of the author.

Nor has the theology which pervades the volume been thought to detract from its merits, even by those who dissent from the doctrines inculcated. The divinity of

Pastor Hold is the divinity of his flock. The religion of a people is as influential in the formation of their national character as any other element, and if we would rightly estimate their social, moral, and intellectual condition, we must become acquainted with their faith, as well as with the form of their government and the spirit of their laws.

The religious opinions of Biernatzki, except upon the obscure subject of consubstantiation, do not essentially vary from those received by most denominations in this country, and whatever differences may exist on this point, all will approve the devout spirit of the author, and the tone of his moral precepts. While, therefore, the theology of "The Hallig" will offend none, its skillful and picturesque delineations of nature and of man, in their reciprocal action under new and strange relations, will, it is hoped, interest and instruct a large class of readers.

The style of Biernatzki is in general unexceptionable, but his partiality for oriental literature has sometimes betrayed him into the adoption of a more figurative mode of expression than is quite consistent with the soberer taste of the best European writers. The translator has not thought herself authorized to retrench much of this exuberance, or to take other liberties with the text than

those necessary changes which are inseparable from all attempts to mold ideas conceived in one language into the forms required by the idiom and genius of another.

The biographical sketch which precedes the volume is abridged from a life of the author by his son. It presents little of incident or interest, except as it is connected with Biernatzki's life as a Hallig preacher, and it has therefore been restricted to such facts as properly belong to literary history.

The work before us may be regarded as in its facts an autobiography of that portion of his life which most commends him to the affection and respect of men, and there is good reason to believe that in his pastoral relation to his humble flock, he more nearly realized the ideal he had sketched in his picture of Hold's professional life than his own modesty allowed him to suppose.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

UPON the form and objects of works like the present, I have expressed myself in the preface to my first production of this character, which appeared in 1835, under the title "The Way to Faith, or Love from Childhood," and I therefore take the liberty of referring my readers to that volume for an explanation of my views on this subject.

My friends who, in reading these pages, can not fail to perceive that the materials for my description of Hold's social and professional career have been drawn from my own experience as a Hallig preacher, will readily believe that I have not sought, in my representation of his character and spiritual influence, to depict myself, but simply to present my ideal of what such a preacher should be, and what I ought to have been.

To the above extract from the preface to my first edition, I now add that I have endeavored to prove my gratitude for the favorable judgment of my reviewers and the reading public, by the correction of the errors

and defects which have been observed. The general plan and import of my book remain indeed the same, but I have at least aimed to connect the didactic more closely with the narrative element, and here and there to give more finish to the execution.

I have by no means realized my conception of a story of this class, but I hope my failure will be ascribed not to the want of either earnest effort, or of a due sense of what is demanded for the perfection of such a work, but to the difficulty of the task, and my inability satisfactorily to perform it.

I had not access to a sufficiently wide range of books to supply my chapters with borrowed mottoes. I have therefore composed such myself, and if the reader thereby suffers loss, I at least am a gainer in this, that my volume is altogether my own.

I have received assurances from various quarters, that my tales have given more than mere entertainment to some. May then this new edition of "The Hallig" attain its end, which is to make smooth the way of the Lord.

THE AUTHOR.

FEBRUARY 16, 1840.

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BIOGRAPHICAL

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

THE family of Biernatzki originated in Poland. His grandfather, a Polish nobleman, of the Protestant religion, whose estates had been confiscated, emigrated to Breslau, then passed into Hanover, and finally fixed himself at Altona, in the duchy of Holstein. He there established a school, which he conducted with ability and success, and thus supported his family in comfort and respectability until his death. His youngest son, the father of J. G. Biernatzki, was educated to the medical profession at Copenhagen, obtained the favor of Privy-counsellor Brandt, and was attached to the Royal Guards in the capacity of surgeon. He soon after married, and the author of "The Hallig," the second child of this union, was born at Elmshorn on the 17th of October, 1795. The death of Biernatzki's mother, a woman of excellent heart and superior intellect, which took place in 1801, appears to have affected him more deeply and permanently than is usual with children of so tender an age, and this affliction, so peculiarly felt, doubtless had some influence in

modifying his character through life. With prematurely developed mental powers, he had a slender constitution, and suffered from a variety of maladies, and especially from an affection of the eyes, which often interrupted his studies for weeks together. During these intervals, his father devoted much time to the instruction and amusement of his son, by reading to him, and assisting him to get by heart short poems, and other matter worthy of being committed to memory.

At the age of twelve, young Biernatzki was attacked by a disease of the chest, which brought him near the grave, and kept him long hovering between life and death. After the crisis was thought to have passed, he fell into a stupor, and soon sunk into a state of suspended animation, in which condition he lay for four and twenty hours. At the expiration of this period consciousness suddenly returned, but with a nearly total loss of all recollection of previous events, except of the sufferings of his deceased mother, and he never regained a distinct remembrance of his former life. Health was very gradually restored, though never afterward firmly established, and it was not until the following year that Biernatzki was able to enter the gymnasium at Altona. He was here respected as much for his frank, manly, and truthful character, as for his diligence in study; his progress in the acquisition of learning was highly creditable, and he was particularly distinguished for his knowledge of Latin. He had been accustomed from childhood to look upon theology as his chosen vocation, and he therefore lost no time from uncertainty or indecision with respect to the course of study most likely to be useful to him in his future professional life. Both his poetical temperament, which was rapidly developing itself, and his intended calling, gave, in his eyes, a special interest to oriental literature, and he was already far advanced in the study of

Hebrew while still at the gymnasium. The glowing poesy, the highly figurative style, the deep religious solemnity, and the mystic tone of the prophetic books were particularly attractive to him. The Hebrew tongue introduced him to the Arabic, which language and its literature now became his favorite pursuit, and would doubtless have quite absorbed him, had not the claims of the profession he had chosen required him to devote himself to other studies.

His first sermon, an eminently successful effort, was preached in 1814, when he was still a gymnasiast; and upon leaving the school at Altona to repair to the university at Kiel, he delivered a discourse "on some of the leading virtues of Luther," which was much commended for the classic elegance of its Latinity. At the university he pursued his studies with his usual diligence, and returned with renewed zeal to the cultivation of Arabic literature. "It is," wrote he enthusiastically to a friend, "one of the noblest of tongues. The Arab speaks with the blaze of the word as with the lightning of his cimeter, with the dart of his acuteness as with the arrow of his bow. His poetry is a wild daughter of the desert. Whosoever has looked into her flashing eye is hers to death. Thus is it with me. How dull in comparison are all my other professional studies! This is their sunny side, and I will never abandon it. She hurries me through the thirsty sands of the wilderness to the cool oases, but her path is a hurricane, and knows no rest."

During his university life, Biernatzki occupied himself much in poetical composition, and seems to have projected many plans of this nature, few of which were executed, and fewer still saw the light. Among them was a tragedy, the subject of which was probably suggested by the history of his own family, and, as he says in a letter to a

friend, " was sufficiently inspiring for me, as you will infer from the following extract :

"From a Polish stock descended,
Yet a German by my birthright,
Equal is my love and longing
For the Fatherland and Poland.
But to both I am an alien!
When I seek my father's homestead,
Seek the tombs where sleep our grandsires,
None the stranger's sorrow heedeth.
And the soil that was my birthplace,
Where, a happy child, I sported,
Crowns with oak-leaf wreaths and roses
Every son born of her people ;
For the offspring of the Polack
Thorns she plats to bind his temples.
As the pine, whose roots the water
Washeth bare and undermineth,
Leaving naught to hold or nourish,
Trembleth, sinketh, falleth headlong—
O'er it, 'neath it, dance the billows ;
Billows sport with its green branches :
So he sinketh in life's river,
Who no country hath to greet him,
Hath no home to love him fondly,
Hath no soil his life to cherish,
From his mother earth uprooted,
Orphaned through the world he wanders,
Homeless always, always alien."

Biernatzki probably never completed his tragedy, and, with other similar projects, it was forgotten as soon as he fully realized that graver occupations than poetry and literature must be the business of his life.

He left the university of Kiel in 1818, after having made good progress in oriental learning, and consequently in biblical exegesis, as well as in most branches of theological

knowledge, but he had paid little attention to mathematics or intellectual philosophy; a neglect for which, as to the former at least, he atoned by laborious study at a later period of life. From Kiel he went to Jena, and arrived at that city on the 17th of October, 1818, the evening before the celebration of the Feast of the Wartburg. He thus describes the ceremonies of the occasion :

“On the 18th of the month of victory, we celebrated the festival. At nine in the morning, the Burschenschaft assembled. The chiefs, standard-bearers, aids, and marshals were dressed in black, with old German coats, trunk hose, and hats with black plumes. Over the shoulder and across the breast was thrown a red scarf, to which hung a sword. The procession first marched to the market, where a spirited address was delivered, then, with banners flying, and in close order, to the church. After the sermon, which dwelt exclusively on the triumphs of liberty, the association dined on Oak-square, and then proceeded to the Turn-square. In the evening, fires were lighted on all the mountains which surround the valley of Jena. We marched with six hundred torches to the summit of one of the highest, and a mighty pile of wood, prepared for the occasion, was soon kindled. Then a student stepped forth, and spoke in words more glowing and heart-stirring than the flames which blazed to heaven beside us. Hymns to God, liberty, and the fatherland, mingled with the rustling of the oaks that clothe the slopes of the mountain. You should have witnessed it. The lofty peak, the whispering oaks, the crackling fire, the wild songs, and the strange garb of the officers of the Burschenschaft, who seemed as if they had come forth from their ancestral graves—all these conspired to fill me with the most singular emotions.”

Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, was then a member of

the university of Jena, and was the first student whose acquaintance Biernatzki made. Festivals like this no doubt contributed much to heighten both Sand's enthusiasm, and that of the political associations among the students, and thus in some measure to stimulate him to the commission of the crime, which cost his life as well as that of his victim. At Jena, Biernatzki continued his oriental studies, under the direction of Kosegarten. He occupied himself with the careful perusal of the Hebrew Scriptures, especially the prophets; and his Arabic partialities went so far, that he wrote a defense of Mohammed against the imputation of feigning the performance of miracles. This essay was afterward submitted to his examiners, as one of the two dissertations required on such occasions. After a year at Jena he went to Halle, attended the lectures of Gesenius, and sedulously practiced disputation in Latin, in the Anhaltina, a club which met for that purpose, and he attained such facility in this exercise, that he was able to give plausibility to the most palpable paradoxes, and to disconcert if not to confute his opponent by sportive repartee and verbal wit.

Early in 1821 he returned to Kiel, but left that university after a few months' residence, and then devoted himself for some time to special preparation for his theological examination. At the commencement of the year 1822, he entered upon his professional career as pastor of the church on the Hallig of Nordstrandischmoor (a congregation of about fifty souls), and teacher of a school on the island of Nordstrand, which lies about a German mile to the south of the hallig. The discharge of this double duty required frequent passages between the hallig and the island proper. These were made by water, on foot across the flats, or upon the ice, according to the tide and the season, and were often performed under circumstances of great hardship and

danger. Both as a pastor and as a teacher, he rendered himself very acceptable to those under his charge, and he soon became reconciled to the life of isolation and self-denial which his position necessarily imposed upon him.

In 1823, he was married to Henrietta de Vries, a woman of cultivated intellect and affectionate temper, and the union appears to have been in all respects a happy one.

The terrible inundation of February, 1825, so ably described in the twenty-third chapter of "The Hallig," deprived his flock not only of all their personal property, but almost of the very soil on which their humble habitations were reared. Biernatzki exerted himself most zealously in stimulating and promoting measures for their relief, among others by contributing the proceeds of a work entitled "Faith, a religious didactic poem," which he had written some time before, and which now went through two editions. So successful were his efforts, that his people were furnished with the means of rebuilding their church, their wharves, and their houses, and of replacing their furniture and sheep; and the whole congregation, with the exception of a single couple, returned to the hal-lig, though it had been within a very few years thrice laid waste by the waves.

In the autumn of 1825, Biernatzki was transferred to a somewhat wider sphere of labor as pastor of a church in the city of Friedrichstadt in Schleswig, a town founded in 1624 by Arminians from Holland, who had been compelled to emigrate from their native country, by the resolutions of the Synod of Dort. In this charge he was as successful as he had been in his former humble parish, and was always conspicuous for his zeal in the cause of education and of philanthropy. His leisure hours were devoted to literary pursuits both general and professional, but all his

printed works were theological, or at least of a decidedly religious tendency. The first of his tales, "The way to Faith," appeared in 1835, "The Hallig," on which his reputation as a writer mainly rests, in 1836, and a revised and enlarged edition of this work was his last literary labor. His other productions consist of works of imagination in poetry and in prose, sermons, and occasional essays; and though none of them have been so well received as "The Hallig," they are in general characterized by the same excellences as that remarkable work.

Biernatzki continued in charge of his church at Friedrichstadt until his death, which took place in May, 1840, just after he had been nominated to the pastorate of Süderau. This was a much more desirable position than those he had before occupied, and he had the dying consolation of knowing that his merits were at length recognized, though it was not the will of Providence, that he should enjoy an earthly reward for his faithful devotion to the responsibilities and duties of a life of toil, of suffering, and of privation.

THE HALLIG.

CHAPTER I.

THE ISLAND HOME.

"The eye's first upward glancing at the day,
The first faint footprints on life's dusty way,
The mother's name lisped feebly at her knees,
Can time steal from us memories like these?"

ALONG the western coast of the Duchy of Schleswig, embosomed in the waves of the North Sea, lie several islands which are the remains of a portion of the neighboring shore that has fallen a prey to the ocean, and serve as a continual warning to the inhabitants of the mainland to resist the encroachments of the waves by every means at their command.

The larger islands are protected, partly by dykes (artificial sea-walls), and partly by downs (natural hills of sand), against the waves, which daily advancing and retreating with the tide, seem to be incessantly making renewed efforts to sweep into the greedy abyss of the ocean the last fragments of their mighty spoil. At ebb-tide the sea retires so far as to expose a soft slimy flat, miles in width, whose rippled surface repeats the forms of the waves that were roll-

ing over it a few hours before. But small runs, and other depressions, which furrow this waste, are not left dry even at low tide ; and the now visible “ channels,” as they are called, which communicate with each other as well as with the ocean, entangle the islands in the serpent embrace of their giant enemy, which, though now invading other shores, still holds fast his prey, and never suffers it to hope for a moment that he has renounced his conquest. These channels, even at the lowest ebb, form impassable barriers to the solitary wanderer who traverses the soft bottom left bare for an hour, in search of crabs, or rays, or perhaps a seal left stranded by the sudden retreat of the waves, and they intercept the communication between the islands by land, even when it *seems* most practicable. It is only a few of the smaller islands that, during the retreat of the sea, enjoy a brief intercourse with each other or with the mainland, without recourse to boats ; but woe to the loiterer who trusts the treacherous giant too far ! The enemy often returns with unexpected haste, bringing thick mists in his train, and the *ebb-walker*—so they call those who venture excursions upon the flats at low tide—sees his home fading from his view, he feels the returning current playing around his feet, and seized with terror he rushes on in agony. The swelling runs obstruct his path, he makes a circuit to avoid them, loses his course, turns hither and thither, and at length finds himself quite surrounded by the advancing waves. The tide creeps higher and higher at every breath, his cry is lost in the waste of waters, and at last is choked by the rushing surge which now

engulfs his corpse ; and deep-rolling billows flow over the ground just now marked by the footprints of the victim.

By way of distinction from the larger islands, which are protected by dykes and downs, the smaller ones are called *halligs*. A hallig is a flat grass-plot, scarcely two or three feet higher than the level of ordinary tides, and consequently, being protected neither by nature nor by art, is often overflowed by the rolling sea, especially in the winter months, and sometimes twice in a day. The largest of these halligs are less than half a German square mile in extent ; the smaller, often inhabited only by a single family, are barely a couple of thousand feet in length and breadth ; the smallest halligs are uninhabited, and only produce a little short thin hay, which is often swept off by the waves before it can be secured. The hay is stored in stacks, over which is thrown a covering of platted straw loaded at the ends with stones, and it becomes so solid, in consequence, that the supply for daily use must be cut with a hay-knife ; and the stacks near the dwelling often serve as a secure retreat, when the walls of the house yield to the violence of the waves. The habitations are erected on artificial mounds of earth, or wharves, seldom leaving more space than is required for a narrow walk around the house, on the sloping side of the wharf. On most of the halligs, therefore, there is no patch of garden ground for any kitchen vegetable, not a bush to yield refreshing berries, or a tree to afford a resting-place in its shade. For such enjoyments the wharves must be larger, but small as they are, their erection and main-

tenance involve a greater expenditure than the cost of the simple dwellings which crown them. On the plain below, the frequent overflows forbid the growth of every pleasant shrub or nutritious fruit. It is a waste whose pale green sod, often interrupted by patches of gray slime, shows that the frugal sheep may find here a scanty sustenance, but nowhere affords the fresh and fragrant pasture where the thriving cow revels, and the spirited horse prances. No bubbling springs offer a refreshing draught on these thin meadows burned by the direct rays of the sun, which no shady foliage intercepts. You find indeed shores torn by the waves, deep sea-creeks penetrating with winding course far into the land, as if seeking to divide it into smaller portions, in order to master it the more easily, many standing pools left behind by the last inundation, as a token that the land already belongs half to the ocean, and will soon be wholly his own ; but fresh water is found only in reservoirs excavated upon the wharves, and lined with sods. Into these the rain-water falls and leaches through their sides, and this water serves for the sheep and the tea-kettles of their owners, though it derives from the salt earth a nauseously brackish taste, which renders it altogether undrinkable to the stranger. Sometimes a boat brings off a keg of fresh water from the mainland, and in seasons of drought it becomes necessary to fetch thence the whole supply.

But doubtless the inhabitant of the hallig enjoys the advantage of a constant and abundant fishery ? No ; he has not even the view of a clear green sea. A repulsive turbid yellowish gray is the usual color of the

waters around him. The fish shun a shallow sea, that at ebb leaves bare a wide expanse of slimy bottom, and willingly relinquish to the seal and the ugly ray so uninviting an abode. And this sea which surrounds, and so often inundates the halligs, and which at different points is named after the districts it has swallowed up—this sea so poor in gifts, and so rich in plunder, is still forever a spoiler, which now with gradual destructive steps, and now with impetuous fury, is undermining the island piece by piece, so that the inhabitant of the hallig can calculate the period when it will ravish the last foothold from his flocks and sap the foundations of his dwelling. Yet happy were the hallig if the picture of its miseries were now complete. But there still remains a fearful page. Inundations that overflow the level surface, and roll their billows against the wharf, dashing their spray upon the walls and windows, are of frequent occurrence. The habitations then show only their thatched roofs above the tossing waters, and one would never imagine that they are sheltering human beings, hoary grand-sires, strong men and women, and playful children perhaps gathered carelessly about the tea-table, and scarcely casting a glance at the threatening ocean. Many a stranger vessel driven out of its course by night has on such occasions sailed over a hallig, and the astonished seamen have thought it a delusion of witchcraft when they have suddenly seen, alongside, a cheerful candle shining through the window of a dwelling, which, half buried in the waves, seemed to rest only on their bosom. But sometimes tempest and tide together break upon the trembling hallig. The sea rises

twenty feet above its usual level ; the waves swell and sink to alternate mountains and valleys, and the ocean calls out his forces in a quick succession of long surges to advance against the wharves and sweep them from his path. The mound, which has for a time feebly resisted the waves, begins to crumble. Fragment after fragment yields to repeated attacks, and disappears beneath the waves. The posts of the house, prudently buried as deeply in the wharf as they project above its surface, are bared of their support, and washed and shaken by the sea. The frightened peasant hastens to secure his best sheep in the houseloft, and then himself retires to the same shelter. The wall soon gives way, and but a few studs remain to sustain the quivering garret floor, the last retreat of the terrified inmates. With triumphant fury, the waves roll through the naked frame-work below, they toss presses, boxes, beds, cradles, violently against each other, force for themselves wide passages to sweep them all out into the open sea, there yet more wildly to sport with their plunder. The supports of the roof are failing—of that roof whose overthrow must inevitably plunge in a watery grave a family whose members were but a few hours before busied together in their household duties or sleeping peacefully side by side. The unhappy ones press nearer and nearer to each other, they listen anxiously for the abating of the storm, and their hearts beat fearfully at every renewed shock. In the darkness none sees the pale, terrified countenance of the other. The thunder roll of the mad waves drowns the groan of fear ; but each one can measure by his own sufferings the agonizing terror

of the other. With despairing certainty of death, the husband embraces the wife, the mother the child. The boards beneath their feet are raised by the swelling flood, the water gushes through every seam, the roof is shattered by the dashing waves. A solitary moonbeam pierces through the rent clouds, falls in upon this scene of distress, and lighting it up with pale trembling rays, shows all its terrors, and mirrors to each the horror-stricken face of the other. There cracks a beam!—a shriek of terror! yet another moment of torturing suspense—still another! the floor settles away, and the mountain wave breaks in, and the last death-cry dies away amid the storm. The triumphant waves toss to and fro the bodies of the dead and the fragments of their dwelling.

Still the inhabitant of the hallig loves his home—loves it above every thing, and he who has just escaped from the flood always builds again upon the very spot where he has so lately lost his all, and where he may so soon lose his life as well.

We are surprised at the son of the African desert who pitches his tent in the fiery heat of a vertical sun, in the midst of a boundless burning sand-plain. He has however a wide kingdom over which he courses in every direction on his swift steed. He has, too, his oases, those islands of the sand sea, where under the shadow of the palm-tree, he hears the gushing of the fountain, chants lays in praise of the desert, or listens to the marvelous tales of the experienced caravan leader. But the home that he loves is not without variety, his life not without change. He does not drag on a constant uniform existence; he still finds

room to exert his strength, and his landscape has its distances which want not the interest of novelty. The inhabitant of the hallig takes in at a single glance his narrow boundaries. His toils and troubles are the same from day to day, except when some rare occasion, such as the sale of his wool, takes him over to the mainland, and removed as he has been from intercourse with his fellow men, he feels himself a stranger among strangers when, pressed by necessity, he leaves his little sea-girt sod. All his pleasures and enjoyments are like his labors, confined within a very narrow sphere, without the stimulating excitement incident to the expectation of something unusual. A wedding dance, which, on account of the small number of the inhabitants of the hallig, frequently does not occur for years, is one of his greatest pleasures.

Even the dangers to which he is exposed are without the only attraction which danger can have—namely, the pleasure of resistance. Though the sand of the desert, whirled upward by the storm, in thick clouds, as if the very vault of heaven would become a Sahara, may bury in its stifling waves encampments and caravans, yet the possibility of escape remains, and often do men, flying on horses and camels before the sand storm, succeed in avoiding the threatened destruction. The islander's enemy is on every side of him ; and if that power rise in its fearful might, he, more helpless than the child in the way of the maddened bull, must, trembling, resign himself to this resistless force and wait the event, whether it will mercifully pass over, or in wild fury crush every thing in its path ; he must accept life or death as a passive victim, without

raising hand or foot for flight or defense, which are alike impossible. Reason and strength are alike unavailing ; fully conscious of his helplessness, submission is his only choice.

And yet it is not ignorance of the advantages of other lands that makes the islander's home dear to him. No ; he has the richest and most fertile tracts before his eyes. Behind the dykes which protect the mainland near him, lies a soil which affords to its inhabitants an abundance such as few lands on earth bestow. There ripens the heaviest grain. The cattle revel in the most fragrant clover. There stand fine farm-houses whose inmates, familiar with all the enjoyments of life, and conscious of their own importance, proudly boast themselves lords of the soil. Often too, though less frequently than formerly, the inhabitant of the hallig passes a portion of his youth and manhood as a mariner on distant seas. By his frugality and honesty he often rises to command ; the wealthiest commercial ports and countries become as familiar to him as his own home. But he has seen all, compared all, and forgotten all. He returns with his savings to his beloved island home, to this comfortless soil—to this most perilous spot upon earth—to this waste full of privation and self-denial, and thanks God that his hallig is not yet washed away. No sooner has he settled himself there again, than he becomes in his tastes and mode of life like one who never saw the world.

Neither is it the freedom which endears the desert to the Bedouin, that makes the hallig a paradise to its inhabitant. He feels all the pressure of civilization with its taxes and imposts, and, on the other hand,

enjoys few of its advantages. As to security of property, his poverty and the waves around him are a sufficient protection ; as to general communication, no beaten road leads to the halligs. As to the diffusion of knowledge, there seldom finds its way to him any volume but the Bible and Psalm-book ; as to the liberal arts, art does not penetrate to his hut. He scarcely seems to enjoy even the society within his reach. He is silent for the most part, lives to himself contentedly on his wharf, and though he has great respect for his pastor, or priest, as he calls him, it is not easy for the latter to win his familiar confidence. The pastor must acknowledge that between him and his flock, especially the female portion of it, there is no common point of sympathy, except on the subject of religion ; and his High-German dialect still further separates him from his congregation who speak only Frisic. Indeed, it is only upon these islands that the Frisic, which is closely allied to English, and to which the German philologist would do well to direct his attention more than he has hitherto done, retains its original characteristics nearly entire, while on the mainland coast it seems about to degenerate into a medley of tongues.

One of these halligs, of which we have here endeavored to give a general and truthful description, is the scene of the following narrative. It was in the summer of 1824 inhabited by about fifty persons in nine huts, placed upon six wharves, scattered over a surface of scarcely a square mile, and who supplied themselves sparingly with the bare necessities of life by

keeping sheep. The old church having been swept away in 1816, and in 1821 another which had just been completed—a new one, scarcely distinguishable from the other dwellings, now served as a place of worship for the pious congregation.

CHAPTER II.

THE BETROTHED.

The slender ship, with snowy canvas flying,
Now proudly mounts, now plunges 'neath the wave;
Then struggling clears the gulf, still onward hieing;—
We seek the haven through the opening grave.

It was a calm pleasant afternoon, the 9th of September, 1824. The clear sky was imaged on the smooth surface of the sea, which was rendered still more beautiful by that reflection. Even the lightest cloud would have been visible in that limpid mirror, but neither cloud nor ripple broke the transparency of the light blue sea. Maria, with her mother, an aged widow, sat spinning in a small room of their humble dwelling. The extreme neatness of the walls and window-seats, painted red and blue, the chests ornamented with brass which contained the household treasures of linen, holiday dresses and silk handkerchiefs, and concealed in a private drawer a few gold rings and chains, so dear to the inhabitant of the hallig, gave to the whole a home-like appearance. The gayly painted doors of the press-bed added to the general look of cheerful comfort. The chairs covered with loose cushions, and the table, which necessarily occupied a

great portion of the room, were of unpainted wood, and owed their polish only to constant wear and industrious rubbing. Rarely did a word from the lips of the busy spinners break the silence, which was enlivened only by the monotonous hum of the busy wheel. And equally still sat the white shepherd dog upon the window-seat, looking with his clear wise eyes out through the small lead-bound window panes steadily upon the sea, without any apparent object to fix his attention.

Maria, too, when her work would allow it, threw occasionally a glance at the sea ; for about this time, after nine years' absence, was Godber to return. He had lately written from Hamburg, that he had earned a small capital sufficient to redeem his paternal homestead, and that he now longed to come back to his hallig, and his Maria. According to the custom of the island, she had been betrothed to him from her childhood ; and she had retained for him a calm and true affection, which was indeed far removed from that impatient passion that so many of our time seem to regard as a necessary ingredient in love, but which not the less by its depth and sincerity pervaded her whole being, excluded every other passing inclination, and had directed and fixed every thought and sentiment of the girl upon her duty as the betrothed bride of Godber. It is true there were many things in Godber's letter quite above the comprehension of his simply-educated Maria, and she could not entirely overcome a secret fear of one who had seen and learned so much, that he could write such fine things. But had he not thought of the happiness of leaving

the world behind him to live on this small patch by the side of a beloved sympathizing wife, forgetting all the gay life and busy activity which were so distasteful to him? In such assurances her heart found solace and relief. They called up hopes for the future so bright that she readily forgot such portions of the letter as might otherwise have made her anxious.

“He *must* come to-day,” said she to her mother; “something tells me so.”

At the same time she continued spinning as busily as before, for, like all her island sisters, she was ignorant of a passion which makes one untrue to the call of the humblest duty.

“I would rather believe,” said the mother, “that Godber is not at sea to-day, for there is a storm approaching. Don’t you hear the sea-mew’s scream?”

“Mother,” exclaimed Maria, “God will never do that! I have prayed so earnestly, and He has given me such a cheerful confidence, that I know He will not do it.”

“What will He not do?” asked the mother.

“He will not suffer a storm to come and shipwreck Godber. He will only permit the winds to rise and fill his sails fuller, and bring him quickly to me—to us.”

“Let Him do His own good pleasure,” devoutly replied the other. “What God does, that is well done. The dog has jumped down from the window, and is looking at us wistfully; let us drive up the sheep before the storm breaks upon us.”

They went out, and the dog, which, whether from his own observation of the usual signs of an approaching change in the weather, or from the sensibility of his

nerves, had for some time seemed conscious of the coming storm, bounded rapidly before them, and with noisy barking gathered the sheep and drove them toward the hut. Already an occasional gust came over the waves, which rolled up reluctantly and then sank slowly back, as if too indolent to rouse themselves for the conflict. The evening sun still stood in the southwest, but threw its rays only upward. Below it, had appeared a thick cloud, whose edge reflected a yellowish gray light, and which for some time seemed to increase neither in length nor breadth, but stood like a sentinel over the sea. Suddenly another and fuller gust swept along the deep, but still with such uncertain strength, that only here and there a solitary wave broke into foam before it, then all again was still. But now as if driven by irresistible force, black masses of clouds rolled upward, and concealed the face of the sun. Blast followed blast with increasing rapidity and strength; more and more restlessly the waves raised their dark heads. The heavy cloud seemed to stretch its long arms around the horizon, ever rising higher and higher, while its deep shadows spread rapidly over the ocean. Along those shadows the spirit of the storm seemed to follow in his strength, bowed himself to the sea, and the fearful conflict began. The billows rose in broad and mighty lines, as if they would draw the clouds into their depths. But the tempest beat them down, so that they fell only to rise to still greater heights, and still more madly roared the storm, and ever higher rolled the waves with heavy dashings.

Meanwhile the little flock was hastily driven to the wharf, and now Maria first turned her anxious look

over the ocean which had already advanced upon the land, and separated by its waves the scattered cabins from each other. There she saw, and her heart beat faster at the sight, a white point, which sometimes rode boldly on the foaming edge of a high rolling billow, then, sinking into the deep gulfs, vanished from her sight as if never to reappear.

“A ship, mother,” cried she, and thought of Godber.

The sympathizing mother looked in the direction indicated, where at first her eyes, enfeebled by age, could discern nothing. But it drew nearer and nearer, first like the white wing of some lagging sea-mew, now seeming resolved to force a passage through the dark vault above her, now plunging into the engulfing waves. By degrees the shape of the sails might be distinguished, then the masts became visible, and at length the whole fine model of the ship could be seen. Now she leans completely on her side, her strained cordage almost touching the swollen waves, which frequently in their wild sport broke against the sails, then like a proud conqueror descending to his tomb, she boldly leaps into the deep abyss below. But once more the light bark with her slender masts and weather-beaten sails rides on the topmost waves, then plunging again, and again rising, she seems blindly to pursue a way which is in fact directed by an experienced hand.

“They have a good helmsman,” said the mother; and Godber’s name fell from the lips of Maria.

The ship now changed her course, and passing between two shoals which almost touched each other, tri-

umphantly left the foaming breakers behind her and lay again in deep water.

“Helm a-lee !” shouted the mother, as if her voice, which was lost in the storm, could guide the ship ; but it veered to the left, and every moment the anxious watchers expected to see it reach the point which they knew to be so full of peril, where the least turn to the right or left must inevitably dash it against hidden shoals. But suddenly the already reefed sails dropped from the masts, and the naked spars sustained uninjured the force of the tempest, the reeling ship swept slowly round in a semicircle till her bowsprit, which had so long followed the direction of the storm, now pointed to windward.

“They have cast anchor,” cried Maria, joyfully ; and the experienced widow said :

“If they, as I think, are bound to Husum, they may with the coming ebb fall into their right course, from which they have been driven so far to the north.”

Relieved from their anxiety for the mariners, they both went into the house. So long as daylight permitted, Maria threw many a look from the little back room toward the ship, that with the now approaching ebb still remained moored, and no signs of activity on board were visible from the shore. When the twilight shut it from her view, she quietly began to spin again by the side of her mother. Then there was a long talk between the two about the dowry and the future housekeeping ; for the mother, too, through Maria’s confidence, was disposed to believe that Godber was on board the ship. Later than usual they went to

rest in cheerful hope, but not until they had commended themselves to the protection of the Most High in the following simple hymn :

“ When tempests rage, O God !
Do Thou my life watch over ;
And round my frail abode
Let Thine own angels hover ;
That the wild waves may shrink with fear,
Like lambs which see the lion near.

“ But should Thy holy will
Decree my death the rather,
In mercy take my soul
Into Thy hands, O Father !
From every stain of sin set free,
Through Jesus’ blood who died for me.”

CHAPTER III.

THE SHIP WRECK.

How sinks and swells the flood,
Restless and tossing—yet
Obedient to His word
Who ruled Genesaret.

LET us now turn to the ship which, rocked by the waves, was lying at anchor in the place it had selected to await the abating of the storm. As Maria had suspected, and as the skillful steerage of the vessel in these difficult waters made probable, Godber was indeed on board as pilot. Beside himself, the ship's company consisted of the captain, four sailors, and three passengers :—Mr. Mander, a merchant from Hamburg, and owner of the cargo, with a grown son and daughter, Oswald and Idalia. Mr. Mander had undertaken the voyage, not on account of his business, but merely for the sake of his children, who had promised themselves much pleasure from a sea voyage.

The captain's hope of regaining his course, as Maria's mother had said, was disappointed. When after some hours the ebb commenced, the water, on account of the strong south-west gale, which was still blowing, retreated with so feeble a current, that it was not possi-

ble with its help to work out the ship against a head wind. The purpose, therefore, of Godber, who had selected precisely this anchorage because the current at ebb-tide was usually particularly strong there, was defeated. And now the ship left in shoal water by the retreating tide, and held fast by her anchors, thumped often and heavily upon the bottom. And when, after many anxious hours, the flood returned, and the storm came on with still greater violence, it soon became evident that the water was pouring in through the seams which had been opened by the shock. The darkness greatly increased the danger, and it now became necessary to take some decisive resolution. But the consultation begun between the captain and pilot was suddenly and involuntarily terminated. A fearful concussion, which shook the ship in every part, as if it were on the point of going to pieces, announced some new accident.

“The chain-cable has parted !” This cry of terror explained the mystery. “The cables, too ?” shouted the captain. Those, indeed, weaker but more flexible than the chain, still held fast two small anchors, but it might be expected that the next blast would carry off these last stays.

“Slip the cables ! set all sail ! every rag out !” was, after a brief consultation between the officers, the next order. Then receiving the whole force of the gale in her canvas, and dashing through the foaming billows as if they had been but snow clouds, the ship flew toward the strand. The flood-tide had already covered it, but the experienced steersman would not have missed it, although the darkness no longer permitted

him to see the wharves distinctly. But the masts were overtasked. They bowed as if they still retained the elastic force with which they had resisted the winds on their native mountains. They leaned forward as if they would leave the heavy hulk of the ship far behind them. But a distinct crackling sound proved they were overstrained.

“Stand by with the axes!” brought every sailor to his post, where all now stood in anxious expectation, waiting with lifted arms, the next command. A sudden crash was heard throughout the ship above the howling of the tempest and the roaring of the waves, and the whole rigging fell forward and sunk into the water, so that the lower broken ends of the masts pointed upward.

“Clear away! for God’s sake, clear away!” shouted the captain to the sailors, who, although the ship by the first falling of the masts, was buried so deeply in the water, that it seemed as if it would never rise, now worked with wonderful dexterity, urged by the consciousness that their lives depended upon the quick and successful execution of the order. The next moment the sails and masts, which lately rode so proudly and bowed so gracefully, lay a loose, confused mass upon the surface of the sea, and the ship, stripped of her fairest ornaments, and without the means of guiding her course, was tossed to and fro, the helpless plaything of the waves. From a seemingly animated being full of grace, courage, and strength, it had now become a dull, dead hulk, a leaky wreck.

Under these circumstances, must they whose lives were now in imminent peril take some decisive step.

Should they wait to see how the conflict would end, which the winds and waves were carrying on around the dismasted vessel, these constantly pressing in and seeking to draw her down into their depths, those driving her before them with ever-increasing force, and threatening to dash her to pieces on the shoals? The long-boat, which was lying at the foot of the mast, had been crushed by its fall, and was there any probability that they could get to the shore in the small boat, and in the darkness reach one of the wharves on the overflowed hallig? The passengers earnestly begged that this experiment might be tried. Any change was to them a hope of life; to remain on the ship seemed certain death. The captain's sense of duty would not allow him to leave his post so long as a plank remained. But he would not oppose his passengers, and permitted his pilot to take them into the boat if he considered the attempt to reach the land in that way safer than remaining on board the ship. Godber, trusting to his precise knowledge of the channel and the hallig, consented to this, and two sailors, who, like the rest, despairing of escape, still preferred to venture a final struggle for their lives, and to go down resisting, rather than to remain passive and helpless on the sinking wreck, joined themselves to him. If there had still remained the faintest hope of saving the ship from complete destruction, it must have died away at the moment when Godber, who alone was familiar with the channels and shoals of these waters, left the wreck. This thought passed through his own mind. Already he was about to relinquish the undertaking; but, the weeping, imploring Idalia stood before him, and every

other consideration must be forgotten. The jolly-boat was lowered from the poop, manned by the three seamen, and brought dexterously round to the leeward. But it required a full half hour to take in the passengers, for the light bark was floated off on the foaming crest of a wave far from the ship, then tossed back with a force which threatened to dash it against its side. After many attempts, which fear, as often as a want of skill, rendered useless, the passengers were obliged to be let down by ropes, and, suspended over the breaking waves, must wait till the boat was again under them. Were they then but half a minute too late, the boat would have bounded far away from them on the top of some mountain billow, or would be hid from their sight in the deep, and they themselves momentarily plunged beneath the water. Mander and Oswald, whose hope of saving their lives by means of the boat had been completely annihilated by this unexpected difficulty, passively followed every direction. Idalia, terrified by these circumstances, long hesitated to follow her father and brother, and the impatience which her delay excited was indeed one of the causes that when she at length ventured, the rope which was to sustain her till she could be received into the boat, slipped from the hands of the sailors who were holding it on the ship, and she fell into the sea. But Godber, who had never turned his eyes from her, sprang instantly into the sea and held her up with a strong arm. But the most powerful swimmer could not have snatched its prey from such a raging sea. Fortunately, however, those in the boat succeeded in getting hold of one end of the rope, which was fastened round

Idalia's shoulders, and in this way they were drawn safely in.

From the delay and excitement occasioned by this circumstance, it was not now easy to find again the right direction toward those little points of land, upon the reaching of which all their hopes of safety depended. Only Godber, who so well knew the position of the houses, and who, through the whole day, had scarcely turned his eyes from his beloved home, could discern through the darkness certain still darker points, and toward these he steered. A mutual "farewell, and may God protect you" was exchanged between those who remained and those who were leaving, and soon the dark night and rolling sea had so separated them that reunion would have been impossible even if it had been desired. Mander sat with Oswald and Idalia in the bottom of the boat. They uttered an occasional cry when some huge wave dashed over the frail bark, and threatened to bury it altogether. The sailors, though despairing of life, rowed calmly and with strong and steady strokes as if no peril of death were near. Godber held the tiller with a powerful arm, skillfully avoiding the shock of the heaviest waves, and sought the safety of his little shallop by choosing, with the acuteness and dexterity of an experienced seaman, the least perilous path through the waters. In the mean time he looked about him with the closest scrutiny, whenever a high wave lifted the boat so as to give him a wider view. But the darkness was settling more and more thickly upon the troubled sea, and it was only by the shortness of the waves that, after two hours of the severest labor on the part of the oarsmen,

and of the closest observation on his part, he was able to ascertain that they were upon the overflowed surface of the hallig. The remains of an old wharf or any other object hidden under the water might now upset the boat and cause them all to perish. With the most searching glance Godber sought to discover a line of deeper rolling waves, which would indicate a narrow creek, that, as he well knew, ran far into the land in this direction. God strengthened his vision, and guided his rudder. He found an entrance where none could have been discovered by a less experienced eye. Then he called upon young Mander to take the tiller. But stupefied by fear and deprived of all power of action, he remained motionless. The father was more ready, and, though half unconscious, he placed himself at the helm ; but without the help of the sailors, who with their oars assisted in steering the boat, he would have done little toward carrying out the rapid orders of Godber, who stood in the bow holding a long pole. As no one on board knew any thing of the inlet into which they had now entered, but every one supposed they were still in deep water, they understood nothing of Godber's peremptory orders, now to the right now to the left ; but the elder Mander submitted like a slave who had neither thought nor will of his own, and the sailors like those who are accustomed to surrender their own judgment to the duty of unqualified obedience. In this way they proceeded another hour and a half, sometimes before the wind, and sometimes with the wind a-beam, without making any considerable advance, for the frequent turns retarded the boat, and the strength of the oarsmen was nearly exhausted.

Another short turn and they heard only the roaring of the wind, but felt it no longer, and the waves, whose dashing still sounded near, played more gently round the boat. Here their little anchor might hold, and it was immediately thrown over and the oars taken in.

Astonished at this marvelous change in their circumstances, Mander and the sailors gazed out into the night while the brother and sister gradually recovered from the stupor of their terror ; but every thing about them was so veiled by the darkness of the night, that they could scarcely perceive one another, much less any thing beyond the boat, and all turned inquiringly to Godber. He alone who had guided them so wonderfully, could explain. "We are safe," said he, and sprang toward Idalia, loosened the rope which had remained round her waist, fastened one end about his own body, tied the other to a boat-ring, set his pole in the water, and with a powerful bound leaped into the waves. A cry of horror escaped from all. They stood some minutes anxiously awaiting how this to them aimless adventure would end. Already they had given him up for lost, and with him every hope of escaping from the terrors of that night. Suddenly a loud halloo echoed as if from the clouds above them. The sailors answered mechanically the well-known call, though they could not understand how the voice could seem so near and yet so high. In vain they strained their eyes ; quick as they were to discern every thing at sea, they could distinguish nothing here but impenetrable night. A few moments more of most anxious expectation ! See ! all at once a cheerful light shines through the window of a quiet dwelling which appears

to be almost directly above them, and after some seconds of motionless astonishment the sailors greeted its appearance with a joyous hurrah ! while the other three sank into each other's arms with tears of joy. The circumstances of their situation now became plain. The boat was anchored by the side of a half-overflowed wharf and was protected from the wind by it and the house which stood upon it, while the storm was raging round them in its full strength and apparently more wildly than before. The end of the rope which Godber had taken with him he had already fastened to the door-post, and hauling the boat up as closely as possible, it served to assist them to disembark, so that in a few minutes they all found themselves under the shelter of the house.

Here being received with the kindest hospitality and refreshed with the most active zeal, they did not fail to offer grateful thanks to their happy deliverer, which the sailors did briefly with a hearty pressure of the hand and "you are a brave pilot !" The father, too, said but few words and then sat down silent and thoughtful. Oswald could not find words enough to express his eternal gratitude ; he was as gay too as a child, laughed and joked about the borrowed clothes in which they were dressed, and which, though really not of the newest pattern, diffused an agreeable warmth through their chilled frames. Idalia, who had been changing her dress in an adjoining room, now came in ; and while Oswald joyfully embraced her, and laughed immoderately at her strange costume, which, he said, would cause a *furore* at the next fancy ball in Hamburg, she was to Godber a vision which thrilled every nerve with

delight. She was now a maiden of the hallig. The hair in smooth bands partially covered by the little cap, the green bodice with its short sleeves, the gay silk handkerchief tied in a careless knot, the striped skirt which was not long enough to conceal the blue stockings, all these had transferred the city belle to a modest lass of his own race. But that high white brow, those brown sparkling, speaking eyes, those fine features, those rosy lips and cheeks, those lovely rounded arms with the small delicate hands!—no! she was the heavenly counterpart of a mortal child of the hallig. He was still lost in contemplating her when Idalia, freeing herself from her brother, impelled by strong emotion, and forgetting every thing around her, hastened toward Godber, and with passionate impetuosity threw herself upon his breast, and covered him with her tears and kisses. It was he who by his bold and skillful conduct had saved the life of her father and brother! How could she pause to consider whether her gratitude was overstepping its proper bounds? How could she who had never been accustomed to control her feelings from regard to others, how could she repress the impulses of her heart? Her mind had been excited by these hours of terror to the most fearful pitch of anguish, and now her joy at her escape was equally uncontrollable. In the gentlest tones, which scarcely amounted to words, and which were constantly interrupted by floods of tears, she thanked Godber for her life. As often as the thought of the dreadful death from which she had escaped presented itself to her, she shuddered at the terrible image, and clung still closer to the neck of her deliverer, as if he

were to lift her again out of the awful deep. And Godber—there stood the manly youth trembling with rapture as one to whom the door of a new unlooked-for existence had suddenly opened. Alas ! poor Maria's star of hope had set in that long wished-for hour of her lover's return.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CITY BELLE.

Say, bringst thou home again
Thy former love and truth?
Live with us happy then;
We greet thee all again
With former love and truth.

THE next morning the sky was bright and cheerful. Behind the dykes on the mainland the morning sun rose and seemed to throw a look of curiosity toward the hallig, as if to ascertain what had been the destruction of the preceding night, and to inquire whether there were still living beings there to be refreshed by his beams. The sea flowed calmly on in its ordinary bed, and seemed to say, smilingly, to those in whose ears the fearful roar of the late storm was still ringing—"You have only dreamed!"

Godber, who, notwithstanding the exertions he had been forced to make during the dangers described in our last chapter, had slept little, now stood before the door of the hospitable dwelling. His heart was agitated by a variety of emotions. There lay before him the soil of his hallig, after which, even on the blooming shores of Italy and on the rich plains of Holland, he

had longed with such a feeling of home-sickness, the soil upon which alone he could be happy, from which to tear himself again would be impossible. For this home he had struggled and toiled in distant lands. The thought of it had stimulated him to unwearied activity, to the most ready obedience, to the most earnest zeal in the fulfillment of all his duties ; had restrained him from all the enjoyments of his class and incessantly admonished him to practice the most careful economy. Every new accession to his little treasury, which he always carried about him, and had therefore preserved through this last peril, had been the commencement of a new dream of a happy return to which he on such occasions surrendered himself for hours. Only his desire for improvement, his efforts to obtain an education above his condition, could induce him occasionally to draw upon his earnings, but he economized all the more rigidly to make up for such outlays. Now he had reached it. There stood the paternal roof. A thrill passed through his frame and tears of joy moistened his cheek. A stranger who could have seen that naked tract, with its scanty grass half buried in the mud of the late inundation, and its deeply washed and shattered wharves, and called to mind the preceding night which had brought so near to death every thing upon the island, would never have suspected that such a home could draw from the young man tears of joy. But for this sight Godber had endured for nine years a life of toil and danger full of privation and self-denial, and had it been twenty years that he had so suffered and toiled, he would not have thought his return too dearly bought.

Yet his joy was not unmixed. He could not bow his knee before God, who had graciously protected and led him back to the home of his fathers. Had he done so, perhaps he might have recovered his former heart again. The vain dream might have vanished. His oath of fidelity to Maria might have been kept, and the seductive form of Idalia have lost its power.

In every man's life indeed such bewitching visions sometimes rise, disturb his inward peace, and prevent him from seeing clearly the duty which lies nearest to him ; and if they are not mere dreams of fancy, but rather called forth by extraordinary circumstances, they often seem to him like the voice of destiny. They hover about his soul as if inviting him to enjoyments from which only narrow scruples and want of self-reliance have hitherto withheld him, and which are certain to him if he will only venture to exert his powers. They point out to him a future, in comparison with which all that a quiet continuance in his former course, a firm adherence to early principles, a willing obedience to the hitherto supposed commands of God, have to offer, seem vapid, colorless, even unworthy of him. It seems to him that he has only to take a step forward to escape a long servitude, and to enter into a paradise whose gates he has himself, till now, kept obstinately shut. He asks himself why he should not break the feeble bars of duty and conscience ; indeed he fancies these bonds are mere nursery tales, which he ought to have outgrown, or that he now first understands what duty and conscience really require of him. At such times there is nothing in man that can restrain him or point out to him the right path. The solid ground

upon which he has hitherto walked firmly has slid from beneath his feet ; the objects of his past life become confused, and his thoughts and emotions at the new prospect have not yet become familiar to him. In this situation he can have no aid but that which comes from above. Let him then raise his mind and thoughts to the strong tower of pure truth, let him hold fast with eye and heart the eternal word of the Great Judge of quick and dead. Let him leave the world and its dreams a moment behind him, and lose himself entirely in the contemplation of Him who, through His holy spirit, makes the pious heart a temple for Himself. And this spirit will give him the light which he needs. The cloudy phantoms will have disappeared when he looks at his path. He will recognize them as the shadows of some sin concealed in the background, and now he clearly sees his way and walks on with confidence.

But Godber did not pray ; and his eye and soul grew darker as he threw a hasty glance toward the abode of Maria. A feeling like a pang of conscience seized him ; but he shrunk from an examination of himself, and was glad when the recollection of the wreck he had left in the storm, and of those who remained upon it, repressed every other thought. He turned his searching eye toward the west side of the hallig—there lay the ship on her side not far from the shore. He hurried rapidly toward it. But his way led him by the dwelling of Maria, and his heart felt strangely as he approached it, his blood flowed faster in his veins and gave his cheeks a deeper red. He unconsciously trod more lightly as if he feared by the

noise of his step to awaken his betrothed from a dream of hope, and call her to the door which, to his joy, still remained shut. When he had passed, he felt as if a weight had fallen from his heart, without considering how little was gained by so short a respite. Again the wreck occupied his whole attention, and in a few minutes he was on the beach. But he strained his eyes in vain ; he could discover no human form. He waded out as far as possible, and sent his ringing halloo over the waters. There was no reply. Silent and motionless lay the now shapeless hulk before him, which, so lately full of life and activity, was, with wide-spread pinions, plowing the waves. After repeated attempts to call forth a reply, Godber was obliged to yield to the conviction that his comrades had perished ; and the thought forced itself upon him, that it would have been better for him to have been buried with them in the sea, than to survive, conscious of a double faithlessness, first toward the ship whose helm had been intrusted to him, and which, like every true sailor, he loved as a bride, and secondly, toward the betrothed of his earliest youth. He gazed long and fixedly, with a troubled mind, until by reflecting on the events of the past night, Idalia's image rose before him, and drew to itself every thought and every emotion. An indescribable longing to see her again took possession of him. He reproached himself for not having waited to receive her morning salutation, and hastily retraced his steps.

He was thoughtlessly passing near the house of Maria—suddenly the door opened, and she came out with her water-pail. Her first look fell upon Godber.

She threw down her pail, and, springing from the wharf, flew toward him, and with a joyful cry, "Godber, is it you?" seized the hand which he mechanically stretched toward her. Had he pressed her to his heart, she would have received and returned his kiss without affectation. But she was in no way disconcerted that he did not do so, for the daughter of the hallig was accustomed to a more quiet expression of affection, than the passionate inhabitants of the mainland would have thought proper on such occasions. But she knew that he had remained true to her, and even if he had not written this to her, was he not a child of her own home, where want of faith between those who have been betrothed from their childhood, is as unheard-of as that between married persons?

"Where did you come from to-day? We did not expect you till to-morrow from Husum, for you were in the ship which we saw anchored far in the offing yesterday; were you not? What has become of the ship then?" Saying this, she looked eagerly toward the anchorage at which she had gazed the day before with such longing hope.

"There it is," said Godber, stretching out his hand toward the wreck.

"Good God!" cried Maria, now almost sunk on the breast of her lover. "And so you were struggling with death while I was dreaming of you so quietly. We heard but little of the storm in the front room, and supposed it had passed over. But I told mother we ought to set a light in the back-room, and I should have liked to watch by it. She thought it might mislead vessels unacquainted with the coast, and laughed at me be-

cause I was so certain that you were on board the ship. And now you have been wrecked. Oh, how much you must have suffered ! and how I should have wept if you had been lost. Oh, I should have died too !” And then she covered her face with her apron, and wept from fear and joy.

Godber trembled like a criminal. The tears of the girl fell like burning drops upon his heart. His tenderness for her returned for a moment. He clasped her in his arms, pressed her passionately to his heart, and as she raised her moist blue eyes, so full of love, the image of Idalia was effaced from his heart.

But Maria freed herself quickly from him, and exclaimed, “Poor Godber, how you tremble ! Come into the house immediately. The tea shall be ready in a moment. How glad mother will be when you stand before her bed. Are you the only one saved ?”

This question turned Godber’s thoughts at once to Idalia. He fell back into his first coldness toward Maria, and said hurriedly, and in broken words,

“There are others saved. Farewell, for the present. I must carry them news of the ship.”

“Wait a moment,” said Maria ; “where are they ? I’ll go with you. Only let me tell mother ;” and she sprang gayly up the wharf, and in a few moments was again with Godber who had remained motionless, and in silent despair.

They now walked on together ; he with a troubled mind, and speaking only in monosyllables ; she, with sparkling eyes, and with a lively talkativeness quite unusual to her. She had so much to tell him ; how she had longed for his return ; how she had thought of him

in all her occupations ; how industriously she had spun to make ready for the housekeeping ; and then she named to him every article which she had in readiness, part of which she was to receive from her mother, and the rest she had prepared for herself. Godber felt as if in some painful dream, which was constantly pressing more and more heavily upon his heart. But she talked on—how she had prayed God so often to bring him safely back again ; with what confidence she relied upon the fulfillment of her petition ; with what heartiness she would thank her Heavenly Father for his goodness and mercy ; and she hoped He would not be offended with her because she had not yet been able, from the excess of her joy, to frame a proper thanksgiving. While she with childish simplicity sometimes addressed herself to God, and sometimes spoke to Godber about their going to church together for the first time, her words fell like lead upon his heart. He was obliged to stop to recover his breath, and his knees threatened to fail him.

Maria observed it ; but not suspecting the true cause, she took him tenderly by the arm, and reproached him for having refused to take refreshment at her mother's ; he was so much exhausted, and it was quite wrong in him not to have fairly rested. “ But just wait a little,” she added ; “ for the next fortnight you shall not stir from the arm-chair. I will nurse you like a baby. Wrapped in father's sheepskin, and with his woollen night-cap over your ears, you shall get thoroughly warm again.

“ Really it is dreadful—the way in which you have exposed your health by refusing to come into the

house," continued she, half angry and half weeping, as they came to the slender timber stretched across the creek, here some yards in breadth, and which certainly would have been called a foot-bridge by none but an inhabitant of the hallig, as it was laid with one of its angles uppermost to prevent the sheep from passing. Maria bounded lightly over; Godber followed her slowly and tremblingly.

As they entered the house, they found the whole family gathered around the large table at breakfast, which consisted only of tea, with black bread and butter, and sheep's milk cheese. Idalia still wore the costume of the hallig; but she had managed by her inventive fancy and tasteful choice, to give many an additional charm, without detracting any thing from its peculiarity. Her hair, though smoothed back from her forehead, was only partially confined under the little cap, several ringlets being allowed to fall over her shoulders. She had also borrowed from the casket, which contained the family ornaments, and which she was surprised to find so well filled, a long gold chain which now glittered on her breast, being used to lace the bodice loosely at the top, and more snugly as it approached the waist, according to the fashion adopted by the brides of the hallig. Her good taste had led her not to wear the gold medallions which are generally suspended from it. As Godber stood, she rose, and approached him with irresistible loveliness in every feature; not indeed with the all-forgetting passionateness of yesterday, but with a smile that showed she was confident of pleasing him. But we should do Idalia injustice were we to represent her conduct toward Godber as pure coquetry. Unaccustomed as she was

to consider the relations of things, or think of consequences where her own inclinations were concerned, she now resigned herself to the impulse of the moment, and this impulse was more than gratitude toward the preserver of her life. It was, if not a love capable of every sacrifice, an ebullition of passion which makes as strong claims upon its object. She desired to please in order to win the heart of the young man for whom her own spoke warmly, and she was far from wishing merely to make him the slave of her caprice, although her whole conduct was guided by motives of which only a coquette is capable. Godber gazed upon the lovely image with silent rapture. Fixed to the spot where he stood, he saw her move toward him with a look which penetrated the depths of his soul. As she now seized his hand, pressed it to her heart, and with melting tones, said familiarly, "Godber, my deliverer ! how could you leave us so early without receiving my thanks for a morning, which, without you, I should never have seen !" At these words he almost sunk at her feet ; and Idalia had obtained the most complete victory. This was not unobserved by her, as the satisfied smile on her lips plainly showed. He must sit down by *her* side, while Maria, timid, embarrassed, and suddenly disconcerted, in the presence of the stranger, scarcely ventured to seat herself opposite to Idalia, and only threw half glances toward her whose delicate beauty, and whose costume, familiar, yet strange, fixed all her attention. She could not avoid a feeling which was more than mere uneasiness, at her appearance, and the familiar manner of the strangers toward Godber. She could not help involuntarily comparing the rounded, but slender form

and the dazzling charms of Idalia, with her own face, browned by the sun, and her hands and arms which spoke of heavy toil; *her* manner, easy and graceful, yet far from the imposing airs of pride, with her own awkward bashfulness. She, who was, without question, the most beautiful of the hallig maidens, in her modesty, set herself far below the stranger—much further indeed, than she really deserved to stand. What Godber's coldness in responding to the joy she had experienced at their meeting, could not awaken, the sight of the stranger soon forced upon her: doubt of the truth of her betrothed. It was not only Idalia's behavior to Godber, which so pierced her heart, but the jealousy of love, which lends to the simplest maid a sharpness of vision, not easy to be deceived, when she is with her lover in the company of some other woman, would have forced upon her many observations independent of Idalia's familiarity with the young man. Maria's heart was soon to be completely broken.

“Who is the dear girl?” asked Idalia in the kindest tone, accompanied, however, by a searching glance at Godber, as if she knew how much the answer concerned her.

Maria blushed deeply, but at the same time looked up with a certain conscious pride toward the stranger. Godber colored still more deeply. His eyes fell to the floor, and his voice trembled, when, after a moment's pause, he said, “Maria Nommens.”

He seemed to wish to add something, but was silent. Maria listened yet another moment, full of anguish—he was still silent. Pale as death, she pressed her hand upon her heart, where every pulse had ceased, and saw

and heard no more. That he could not or did not wish to add "my betrothed," was decisive of her fate. By this silence the happiness of her life was destroyed. She now knew that she had lost him. Idalia had some suspicions of the real state of things. The embarrassment of both did not escape her, but the joy of having Godber for herself almost overcame her sympathy for the poor girl. Godber, too, felt that he, by not speaking of his connection with Maria, had confessed everything, and did not suppose it possible for her to regard this silence as insignificant. He did not dare to look up, and sat in the most painful uneasiness, till, to his great relief, Mander inquired whether he had seen anything of the ship. He started up hastily, and with an interest quite inconsistent with his previous silence on the subject, told what he had seen, and the probable fate of those they had left on board.

They all now decided to go down to the wreck. Maria followed slowly and alone. She only saw how, on arriving at the above-mentioned crossing, Idalia trembled at the giddy pass, and after several vain attempts to get over with the help of Godber's hand, at last threw her arm about his neck, and was carried by him to the opposite side. Her tears now fell unchecked. She thought no more of following them, but arriving at her own home, she staggered up the wharf and threw herself sobbing into a chair. Maria remained alone with her sorrow. Curiosity had taken her mother to the beach, where nearly all the inhabitants of the hallig were assembled. When Godber had joined the company, after the first greetings of welcome had been bestowed, it was proposed to drag a

boat through the ooze till they could reach a sufficient depth to float it when manned. In this way they boarded the wreck, and examined it with the greatest care. There was no trace either of the living or the dead. Probably when the ship capsized, the captain and sailors had been washed from the deck, and it was most likely that one of the next flood tides would throw their bodies upon the shore. Some valuables were taken off, and Godber did not forget to secure for Idalia a box of southern fruits and a basket which contained some bottles of sweet wine. The saving of the remainder of the cargo, which chiefly consisted of casks of wine and boxes of oranges, was the next object. Cordage was tied to the stump of the masts, and slung round various parts of the wreck, and then fastened at the other end to the shore. While those who had returned from the ship were telling in what condition they had found things on board, Mander talked about the rate of salvage with the people, who, to his astonishment, did not wish to make any contract, but were willing to leave every thing to his own sense of justice, and gave him their services with the most ready good-will, proving in this way their disinterestedness. In the mean time Idalia, with the help of her brother, who, as he said, desired some refreshment fit for human beings, had opened a box of oranges and a flask of wine, from which Oswald immediately took two long draughts. She now peeled with her snowy fingers one of the sweet oranges, and gracefully dividing it, offered half to Godber, with the most cordial thanks for his thoughtfulness. She then sipped a little wine from the flask, and reaching it smilingly to him,

begged he would not refuse the refreshing beverage. The lips of the delighted young man seemed held as if by enchantment to the place which hers had so lately touched, and only Idalia's question, why he had not thought to bring her box of clothing from the ship, roused him from his reverie.

"Ah," exclaimed he, "I should wish never to see you in any other dress than this of my own island."

He blushed at the confession contained in these words. Idalia's cheeks, too, became of a deeper color, and it was only after a pause that she replied in a low tone, as she bent gracefully toward him :

"I will wear no other as long as this gives you pleasure. But I suppose all of you who live on this island must be connected either by blood or marriage, for I have heard no mode of address except the familiar *thou*. If then you would wish to consider me as a hallig maiden why do you address me alone with the cold *you* ?"

A thrill of surprise and delight closed Godber's lips. His eye rested inquiringly upon her for a moment, but an expression of deep feeling was too evident in that friendly smile and that gentle tone : he could no longer doubt the fulfillment of his boldest hopes. While the long silken lashes fell over her eyes as if to punish them for telling too much, and her lips contracted as if for fear of saying more till she knew how what she had already said would be received, he sunk gradually at her feet. Though startled at the passionate action of the young man, yet with a sudden self-recollection, she took his hand for a moment, and then turning away from him left him to recover his self-possession. But

who could blame the lover for reading a responsive "*thine*," in that pressure of the hand and the look which accompanied it. She now called her father, and asked him to partake of the refreshment which Alicant had presented to the beach of a hallig.

Let us not be surprised that Idalia, who had observed the impression made upon Godber by her charms while they were still on board the ship, should have hastened to gain a complete triumph on his heart by a response so ready as to seem scarce maidenly. It was not in her character to find any pleasure in the fears and uncertainties of love. She wished to see her desires speedily accomplished without the tormenting suspense between fear and hope. The probable shortness of her stay on the hallig urged her still more to this course, since she could not help fearing that a few days at most, would separate her from Godber, whom she loved as sincerely as her selfish nature was capable of loving. Early novel-reading, too, had long since destroyed that timid delicacy which is a part of woman's nature, and which, like the soft fragrant enamel on flowers, that subdues and yet beautifies their colors, adds more to her charms than any acquired grace, but an assumption of which is the most disagreeable of all affectations.

This fair inheritance, this never-to-be-recovered fragrance of maidenly modesty, is lost to your daughters, ye careless parents, who permit them to read any thing, almost without exception, which belles-lettres literature offers. With your rules of propriety, with your prudential maxims, with your notions of honor, you can never recreate that incense of unconscious innocence

which should pervade the whole life and conduct of woman, like a breath from the pure Heavenly fields, and that makes her recall to us the lilies of which our Lord said that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." With this dowry is not only lost a charm which the most dazzling beauty and the most perfect cultivation can never supply, but there is no longer any restraint upon the passions, and a course of conduct soon follows which despises all your counsels, and brings your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. You cherish your flowers, and protect them from the night vapors, and the fierce beams of the noon-day sun, but you suffer your daughters, by novel-reading, to live in a world whose poisonous atmosphere is favorable only to the growth of unhappy passions, and which is all the more fatal because so attractive to the fancy. Religion, their only defense, is there transformed to a floral queen, who, crowned with bright garlands, watches the display with an approving smile, and speaks to them only in tones of love, gentleness, and indulgence.

The eye of the maiden, and even of the wife, need not be too widely opened to the great theater of human passions ; they should rather, in innocent ignorance of the errors and crimes of mankind, preserve a devout and quiet spirit, with an undisturbed feeling for the good, the true, and the beautiful. While man must necessarily engage in the great conflict, and is fortunate if he return from it with only lasting scars, her modest place in the world, her more delicate physical organization, and her natural sensibility, in which she rather resembles the mimosa, than the sturdy oak which has

grown up amid storms and tempests, seem to mark out for her a quiet path. But her ordinary reading, if not her actual life, opens to her a realm that would have better remained closed, and she is placed in situations which, though they are but imaginary, take a happy veil from her eyes, making her discontented with her lot, and producing a fruit of knowledge, like that of Eve's, which cost a paradise.

Far be it from us to consider in the education of woman only the cradle and the fireside. But certainly every species of cultivation which makes domestic life intolerable to her must be wrong. Neither would we encourage a superficial culture, which aims only at show ; and yet we would rather her mind should be ripened by the results of knowledge, than lose itself in the depths of research. We are far, too, from wishing to see a dreamy sentimentalism without strength or power of endurance ; but the refined heart anticipates the overloaded reason, and, at once detesting the false and the sinful, has already given the will the right direction while the other is still examining and weighing the conflicting arguments. And over this heart let Religion hover, penetrating and enlightening it with her mild beams, but still wrapped in a rosy veil, which shall provoke no desire to withdraw it, and only excite a pure and holy love. Religion should appear only to man, never to woman, as Theology—the stately queen whose throne is built upon the ruins of superstition, doubt, and unbelief.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT WORLD.

In want they pine,
With wealth untold;
Hearts warm with wine,
And yet so cold!
Refined are they—
Yet what alloy!
Pleasure and play,
And yet no joy!
Glitter and show—
No beam from heaven;
Can greater woe
By death be given?

THE pastor Hold now joined the group assembled on the shore. Having been but a few years on the island, he had never seen Godber, but he had learned to know him through Maria, and therefore gave him a friendly greeting.

The house which had first received the strangers not being large enough to accommodate them comfortably, the pastor and other persons of the congregation offered their own dwellings; but as there was the same want of space in all, a separation of the party seemed to be necessary. Godber, however, proposed to furnish the house formerly owned by his father, but now unoccu-

pied, with the most necessary articles ; and as the vacant sheep-fold would be the best place for storing such portions of the cargo as might be saved from the wreck, and those present readily offered their aid in completing the arrangement, Idalia gave her voice for the acceptance of this proposal. She expressed her delight by clapping her hands at the prospect of governing there, as house-wife regent, and her fancy really painted a most attractive idyllic picture of this domestic rule. But her father thought it proper to ask for an older and more experienced Martha to be her assistant. The three strangers, with Godber and an old matron of the hallig, now went into the vacant house, and the others separated to return each to his own dwelling, there to select the furniture most necessary to their guests. Through the day, Idalia was fully employed in arranging every thing in the most comfortable and tasteful manner that her materials permitted. Ten times at least must the position of a chair be changed ; then a table must be moved to the other side ; and it required all the patience of a woman trained on the hallig to execute orders which must have seemed to her so entirely without motive.

Godber smiled within himself to see this industry ; and to carry out the directions of Idalia, he worked as zealously as if he had been preparing the captain's cabin for the reception of distinguished visitors. Mander himself was pleased to observe in his daughter an interest in these occupations which he had never before seen. Oswald only remarked jokingly, that it was lucky for them that their dinner had been promised from the parsonage ; and compared his sister with cousin Fritz,

who, in a discussion, being accused of growing more and more confused, answered hastily, "No ; I am only arranging my thoughts."

It may be time here to look a little more closely at the character of young Mander. If he has shown himself hitherto only as one of those miserable, vapid beings on whom the sensuous side of life alone has influence, and who are not capable of being elevated above mere physical enjoyments, he has not manifested his character so fully as to render our judgment of it quite certain. On the contrary, although two years younger than his sister, who was now twenty-three, his exterior was no longer the mirror of his heart. While she united calculation and impulse, so that the most experienced observer of human nature would have found it difficult to decide what was the real spring of her action, and even she herself would have been embarrassed to understand her own motives, *he* possessed a heart capable of the warmest susceptibility for all that is truly great and beautiful, though the aims of his life had been almost exclusively directed to mere sensual enjoyment. It was not really a mask which he had assumed, when he spoke and acted as if he knew nothing higher than the well-being of the body and the gratification of the senses ; but he rather belonged to that class of city young men who call it the *philosophy of life* to drown every earnest tone of the heart in the noise of mirth and revelry. He was yet too young to have the germs of a true life entirely overgrown and choked by that philosophy which is the offspring of a fallen spirit, who, wishing to cover his own degradation, and silence the voice of conscience, dignifies his brutishness by the

name of a *system*. But he had been too docile a pupil at the feet of this soul-destroyer, not to persuade himself that he was precisely what he gave himself out to be, or at least able to maintain in the presence of others the appearance of being a master in this miserable school. Naturally there must be hours in life like those he had lately passed on the sea, which showed him the truth. But for that very reason he strove the more to drive them from his memory ; and he understood how to banish from his mind that view of the world which such moments had forced upon him and others, by an immediate return to his former course of life, however loudly the warning voice of his awakened conscience might speak to the contrary. His laughing and jesting, immediately after their escape from the most imminent peril, was therefore rather an unnatural exertion of his power over himself, than, as he wished to believe, and make others believe, a proof of his thoughtlessness.

It would require the voice of a prophet to awaken those dreamers who are walking in the same path as Oswald—men and women who are in possession of all the wealth and pleasures of life—except life itself. But the truth of Christ's words, "He that believeth not is condemned already," is never more fully exemplified than in them. The empty poverty of their existence in the midst of abundance is their condemnation. The mere description of one of their "charming days" operates as a blight upon the mind. That endless toilet with all its miserable arts, the delight at a successful knot—at the grace of some new-fashioned garment—that last triumphant glance at the mirror—those pleasing anticipations of admiration—now a couple of

visits made or received, a conversation in set form where nothing is said or intended to be said—the subjects being the first melon, the new opera, or the last ball, on which they linger as if conscious that their whole storehouse of thought had been expended there. Fortunate is it for the visitor if he has some town news to communicate, a newly published novel, or some fresh piece of scandal, as in this way, he may earn the praise of being an interesting and agreeable talker. Now comes the table with its wine and other luxuries—an excellent opportunity to talk of delicate constitutions, war and peace, famine and cholera, popular revolutions and military parades, served up much in the same manner as the dishes. Then the concert, where the most melting tones are designed only to win applause and pay, and not to touch the heart—or the theater where Thecla listens to the ghostly voice of the prompter, and the murdered Wallenstein is thinking how he shall thank his applauding public, while the same public is coquetting from box to box, forgetful of every thing else—or the ball where the giddy whirl of the waltz fans up the last spark of passion in the worn-out heart, and then the artificially heated blood is cooled again with artificial ice. And this life whose orgies we could not wish to unvail, however well they may suit the fine polish and graces of this class of persons—is it not pitiable? In comparison with such hollowness and insipidity is not the bold transgressor of God's commands still a man? He is still something, and therefore may yet be made to feel that there is a Judge of quick and dead, and be brought back from his evil ways. But with the above described class of per-

sons their poverty is their riches, their degradation their pride, their folly wisdom, and their condemnation blessedness.

To the careless observer they may appear fair, but they are dead within—a decaying fruit which has fallen from the tree of life and now lies in the dust contented with its place and desirng no reunion with the parent stem.

Pastor Hold probably entertained views very similar to those we have expressed, after he had become better acquainted with Oswald and recalled to himself his own experience in town society. For we find in a manuscript of his, to which he had given the somewhat quaint title of “Sights,” and from which we may perhaps hereafter make some further extracts, the following “Sight” apparently written about that period.

“I saw a little girl with all the marks of hunger on her pale sunken cheeks, sitting by the wayside, clad in rags of the deepest poverty. Her age might have been ten or twelve years, but her form was weak and puny like the sickly growth of a hot-house. A woman neatly but humbly clad passed, carrying in her arms a smiling infant and leading a lively boy by the hand. A basket hung on her arm. Her hasty step was arrested by the sight of the little girl; she dropped the hand of her boy and looked at her basket. But she passed on, and crossing over a little foot-bridge went up to a man who was working in the field. He wiped the perspiration from his brow and took the black bread from the basket while the boy filled a flask from the adjacent spring. The little girl looked over from the road at the bread,

and the laborer breaking it went to her and gave her half. She thanked him by the eagerness with which she carried the gift to her mouth. The man then looked at her more attentively, and after a moment he laid the other half of the bread in her lap. The child forgot her hunger and looked wonderingly after him as he crossed the ditch. But the wife passed her hands over her eyes as if she were weeping, then with her apron wiped her husband's forehead, and I thought she kissed him. Then they sat down together under the shade of a thorn-tree, and the empty basket stood beside them; but they played with the smiling baby. Meanwhile a carriage rolled by, and they who were within, turned away from the persons on their right hand, and I only heard the remark of a gentleman who was riding on the left side: 'What a stupid piece "*The Orphan*" proved to be.'

"Then thought I to myself, 'They are condemned already.'

"I went on further and saw the laborer in the field nod at me kindly as I gave the child a small coin. I colored with shame—how much more had he given!

"The scenery was growing more and more beautiful as I advanced. It was spread out before me like a garden of God, clothed in beauty, filled with the riches of His glory, dropping with the blessings of His goodness, and fragrant with the breath of His presence. There a chain of sheltering mountains whose free tops rose over the dark pine forests, here the rich, soft green pasture where the well-fed cow lay stretched on the clover, while the fiery horse practiced his strength in the race. Lower down flowed the winding stream, a welcome

channel to the sailor after the perils of the ocean, a fountain of wealth to the fisherman. I went on still further to the broad-armed, thick-leaved oak, on the top of the hill. There a voice from on high seemed to say, 'Taste and see how gracious the Lord is.' In this temple of God my foot had found that altar by which no one can pass without casting a look at the widespread manifestations of God's goodness, or without offering a sacrifice of admiration and thanksgiving to Him whose works are so great and so numberless, who orders them all in wisdom, and fills the earth with His goodness. And it was long before, happy and transfigured, like one whose faith has been turned to sight, I drew near the house at the foot of the hill. It rose with its red tiles very conspicuously above the exotic shrubbery which surrounded it, and by its great size concealed half of the village which lay behind it. The inscription, '*To rural enjoyment*,' shone in large gilt letters over the door. In the front court stood many carriages, and servants in richly embroidered liveries were shouting in an adjoining bowling-alley. The guests within were amusing themselves in a noisy way at billiards, and as I looked for a more quiet side room I met the dark looks of some card-players whom I had disturbed. I fled from their ill-natured murmurs to another room. Here sat many gentlemen and ladies turning over newspapers and journals, till the representation of a Parisian fancy dress attracted every eye and called forth a variety of longing exclamations and witty remarks. But all this in no way disturbed a young lady, who was at the piano singing to her own satisfaction an aria from *Fra Diavolo*. As she rose they

all pressed round her to express their admiration of her enchanting song and artistic playing.

“Then rose to my mind that garden of God which was lying all around them, and I said to myself. ‘They are condemned already.’

“Suddenly we heard a voice, outside the window, saying, “Sing something to us,’ and all eyes were now directed toward the street : I looked with the rest.

There stood the child of the wayside. She had listened to the song, and was about to steal away when she saw herself noticed. But some one offered her a silver coin, and told her to sing, while a gentleman, whom I recognized as the rider who had passed me with the carriage, said, with knit brows and a threatening voice, ‘Begone, girl !’

“‘No, she must sing,’ exclaimed the rest. The gentleman then threw a dollar into the street before the child, and called out again, ‘Away with you !’

“The rest of the company ordered a servant to stop her, and would not be deprived of the fine sport of hearing the doggerel verses of a street song from the reluctant lips of an innocent child.

“‘I can’t sing,’ stammered the poor girl in distress.

“‘Then tell us some song that you know ; otherwise you can’t put a finger on the dollar.’

“The child looked toward the money that lay at her feet, then toward the gentleman who had thrown it, but who had now retired in bad humor from the window, and began at length with a trembling voice :

“‘He who is willing that God should reign,
Who sees by faith—’

“But the shouts of laughter which these words called forth, terrified the poor girl, a deep flush of shame mounted to her cheeks, and, like a hunted roe, she flew down the street.

“The servant picked up the dollar and hurried with it to the bar-room. But the company after this interlude begged the accomplished singer for an air from ‘Robert the Devil.’

“Then thought I, ‘They are condemned already.’

“This house was too close for me, and I set out to walk through the village. Near one of the last houses, I heard a scolding voice—‘You vagrant, do you never come into my sight again!’ and an angry old peasant woman pushed the little wanderer from the door.

“She seated herself upon a stone and wept bitterly. I went to her and tried to comfort her, and asked her whether her parents had taught her the song she had begun to repeat.

“‘My parents,’ said she, and looked at me with surprise; ‘my mother always scolds me. I learned it by listening at the door of a blind neighbor who sings it every evening.’

“‘Indeed! then will you promise me to repeat to yourself one verse of this hymn every day until you are grown up?’ She promised willingly and wept no more. ‘Here is the dollar which you were to have from the people at the window, for your song.’

“The little one grasped it eagerly. ‘Thank you, thank you!’ said she; ‘now I can buy mother a bedspread.’ Then I learned that her mother was very sick, and had sent the child to beg a warm bed cover from her grandmother.

“ ‘Now I can buy the quilt ;’ she looked half triumphantly toward the cabin of her grandmother, who had just driven her off. But she saw the old woman at the window, and forgetting all her resentment, held the dollar toward her in her uplifted hand. And this rejoicing—for whom was it ? for a mother who always scolded her. ‘Here, child,’ I called after her, ‘have you never known your father ?’

“The girl looked timidly around as if afraid that some one was near, then she came close to me and whispered softly, ‘My father is rich and respectable, but I dare not call him father ;’ then added more softly still and hurriedly, as if she feared her own words, ‘It was he who threw me the dollar.’

“Then thought I, ‘They are condemned already.’”

CHAPTER VI.

CONSOLATION.

The Spirit, striving, giving light,
The heart's deep mysteries may unroll—
The Father shows his awful might,
And deep amazement fills thy soul;
But dost thou seek a friend to be
Touched by thine own infirmity,
To whom thy griefs shall not seem small,
He having known and tasted all—
Then Christ the Son thy God must be.

AT ebb tide in the afternoon, they commenced their efforts to save the cargo. Mander and Oswald employed themselves in this work ; but Godber remained at the house, as Idalia had declared positively that she must have his assistance if the party were to pass a comfortable night.

Pastor Hold had gone to the dwelling of Maria to offer her his congratulations on the return of her lover. How different did he find every thing there from what he had anticipated. Maria swimming in tears, her mother anxiously busy about her ; sometimes coaxingly consoling her, and sometimes earnestly remonstrating with her for her foolish and strange behavior.

“Thank God !” she cried, as she saw Hold, “thank God, pastor, that you’ve come ! I don’t know what

to do with the girl. She came bounding up to my bed this morning with a spring as high as the ceiling, crying, "Godber has come ;" so that I, poor old woman, feel the shock still in every limb ; now there she sits ever since I came back from the shore, in the very same corner, crying and sobbing because she fancies that the strange town lady, who looks so oddly in our dress, has turned his head with her long locks. As if such a shipwrecked chalk-face could cut the grass under the feet of the handsomest and cleverest girl on the whole hallig."

Now she related, turning at every pause toward the weeping Maria, all that she had been able to learn by degrees from her, which indeed was not very consistent, and which, in her mouth, with the softening construction put upon the conduct of Godber, failed to convince the pastor of his unfaithfulness. But he was so much surprised and grieved to find the heart, whose joy he had wished to lead to an ardent thanksgiving, rather standing in need of consolation, that he entered more than he otherwise would have done into Maria's views. At the same time, he believed that his efforts to console her would be more successful if he made no direct attempt to oppose the current of her agitated feelings, and so he said to her,

"Even supposing, dear Maria, that your love for Godber has not found in his conduct more than there really was in it ; that the sympathy, naturally felt for one whose life he had just saved, goes further than you could wish ; will he not, when the first lively impression is over, return to the faith he plighted you ? Will he not soon recover the affection which, as you know from his letters, he preserved for you through nine years of

absence, although certainly he must have seen many a prettier face than this young stranger's?"

Maria shook her head in silence.

"If, too," continued the pastor, "the inclination of the young lady for Godber goes for the moment somewhat beyond the bounds of friendship and gratitude, does it follow that it is a serious passion? Could you expect that having been just saved by him from the most imminent peril of death, she should at once repress her feelings within those limits which she must and will hereafter observe. That bewitching language, that seductive manner, which has given you so much pain, will after a little consideration be changed to mere friendly thankfulness; and Godber, in case you have judged rightly his conduct this morning, will confess the passing excitement like a penitent child."

Still Maria made no reply.

"But why do we talk longer?" was the conclusion of this attempt at consolation; "is then your faith in Godber's love so weak that a single moment can shake it? Has not your mutual faith been plighted in the presence of Him who turneth the hearts of men like the water brooks? And shall not that God who has brought him home to you after so many years of peril,—shall He not still further watch over you, and bring all to a happy end? Leave your future in the hands of the Lord. He will do according to His own counsels of wisdom and goodness. Commit thy ways to Him. He will leave none without comfort and hope who put their trust in Him."

"Amen," said the mother, who had devoutly folded her hands; but Maria could not respond, and only sob-

bed the louder, till at length she broke forth in these words,

“He has rejected my prayer and turned away from my faith.”

“Child, do not blaspheme!” cried the mother in alarm; “and may God lay not this sin to her charge,” she prayed with uplifted hands, while tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks.

The pastor saw with astonishment to what a passion Maria’s love for Godber had suddenly risen—that love which, during the long separation attended by so many dangers to Godber, had remained so calm. But does not the little meadow brook flow gently alike in sunshine and storm, and yet if you throw a stone into its current, it foams up angrily. It was no time now to discuss whether her views were true or false; her soul needed quick and powerful aid.

He took Maria’s hand, which had fallen at her side, and said in a serious and quiet, but impressive tone:

“Woe to the heart which denies its God, and to the hands which do not hold fast upon Him. But we look unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith. He came to bring peace upon earth. He had not where to lay His head. He was despised by His enemies, betrayed by His friends. He wept tears of blood in Gethsemane, wore the wounding crown of thorns, and was obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. He hath finished the work. To Him come the weary and the heavy laden and receive peace, even His peace. How can we weep and complain in our sorrow when we remember His sufferings for us? How can we weep and complain at our brief passing earthly lot?

Have we not then received more than the world can take away from us? Have we not a share in His blessings, and in these are the riches of that godliness which is 'profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come?' But I will lift up mine eyes from the earth toward the Heaven, and inquire what is man, oh, God! that he should ask for more than Thy will, desire more than Thy love, which has been made manifest upon earth, and which having itself known the bitterest sorrow draws kindly near the heart, overflowing with grief, and says: 'Behold me, and weep no more; lo! the Heavens are opened unto you!' But those whom the cares and troubles of this life separate from the love of Christ, they crucify Him afresh and destroy their own souls. Therefore give Him thine heart, keep thy vows made to Him, and thou shalt not be overcome in the hour of sorrow, but through the trial of thy earthly affections, thy love to the Saviour shall burn yet the more purely and brightly. 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.'"

And now raising Maria's hand, still clasped in his own, while she sank silently on her knees, he prayed,

"O, Lord God, Father of all who are called children in Heaven and on earth, here is Thine handmaid. Thy will be done. Amen."

Maria repeated the last words with a trembling voice. Her tears flowed more gently, her pulse beat more calmly. Then she rose and turning her swimming eyes toward Heaven, folding her hands upon her breast and breathing deeply as if suddenly freed from a heavy weight, she said once more, louder and with a stronger

voice, "Here is Thine handmaid ! Thy will be done." She then in a firm tone gave her mother the promise quietly and patiently to leave every thing in the hands of the Lord, to live henceforth only for her, and be the joy of her old age.

As the pastor withdrew, Maria and her mother thanked him for his consolation, only by their look, not with words. They were accustomed to regard the minister of the hallig as a sympathizing friend in such hours, and to experience in themselves the blessings of his spiritual office. The mother, making some excuse for leaving Maria within, followed the pastor to the door, as he turned away, and begged him, when a good opportunity should offer, to speak a serious word or two to Godber which indeed he had already resolved to do.

On his way home, Hold asked himself why the pointing to Christ had so evidently wrought upon the heart of the afflicted girl. He believed that this tranquilizing influence did not proceed merely from a contemplation of God which lifts us into a higher sphere and makes the joys and sorrows of earth appear only shadows and dreams, but that the Prince of Peace, the Conqueror of this world must show Himself to us with His cross and crown of thorns.

Man must see face to face ; and this is true not only of him who rejects faith as a disparagement to reason, but of him, too, who has kept a child-like, obedient heart for the word of the eternal Father. This longing for sight is a necessity of our weak mortal nature which requires something that addresses itself to the senses, even when it is most earnestly striving to elevate itself above their domain ; as the eagle which soars toward

the sun can only in the lower and heavier regions of the atmosphere give his wings the impetus necessary to bear him calmly and smoothly aloft. A faith, which proceeds not from Him whom whosoever seeth hath seen the Father also, will feel the want of that mediation by which alone may be raised to the one eternal Spirit a soul for which the body is not only a necessary tenement, but to whose proper being and existence it belongs, so that even if its earthly tabernacle be dissolved, it must yet again be clothed upon with that house which is from Heaven. Even when the mere common feeling of devotion raises man to the eternal heights, and overcoming the timid senses allows him to repose on the paternal bosom of the father, with as certain a confidence as if faith had become sight, yet he soon loses himself again in the depths of the Godhead, without having found a firm resting-place, and the fruits of his devotion vanish in a floating confusion of thought and feeling. But especially is it difficult for him in trouble to draw sure and lasting consolation from Him who knows no sorrow, where he finds no point of sympathy for the griefs which afflict him, and therefore often strives in vain to let go that end of the chain of thought by which he is bound to suffering, and seize the other, endeavoring thereby to raise himself heavenward. In Christ, these two ends are conjoined. In Him the sufferer sees united a heaven of peace and an earth of trial. He sees the bleeding image of his own wounded heart, and at the same glance, he sees that victory which overcometh the world, that peace which comes down from heaven and leads thither again. So by the hand of Christ the way to the Father is

made smooth. It is no sudden leap over the gulf of affliction, but a gradual path out of the thorns of the valley, leading to the peaceful palms upon the heights. As he mounts with the suffering Saviour, he carries with him his own sorrow, and he feels how near and sure is the healing hand that guides him. In this sense also is it true that "no one cometh to the Father, except through the Son."

Saviour, the griefs that were thy part
Throughout life's thorny way,
Encourage every wounded heart
To find a friend in Thee.

Saviour, thy happy victory won
O'er every want and woe,
O'er sorrow's fount a light hath thrown,
Reflecting heaven below.

Dew from eternal realms of light,
Tears such as earth doth weep,
Shine pearl-like on one garland bright,
One cup the mingled draught doth keep.

A tomb, dark offspring of the night!
A cross of pain and scorn—
They lead to crowns of glory bright,
On life's eternal morn.

Behold the fleshly vail is rent!
Transfigured are our woes;
The sigh may now be upward sent,
Though born of earthly throes.

Thanks for a mortal lot severe,
The weary way is trod;
And now a friend doth gently bear
My spirit home to God.

CHAPTER VII.

THE POLICY OF NATIONS.

Through sunshine and through shadow
The path of nations leads;
Bondage doth nurture freedom,
Wrong reaps its own misdeeds.

As the pastor returned to his house, he found Mander and Oswald already there. They had come, partly to thank him for the interest he had shown for them, and partly to see whether, during their stay on the hallig, they were likely to enjoy the society of a single cultivated family. Their expectations indeed were small, and the exterior and interior of the house, in comparison with which that of the gardener at their country seat was a palace, were not calculated to increase them. Simplicity and economy seemed to be stewards here. Neatness supplied the place of show, tidiness that of elegance, and convenient arrangement that of abundance. The dress of the pastor's wife, as well as that of her child, bore the marks of her industrious needle, which knew how to make the worn fabric last as long as possible, and to give it new and becoming, if not fashionable, forms. The mother and the

daughter were in the full bloom of health, and the hearty welcome given to the strangers by the former produced upon them an agreeable impression, not from her handsome face and pleasing figure only, but from a certain ease of manner, that indicated much previous intercourse with the higher circles of society. Oswald was quite taken by surprise. He had counted not a little upon gaining great credit for himself by a dexterous covering of the expected awkwardness, and by kindly condescending to the contracted ideas and the favorite trivial conversational topics of a family whose sphere of vision, as he supposed, must be very narrow. But he soon found that it required all his tact to sustain with equal ease his part in a conversation suited to the peculiar circumstances under which the acquaintance was formed. Mander, also, the polished man of the world, who knew how to judge and to appreciate such manners, he too was surprised not to find here, as he had expected, either helpless embarrassment, or excessive civility. After the first greetings, he took an early opportunity, by an easy turn in the conversation, to ask the pastor's wife if she could really feel happy in her present position? "That is a home question," said she, smiling. Women are in some respects more dependent upon outward circumstances than men. The places where we grow up, the playmates of our youth, the social circle in which we rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and wept with those who wept, the customs, the forms of early life, remain fixed in our memories, and maintain longer their influence over our inclinations, wishes, and hopes, than is usual with man whose calling and profession is his world, in which all his thoughts,

wishes, and acts are centered, so that his recollections of the past are weakened, and his dreams of the future less vivid."

"I suppose your situation here is less agreeable to you than to your husband?"

"I have," replied she, "only spoken of one side of woman's heart; the other will speak more for my contentment. Our humble sex seems designed for man. We attach ourselves to him; him we follow; the wife will leave father and mother and cleave to her husband. Why then not sacrifice to him her former tastes, her favorite habits, as well? Indeed this is most easy by the side of a beloved husband. The past and the future pale before the rosy glow of the present, even if this does not extend beyond the four walls of the house, or if it only beams from the eyes of the husband. It still finds an entrance into the open heart, and exerts its transfiguring power upon every thing around. Domestic happiness subdues even a 'hallig' with all its privations and self-denial."

"But," said Oswald, "it is inconceivable to me how the pastor himself can be contented here, since during the years of his professional study he must have been familiar with a life of activity and excitement."

"Not only has he spent a portion of his student life in Germany, and further improved himself by traveling through the most interesting parts of our Fatherland and of Switzerland, but also in his childhood and early youth, he lived in the full enjoyment of every thing that town habits and town luxuries can furnish."

"Perhaps he has learned to forget his present privations by occupying himself in learned research," said

Mander, casting at the same time a glance at the small collection of books.

“You think so,” said the lady, smiling, “because you see the titles of Arabic and Persian books. No ; these belong to a period of Hold’s life when, he says, the grandmother’s farthingale was as pleasing in his eyes as the fragrant garlands on the heads of the grandchildren, or when the dried plants or fruits of distant countries tasted better than the fresh plum of the homestead garden. If it were not for me, the dust would settle on the gilt lettering of many of them ; only a few can boast of retaining the freshness of his early affection.”

“Naturally,” said Mander, “the present rapid advancement of scientific knowledge obliges the educated man to leave his favorite pursuit somewhat in the background ; and little as I am acquainted with theological studies, I know that the divine who desires to keep up in some degree with the progress of ecclesiastical learning, will have reading enough.”

“If,” replied the wife, in a tone which betrayed the fear of saying more than was proper for the ears of strangers—“if the minister had any means of supplying his intellectual wants. Hold often laments this, and said the other day that a quarter’s salary of an ordinary opera-singer, or ballet-dancer, would be sufficient to supply all the clergymen of the hallig, who are cut off from book markets and all social intercourse, with such journals and other publications of the day as would enable them to keep pace with the literature of their profession. Then there was the daily school teaching, which from the low standard of education on the hallig,

and the total want of all co-operation on the part of the parents, was limited to the merest rudiments."

"What !" exclaimed Mander and Oswald, in astonishment ; "is the pastor then condemned to teach the alphabet and prepare copy-books ?"

"If you call this condemnation, I can't object to it. It often wounds me to the soul when I hear in the next room the monotonous spelling, and cast a glance at these books. But Hold knows very well how to accommodate himself to it, and goes just as cheerfully into the school-room as he comes out of it. On each of the halligs the office of school-master is combined with that of pastor."

"But I would have an assistant," said Oswald, somewhat thoughtlessly.

"The same reasons," replied the lady, as her eyes fell, and her face colored slightly, "which have made it necessary to unite the two offices, spare us the trouble of thinking about an assistant."

The arrival of the husband now relieved the wife from a conversation which was becoming somewhat painful to her, as women are less inclined than men to expose to strangers their straitened circumstances, and try as long as possible to keep up appearances.

Hold met his visitors with cordial frankness, and skilfully interrupted their thanks for his exertions to make them comfortable on the island, by saying that he was much more indebted to them for coming here to tell him a little something of the world without.

While their hostess now prepared the tea with the black bread and butter, which is all that the inhabitant of the hallig has to offer his guests on such occasions,

and which generally serves both him and his family even for dinner, the gentlemen had in their rapid discourse already flown over the earth, run through the intricate paths of politics, touched the lofty heights of speculation, and were now diving into the depths of science. But they nowhere agreed upon any thing ; neither could contrive to form a harmony for the key note struck by the other. If Oswald wished to dispose lightly of a question, Mander and Hold showed him its serious side, and the decisive influence of a proper answer upon the happiness or misery of mankind. If Mander praised the acuteness of mind which men had already shown in solving the great questions of life, Hold brought experience to prove how little these solutions had profited.

But politics is now what theology was formerly, the province where mind loves to wrestle with mind, the common ground to which scarce any one is a stranger, which assembles with equal rights of speech around its council fires those most differing in rank and race, and at the same time is for the keen observer a Diet, where men's hearts reveal themselves, and betray mutual sympathies, that reach beyond the brawls of journals and of parties ; and therefore our friends were constantly brought back again to this general starting-point.

Hold said, as he perceived this :

“It is a miserable age which furnishes no common material for conversation beyond circumscribed individual interests. It breeds a narrowness of spirit, a trivial *meum* and *tuum* life, a wretched prosaic utilitarianism. Above our every day occupations, above our digging and delving, each in his own little sphere, a realm

must be opened which admits all without requiring passport or other qualifications, and which affords abundant room for the exercise of thought, and enlarges the sensibilities by a contemplation of the weal and woe of multitudes. For this reason I do not entirely discard as mere loss of time these political discussions which have become so universal, and into which we fall so unintentionally ; although politics, as now taught and practiced by one state toward another, seems to me only a monstrous deformity."

"How," exclaimed Mander full of astonishment, "must you not respect the statesman who weighs in his mind the destinies of nations and countries, knows how to combine the past, the present, and the future, and often achieves more with a single stroke of his pen than the most victorious armies, who guides the ship of state through the rocks in the darkest storm, and by a thousand windings brings her safe to port?"

"For aught I know," said Hold, "his wisdom may be very admirable, but when I see that it is just his intrigues which have called forth the storm and conjured up the rocks ; when I see him digging an abyss at his own feet, while he self-complacently boasts of his deep insight into the future ; when I see him playing with truth and faith, with the sacredness of treaties, with the laws of eternal right, as with empty shells, which he throws away when the nutritious kernel has been taken out, and perhaps picks up again to press out the last remaining drop of oil ; when he bows one knee, and prays with open mouth to God and all the saints for the maintenance of his own righteous cause and the punishment of treachery, while at the same time he

raises the other foot to tread justice into the dust, then the statesman, or rather the politics which he represents, becomes very repulsive to me."

"But you certainly would not carry the laws of private morality, which are important enough in our domestic and social relations, into the management of state affairs?"

"Certainly I would," replied Hold, with much warmth. "Justice and truth are no inventions of man, to be distorted and perverted at his pleasure. They are the commands of the living God, who guides the world by the counsels of His wisdom, and judges the nations of the earth with justice. The idea that because I can overlook the miniature history of one little point on this sand-grain of a world, and am to guide it for a few seconds, that, therefore, I am raised above the laws of the Creator and the eternal Ruler of Heaven and earth—this thought is so pitiable, that one could only smile at it, if it were not at the same time so contemptibly profane. Indeed, so long as the cold-blooded wisdom of the directors of the state refuses to recognize the law of God as the only true guide, so long must this remain a machine dripping with blood and tears, going now forward, now backward, in its confusion, and bringing only disgrace upon its architect. By their fruits ye shall know them. What then is Europe? An eternal playground for an iron game of dice, a mighty church-yard ever open to receive its murdered millions. Every state has its great national debt, and is only safe from bankruptcy by a change of creditors. Everywhere there is a shaking and trembling of the people and their rulers, lest the engine, so

fortunately brought to a stand-still, should again be set in motion ; and to maintain this anxious quiet, great standing armies must be kept always ready for conflict even during the boasted peace, the master-stroke of diplomacy."

"But you do not lay the blame of these circumstances upon statesmen?"

"By no means, but upon the false, ambiguous, unjust goddess whom they worship. Can you believe that the condition of Europe would be worse, if the diplomatists, instead of making morality the last consideration, had followed her laws as the sovereign rule in all relations of states with each other?"

"But," interposed Oswald, "the balance of power must be preserved. A dominant power would produce a one-sidedness in the intellectual tendencies of Europe, fetter the free development of national peculiarities, and degrade other rulers to mere subjects of one all-powerful will. And the object of politics is, after all, merely to preserve this necessary balance."

"So far as concerns nations, we know from history, that every state, which has extended itself beyond its natural bounds, is drawing near its fall, without any assistance from foreign diplomacy, but only through the false policy which dictated its extension. You know that this boasted balance, always to be contended for anew and at so much sacrifice, is, after all, but a dream of the imagination, or at best an uncertain equilibrium among the greater powers, while the lesser ones, like reeds blown by every wind, lean now to this side, now to that, and often are cut into fragments to preserve the poise of the scales. The princes of these

states well understand this, and would gladly keep themselves and their lands aloof from these conflicts, in which the right of the stronger is the only law, and the sacredness of treaties only respected when maintained at the point of a hundred thousand bayonets. But this balance would never suffer or have suffered such disturbances if the ambitious projects of aggressive states were not facilitated by the diplomatic policy of opposing nations. If a successful opposition is commenced against such an aggressor, then comes diplomacy with her eyes askance, and points out, with far-sighted cunning, how easily an ally may win too much by the common victory, but does not look at that which lies so near, the advantage which the common enemy is to draw from their mutual distrust, until it is too late. Is not this the history of almost every war for the maintenance of the balance of power during the last hundred years ?”

“To convince you of the contrary,” replied Oswald, “I need only remind you of the last war against Napoleon, in which my father took a part.”

“That very struggle argues for me,” continued Hold. “It was, for oppressed princes and people, a moment of inspiration which elevated them above the intrigues of diplomatic policy. If this war had been carried on with the same cold watchful calculation, with the same one-sided political views as the preceding ones against that great conqueror, what would have been the result ? But whatever of magnanimity was at this time added to the sagacity of statesmen, it arose only from the excitement of the storm of counter-revolution, which was shaking thrones, altars, and cabins ; it was no part of

their nature. Because the arch hypocrite was driven to prayer in the hour of extremest need, does it follow that she ceased to be a hypocrite? And was she not during that very prayer in which she called upon the justice of God, plotting new wrongs? Was she not at the same time preparing her folded hands to snatch some new prey, and to sow upon the field of victory the dragon's teeth of fresh discord?"

"You may be right there," replied Mander, "but, at the same time, you will acknowledge that by a firm adherence to the principles of morality, many a state would have insured its own destruction, and has escaped from it only by adopting a dexterous policy, which accommodated itself to the circumstances and conditions of the crisis."

"Very true; but this is the cause, the evil has gone so far that the devil can only be cast out through Beelzebub the prince of devils, that we are compelled to take the unworthy weapons of our adversary into our own hands. But do not forget, that in spite of its political arts, perhaps even through their very means, many a state has fallen to ruin, and that we have only before us the history of countries as it has been modified by this policy, and therefore can not affirm that the continued existence of an independent state is without the range of possibility, were its rulers always to keep in view and observe in their management at home and abroad only the strictest justice and the most conscientious faith."

"I would not advise any government to try the experiment," said Oswald, "until all the others shall agree

to the same principles ; and I think it will never come to that."

"And why may it not come to that?" asked Hold. "Whatever is true and right has its root in Heaven, and its blooming boughs reach down to earth, there to scatter their good seed. If then the good seed finds on this stony ground no depth of earth on which to spring up, or lies drying in the sand of the desert, the same Heaven has dew and sunshine wherewith to prepare the soil by degrees, and make it capable of receiving the good seed. Out of all this wrong and confusion may a kingdom of righteousness, joy, and peace, arise, whose happy citizen shall never suspect with what blood the soil on which he treads is enriched ; with what disappointment those resting in the grave strove for a peace which was before them, but which they could not see ; with what madness they had laid down two sets of principles ; one for the individual man, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,' and the other for a body composed of the same individuals, and called a State, 'Thou shalt love or hate according to every shifting wind, and overreach thy neighbor wherever thou canst.'"

"Such a kingdom of peace upon earth must ever remain," said Mander, smiling, "only the beautiful dream of a gentle heart ; and even if it were possible, it would not further the development of mankind, in whom conflict must excite to activity and exertion, must steel the nerves and sharpen the intellect. History must be an epic ; it can never become an idyl. Everywhere in creation we find the same struggle. What changing

phases indicative of frightful revolutions do astronomers observe in the heavenly bodies ! What earthquakes, floods, and volcanic fires ! what periods of drought ! what torrents from the bursting clouds, belong to the history of the earth ! What a ceaseless warfare among animals ! how the law of the stronger prevails ! what plundering and slaughter of the weaker !”

“And would you,” objected Hold, “compare man to these—man who is made in the image of his Maker ; to whom He gave the power of using the experience of past ages for the benefit of the present ? to whom He gave his holy commandments, which have for their object not only his well being upon earth, but his eternal salvation ? to whom He has manifested here below the brightness of his glory, in the person of Jesus Christ—a glory which is justice and love, power and peace ?”

“Was not Christ also obliged to suffer, to contend and die ? and have not new causes of difference sprung up through His coming ?”

“And are we therefore to continue forever his murderers by rejecting his teachings, his blessings, and his promises ? Shall we set him up as our private and social household Deity, and at the same time worship, as the God of nations, him who was a murderer from the beginning ? No ; as certainly as, setting aside Christ who is above all comparisons, the apostle who proclaimed the Gospel to all the world, brought greater blessings to the children of men than all those who have preceded or followed, so certainly will the Gospel extend to every hill and valley ; and then first shall be seen true activity among men, an activity which expends itself not in fightings, but in love ; then

will many a name now highly praised in history, whose fame is built on blackened ruins and moldering skeletons, only fill as a monument of human folly a small unenviable space in the book of the past, while they shall diligently inquire after the deeds of him who has helped to lay a foundation-stone for the better time."

"And still the most apparently destructive wars," remarked Oswald, "have contributed essentially to the progress of mankind."

"Because there is a God in heaven who watches and directs them. The tempest clears the atmosphere, and is succeeded by a day of sunshine. But this fair day must have its origin above the tempest and the clouds; the storms do not create it; they only discharge their baleful weapons, and dispel the vapors from which they themselves are born."

The pastor's wife, who feared that her husband was growing somewhat heated, now interrupted him by saying with a smile, "The vapors of my tea-kettle have had plenty of time to gather themselves into a thunder-cloud, if they were not of a peaceable nature."

Mander, however, after a short pause recommenced their earnest conversation. The experiences of an eventful life had gifted him with that cautious judgment which confines itself within the bounds of the actual, and ventures no glance beyond the visible point of departure. Yet he was pleased to listen to a man who, in a position so narrow, and so barren of bright and cheerful hopes for himself, was still dreaming of an ideal for humanity; and therefore he had purposely made objections so far as was necessary to keep up the excitement on the part of Hold. But by this means

many a sentiment slumbering in his own heart seemed inclined to re-awake.

“I can well understand that from your education as a popular teacher, and your position as such, you should feel the greatest interest in men of science.”

“There is only one science,” replied Hold, “the source of true light in time and eternity, the knowledge of the way of salvation for men. By its light and laws must every thing be determined, that which is, and that which is done ; and other science and knowledge has worth and durability only so far as it advances us and others in the consciousness of our dependence upon God in a holy desire to do his will, in a cheerful reliance upon his wisdom, in a word, in a perfect filial relation to him. So our willing and doing bears a living gem and abiding fruits in itself so far as it aids that knowledge to manifest itself in our individual life and that of humanity.”

“According to this view, all sciences have but one and the same problem to solve, though they issue from so many different points, take such different directions, and often seem to conflict with each other.”

“Let me use a figure,” was Hold’s reply. “This one knowledge is the sun in the heaven of humanity, the other strivings of curiosity are only the bearers of the rays of this sun on every side and into every obscurity. If these forget their office and go about with their own farthing candles, they will lose themselves in the desert and wander into a thousand by-paths. But they will more perfectly develop their knowledge, more clearly arrange it, and more firmly establish it, ripening in the consciousness of their own true vocation

by a constant reference of all science to the one source of true knowledge. The more thoroughly the paths of error are explored, the more readily they may be retraced, and then they may serve as guides to the right way."

"You are a theologian, and to every man his own profession stands first."

"Theology is not the science that I mean: she is only the guide to it. When she has once understood herself, she makes it her duty to bring all that has been, all that is, under the focus of Divine wisdom, where the pure metal is separated from the dross, and in this sense should every man be a theologian, so far as to allow every thought, desire, and act, every labor and every experience of his life, all his aspirations and all his hopes, to be enlightened and purified by that true wisdom which comes from God and leads to him. The theologian is not only to try the springs of his own action, but the struggles and experiences, the opinions and hopes of all times and all nations by the light of Divine wisdom, and thereby he learns to judge with clearness and accuracy of the doings of his own time, seeing beyond the mere surface and discovering the sources of the errors and godlessness of mankind, as well as of the individual. Thereby he becomes fitted to be a leader of the blind, a teacher of the unskillful, an admonisher of the thoughtless, a strengthener of the weak in faith, an awakener of the lukewarm and the careless, a proclaimer of judgment against those who despise salvation themselves, and hinder such as would accept it. And because through our weakness and sinfulness we all belong sometimes to the one class, and sometimes to

the other, so should no one, whether he be priest or layman, fail to labor in building up this true knowledge for himself, or neglect the opportunity to ripen in wisdom, virtue, and godliness."

"But where," inquired Mander, "is this true wisdom to be found, to which we should refer all things, and by which we should prove all things?"

"It is not, and can not be," replied Hold, "where error and delusion are, to say the least, always possible—in any system of philosophy. It can only be drawn from the fountain of truth itself."

"I might answer," said Mander, not without betraying a painful emotion, "with the question of Pilate, What is truth?"

"The word of God," said Hold, firmly, and solemnly. But a slight shake of the head on the part of Mander, and an almost contemptuous smile from his son, showed him how unsatisfactory his answer had been to his listeners.

Oswald now reminded his father that it was already late, and the guests departed with the welcome promise to repeat the visit soon.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSCIENCE.

Dost murmur that 'twixt thee and truth
Dark shadows intervene?
'T was thine own heart that gave them birth!
Wages and fruit of sin.

IDALIA thought she had never been so happy in her whole life as she now found herself. The domestic occupations to which she devoted herself with much zeal, perhaps the more from being unaccustomed to them, had a greater charm, even a fascination for her, from the singularity of her situation and the circumstances of her stay on the island. Love had called forth in her bosom, where once there was only room for the thoughtlessness of a vain girl, the idea of true womanhood and a conception of the dignity of a matron. At the same time she knew that in this very way she most pleased him by whom she desired to be loved. She did not make use of all the means which her father's wealth afforded to provide those comforts and conveniences which were in accordance with her social position, and which otherwise were not attainable on the hallig, but she conformed at once to the simplicity and frugality of her present home, and made a thousand

proposals, frequently quite impracticable, to clothe every thing in a still more idyllic form. She bordered the margin of the sodded cistern in which the rain-water was collected with a broad wreath of sea-shells, that she had been obliged to seek with much pains along the beach, as the ocean is here miserly even of these. True, the drinking water for the unaccustomed palates of the strangers, must be brought from the main land. To supply the place of a snug, shady arbor, she had, with Godber's help, erected a tent of sailcloth on the wharf, and when the weather permitted they drank their coffee under its shelter. She had many a dispute with her brother, in which she maintained the superiority of a life on this island to all the magnificence of a great town, and whenever she playfully praised very highly some little peculiarity of their hallig life, Godber felt himself more and more closely drawn toward her, and resigned himself to the brightest dreams of a golden future. The love of his home was so woven into his innermost being, that whatever Idalia said on the subject seemed to him only a natural acknowledgment of the truth, and a proof of the union of their souls, and with every word of approbation from her lips, his love for her increased, a love which was equaled only by his affection for his birth-place, and which outweighed every other thought and feeling. The remembrance of Maria fell more and more into the back-ground, and even if there came moments which exhorted to faith and truth, Godber practiced the art of holding dialogues with his own conscience, until at length she gave him her approbation. How could he help it, if he had now first found the star which was

destined to light him through his earthly journey? If he had now first learned to know himself by intercourse with a being in whom his thoughts and feelings were reflected as in a transfiguring mirror, so that he was thereby inspired and elevated to a height before undreamed of? He was shocked at the thought of the low sphere in which his mind and heart must have remained, if Idalia's magic wand had not touched the very depths of his soul, if he had spent his days with the insignificant Maria.

So was it with him, and so is it with all. Vanity, which in the most various forms and shapes, with the most diversified turns and disguises, mingles in our self-examinations, throws a false light over every thing, and blinds our clear judgment of the true relations in which we stand, and of the plain demands of right and duty. For this reason, it is necessary that man should hold fast to the firm prophetic word. When he arrives at a point where he sees diverging ways, he must neither blindly obey external influences, nor seek to find the right path by self-reliant investigation. By such speculations every evil passion is awakened in him, as error selects these cross-ways for the orgies of his nocturnal demons. Sensuality, selfishness, and vanity strive to lead his judgment astray, and with the best will in the world, his examination will never result in a fair estimate of what may be said on both sides. He should rather, in such cases, surrender his reason, which, through the awakening of those evil impulses, is prevented from rendering a truthful testimony to the guidance of his faith. He should ask what is the Lord's will here? and not seek the answer in himself, as if his own heart

were a dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit, since if that were so it would not have been necessary to put the question, but he must seek the answer in the commands of God, as they are given him in the pure and clear revelation of the Divine law. Such a law, standing there in its firm decisiveness, in its simple grandeur, leaving no room for perversion or casuistry, however much men may turn and twist it, tolerates no addition and no subtraction without being changed entirely and made to contradict itself, and such a command without exception, such a guide pointing only in a single direction, such a positive yes or no, must decide without compromise. Without such a stronghold of law it comes to this, and it has already come to this, that every man has his own system of morality, and that this morality is a Janus head with two faces, and eyes which regard as gray to-morrow what they held to be green to-day. If you appeal to the voice of conscience, this is nothing else, if indeed it deserve the name you have given it, than a stream of living water from the rock of the law, and if it is not that, there is less confidence to be placed in it than in a weathercock, which at least has the advantage of pointing out the direction from which the wind blows. The clear, pure, revealed word of God, which is not to be made or modeled according to circumstances, should be for thee, in all thy willing and doing, an immovable Sinai. At the sound of his voice through the clouds, let all other voices be hushed, and however flatteringly they may whisper around you in the very tones of truth, still they are false just in proportion as they differ more or less from the plain open sense of the law. Do you think of consequences?

a smiling sunshine beckons to you, if for once you will not interpret the commands of God so narrowly and strictly, or will clothe it in the form of a more agreeable truth. On the other hand, heavy clouds hang around thy path, and prepare to discharge their hail-stones and lightning upon thee and thine, upon the harvest of those nearest thee, if without trembling and hesitation thou still remainest steadfast to the letter of the law. Remain steadfast unto death, that thou mayst win life. Thou shalt so counsel thine immortal soul, that she may be able to stand before the Judge of the quick and the dead. Let him care for the consequences. They are in his hands, the hands of an almighty God, of a merciful Father. They are not thy concern. But it is thine to be found faithful. Let this suffice thee, even if experience did not show how often our calculations of consequences prove erroneous, how the day brings forth night and night the day. Still must all things, be they poverty or riches, success or misfortune, life or death, work together for good to him who can say "Here am I, Lord ; Thy word is a lamp to my path."

Whence comes then all this pitiful worldliness among so called "good men ?" Whence among them those many "innocent weaknesses," those nice shrinking evasions when God requires a new burnt-offering on the altar of truth. Because they have made their virtue for themselves, that like a convenient and pleasant pillow they may shift it now to this side, now to that, to prop their earthly slumbers. Because they have planted a shady park in the desert at the foot of Sinai, which conceals the mountain from their sight, while

they wander up and down through blooming paths, satisfied if they do not stray so far that their companions in the park can no longer recognize them as their fellows. Verily this generation requireth the burning mirror of the law, to consume to ashes the tares which they call good seed, but which can not even hide the naked soil.

It accords indeed ill with the so called enlightenment of our time to bind one's self to such a fixed letter. No, we would rather be a law unto ourselves, and we talk much of the law written in our hearts, by which, if we will confess the truth, we mean a soft waxen tablet, upon which outward impressions sketch a variety of figures, and from which we select as an oracle the one most in accordance with our own inclinations, and then follow it as a Divine decree. In this way have we found it so easy to be very good and moral men, because whenever by fortunate circumstances, by education, by a certain shrinking from the judgment of the world, our inclinations are kept in a kind of calm, which does not allow a wild outbreak of the passions, and so we are saved from being *called* thieves and murderers, a little pride, love of the world, scandal, revenge, deceit, and even some worse vices, may very well go along with this respectability.

Such is a worldly life ; there is no judge in our hearts who examines closely ; there is no law there, which, sharper than a two-edged sword, divides between God and the world, right and wrong, virtue and vice. As in lukewarm water, heat and cold are mingled, so in our self-created law, are light and darkness combined into a hazy mist which does not dazzle the sight. As the ser-

pent line leads now right, now left ; and when it inclines to one side is already preparing for a turn in the other direction ; so is this course of ours never a direct progress in the path of life ; nor does it entirely lose itself in the way to death. Truly when the day dawns in which God shall judge the nations of the earth ; when he demands an account for every idle word that has proceeded from our mouths ; when these words are thundered from his throne, “Be ye holy for I am holy,” then will the soft wax of our law melt before the flaming light of his commandments ; then indeed will our compromising middle path be evidently the way of the flesh and of destruction, which in its windings sometimes borders too closely on the path of life to sanction the excuse that what the Lord our God required had been hidden from us. The mistaken idea of conscience, as this word is generally understood, must be given up before true virtue can be thine. And in truth conscience is but a fable, and that with a very bad moral, whenever, as with most men, it is nothing more than a mixture of worldly wisdom, care for a good name, respect for station, compounded with a portion of natural amiability, which might as well be called weakness of character, and a partial knowledge of the Divine will, which, however, can not combine with the other ingredients ; it therefore seems to serve as lees that, when the conscience is once agitated, float about without having any affinity for the rest. True conscience is no law-giver, but only an eye open to the given law. It does not inquire how a thing should be decided, but points out how it has been decided by him who has said, “Thou shalt, and thou shalt not.” It reserves to itself

no right of judgment in reference to circumstances, but simply declares the judgment of God in the case presented. In this way alone does it preserve its freedom against the assaults of evil inclinations and desires, that it derives its light and power from a height to which these can not attain. But if it seek itself to find the way in which we should walk, then it falls into bondage, is perhaps a proud but a willing servant of evil spirits and worldly desires, and wears the livery of his lords. Conscience has need of a fixed pole, the stand-point of Archimedes, to plant the lever wherewith it may move the world. It has not its light within itself, but requires, even as the natural eye, light from without to enable it to see. Are then the intellectual and the spiritual so divided and distinct in man, that each may keep itself entirely free from the action and influence of the other? Can the one act and choose for itself without any harmony with the other? Then, while the heart shrinks from a sacrifice that virtue requires; while sensuousness, evil inclinations, and worldly wisdom, selfishly advise to choose the broad road, is conscience, without any guide except these impulses, likely to act independently of the common brotherhood? Will it not very soon join in the seductive song of the sirens, or at least, will not its protesting discord be drowned, unless aid from without be afforded it? When long habit makes us thoughtless and indifferent about the way in which we walk; when the paths which we are treading have become so natural and so convenient to our feet that we no longer think of choosing others, has not then the conscience fallen into the same habit? Will it watch while thou sleepest? Will it stand while thou art going forward?

Will it see when thou art blind? Will it speak, admonish, punish, otherwise than thou willest, as if it were no part of thee, and that, when thou pointest only to thyself as the fountain from which it is to draw its wisdom? To expect this, is to ask that thou shouldst contradict and vanquish thyself, shouldst demand light from darkness, strength from weakness, and an answer from the question. There must be something without, at which we may gaze as at a fixed polar star, a light that is raised above the misty clouds of this world; not a sign of our own painting to indicate what we believe to be the right road, but one set up by Him whose word is a "lamp to our feet and a light to our path." The holy will of the Father of light must be made known to us. Otherwise we live as in a land of revolution, where the old government is abolished and a new one not yet re-established; where every one consults his own views and inclinations as to what he shall do, or omit to do; where one becomes a murderer with the best conscience, and another with an equally good one takes the booty to himself. It is not because men act without conscience, that the pile of the martyrs is kindled, and the guillotine erected; but because they have forgotten the commandment of God, "Thou shalt not kill!" and have made their own opinions and wishes the law of conscience. He does not live against his conscience, to whom the gratification of earthly desires, activity in temporal affairs, and the pleasant enjoyment of worldly peace, are every thing; to whom the heavens are never opened by a look of devotion, whose heart is never moved by an inquiry after Divine things, the sanctification of whose heart and conduct does not lie before

him as the great business of life. On the contrary, he does not feel within himself any protest against such a state of being, because he has never learned, or has forgotten how to examine his own life in the mirror of God's law; and besides, he has his points of honor which his conscience will not allow him to disregard. The voice which perhaps sometimes reaches him, as from a higher world, is but an echo of the Divine law which he once knew, or a note of the same called forth by one of God's providences. But conscience, in its truth and purity, is neither more nor less than a reflection of the glory of the Divine law. It is a mirror in which we may perceive the will of the Eternal, if we will hold this will before it. But if we place before it only our own image, then shall we see in it also only the likeness of ourselves; and our desires and acts will be but a repetition of that image, not the willing and doing of that which the Lord our God requires of us. The pilgrim who has no point before him which he is striving to reach, no guide as to how or where he should go, is governed by the vigor or the weariness of his limbs, by the pleasantness or the difficulties of the road, by the sunshine or the showers of the day. So it is with the pilgrimage of life, without a law from without. But where this law shines before us as the supreme will of the Judge of the living and the dead, then no delay and no hesitation avail, no fear and no favor, no life and no death, nothing is considered but the stern, unyielding word that permits no distorting, no interpreting away, no pretext or excuse, recognizes no seduction or temptation, but demands obedience—obedience alone. Without such a word of discipline and power, that is

raised above our wisdom and above our censure, we shall never overcome sin, never walk in righteousness and holiness. Therefore, should the conscience be only an examiner and weigher of this word ; and if a thousand voices cry out against it ; if the whole world utter forth its anathemas ; if the affections of thy heart entreat against it ; or if the last throb of thy earthly happiness be at stake, the last hope of thy temporal being—let them perish ; thou hast but one law, the law of the Lord ; and be thou steadfast therein unto the end. The kingdom of God shall remain to thee.

Godber had been brought up in the fear of the Lord and in the discipline of His commandments. It was not, therefore, so easy for him to force his conscience, which still stood with one foot firmly planted on the everlasting rock, into accordance with his present views. Even when he thought it was satisfied to go on quietly with him in the way which he tried to believe destiny had marked out for him, it would suddenly turn aside and remain obstinately fixed on these precepts : Be ye not carried about by every wind, follow not every new path like the unstable of heart, but be ye steadfast in your mind and of one manner of speech. But we are never more crafty and dexterous than when the object is to deceive ourselves, and Godber tried every art to transform the tables of the law into wax, and to tame his restive conscience. But the Lord from on high would show him how vain such arts were, and how idle it was to endeavor to subject by such means a conscience which had been accustomed to other guidance. God spoke by the mouth of the dead, and before the door of that paradise into which Godber thought himself about to enter, stepped an angel with a flaming sword.

CHAPTER IX.

REMOUSE.

The hour will come at God's own bidding
When the sense-blinded soul shall wake ;
On the dark page she now is hiding
Shall a clear flash of sunlight break.

THE corpses of those who had perished with the ship were found. Godber had observed upon the old church mound a stone in the form of a large baptismal font, and had gone thither at Idalia's request to see whether it might not in some way be made to contribute to the decoration of their own wharf. There lay before him the corpse of his captain, and afterward were found not far from it, still faithful in death, the bodies of the two sailors. After having been long the sport of the waves, they had at length found a resting-place together in the old church-yard, which, though now well-nigh a prey to the ocean, proved its former use by many a skeleton laid bare by the washing of the sea.

"Have not the dead in these half open, moldering coffins," said Hold, who was soon summoned there to decide upon the proper arrangements to be made for the burial, "have they not stretched out their arms, as it were in sympathy, to offer these bodies a place by

their side? And how soon, too, will the place to which we shall commit these be washed away by the surge, and the waves resume their play with the restless bones.

“The isolation in which the halligs are often kept by wind and weather, or ice, compels the father of every family to see that a coffin is always in readiness. Among the necessary household furniture, this *memento mori* must not be lacking, difficult and painful as it might be elsewhere to accustom ourselves daily to measure with the eye the narrow house destined for us or one of those dear to us. Coffins, therefore, were not wanting for the early interment which was of course necessary on this occasion, and the next day, being Sunday, was fixed upon for the funeral.

“The burial of three bodies at once, an almost unheard-of occurrence on the hallig, the extraordinary circumstances which had attended this event, the singular rescue of the remainder of the ship’s company, all these decided Hold to consecrate the whole day to this ceremony. At the hour of service, the three coffins were placed before the church door, the space within being too small to contain both them and the congregation. After the reading of the Gospel for the day, the thirteenth Sunday after Trinity—Luke xvii. 11–19, the sermon commenced with the question, “But where are the nine?” and the simple announcement of this text, however little such a selection of a single word or phrase may be in accordance with homiletic rules, could not fail to produce a strong impression, as there were precisely nine persons on board the ship. This question united again the saved and the lost, led the mind

back to their former companionship, and forced it to consider how it would have been, had their lots been changed. "But where are the nine?" For the strangers this question was a sermon never to be forgotten. It seemed also as if in announcing this text the pastor had wished to make a forcible but brief appeal to the hearts of the strangers, for in the end he spoke much less than many of his hearers had expected with reference to the special circumstances before him, and made a general application of the peculiar occurrences, not forgetting the congregation in the few. Perhaps for this very reason his words found an entrance into the hearts of these few. In this way they were spared the disagreeable consciousness that every eye and every thought were upon them, and of hearing only a discourse addressed to or concerning themselves. They could now follow the sermon with entire attention, as their fancy was not continually carried back to the scene of horror through which they had just passed. They were not disturbed by a false description of the circumstances of their peril and rescue, by a depicting of emotions which they had never felt, by a detail of wishes and vows which had never entered their minds. After the sermon, the coffins were carried to the adjoining burying-ground by three successive processions, as the want of a sufficient number of bearers made it impossible to take them all at once. But a single grave received the three, and the great flag of the ship, to which the last service of their life had been given, was to be lowered upon the coffins. Godber had borne this flag, which was hung with black crape, before the procession; but as he was about to lower it

into the grave, it fell from his trembling hands, and as the staff struck the coffins they gave back a hollow sound. Godber, pale as death and trembling in every limb, fell back upon the bystanders.

But here we must go back a little to follow Godber's inward struggles up to this moment. With the discovery of the bodies of his drowned companions a dark cloud had come over his spirits, which he had made every exertion to drive away, or at least to conceal from others. The stiff stern lines in the face of his captain, when he stood by his corpse on the strand among the sea-washed graves, seemed to inquire of him, "Why did my pilot leave the ship before me?" and as he turned to look away, he saw Maria slowly going up to her own dwelling, and it seemed as if he heard her sigh, "Godber, why hast thou forsaken thy betrothed bride?" It grew dark before his eyes, an icy hand was laid upon his heart, a mocking laugh rang in his ears: "twice forsworn!" He hastened from that fearful place as if pursued by a curse, and stood again in the presence of Idalia before he had recovered his senses. If she had met him with tears or even with the reproaches of anger, he would have fallen upon her neck, and wept out on her bosom the sorrows and bitterness of his full heart. But she came toward him with her usual gentle smile—that smile which had so often charmed him as if with magic power; but now in his present mood it was only repulsive to him; it was too contradictory to all his feelings, and it did not recur to him that she was yet unacquainted with what he had just seen, and therefore could not be expected to show sympathy for the fate of his lost companions. Instead of bending

over to her, he could not help shrinking back. Gazing fixedly at her, he was obliged to ask himself: "Is this heartless, mocking child of enchantment worth a double treason?"

Idalia stepped proudly back. She was too much accustomed to an all-absorbing devotion to inquire of him sympathizingly what was the matter. Although love as well as curiosity strongly urged her to ask an explanation of his conduct, he having now thrown himself into a chair and covered his eyes with both hands, yet pique obtained the victory. She seated herself pettishly in another corner, and supporting her head with her arm, pouting out her delicate lips, pressing her handkerchief upon her eyes moist with tears, and throwing now and then a hasty stolen glance at Godber, she played perfectly the part of one in ill humor, as in fact she really was. At least this had become evident, that she did not reign so exclusively in his heart, but that there was still something in the world which could make him insensible to the power of her charms; that her victory was by no means so complete as she had till now supposed. And was this agitation of his owing perhaps to a meeting with Maria? If this thought was to the prejudice of her affection, which required from its object an idolatrous worship as well as a complete surrender of the heart, it also roused her pride, and through this a resolution to chain him by every means in her power. It is true that she did not herself so clearly understand her own feelings, and attributed this resolution chiefly to love.

But Godber seemed to be entirely absent with his own spirit. Sometimes he brooded over his own thoughts

in sullen silence, sometimes sighs and convulsive starts announced the strong agitation within. Idalia could scarcely endure longer this tension between curiosity and vexation. Her insensible lover had not even heard her sobs. To her joy her father at length came in, and, from his sympathizing and consoling words to Godber, who had risen hastily on his entrance and endeavored to appear more calm, she now learned the discovery of the bodies. If Godber's distress at the fate of those who had long been given up as lost was incomprehensible to her, if she felt still more wounded that so small a cause could call forth such behavior toward her, she had at least gained this, that jealousy had no longer any part in her judgment of his conduct. Glancing at her own figure in the glass, she could not help smiling at the idea that she could for a single moment have been jealous of a hallig maiden. But Godber should be severely punished, at her feet should he implore forgiveness, and only after long entreaty would she even give him her hand to kiss as a first sign of a future pardon ; a perfect reconciliation should not take place for several days, that he might never again forget how entirely his happiness depended upon her love, and that this happiness must be purchased by entire submission and self-forgetfulness.

And this is called love !

For this day at least Godber did not seem inclined to take any steps in the way of repentance, for casting only a single look at Idalia, he went with Mander to the pastor's house to consult about the funeral. Hold named the persons likely to have the proper coffins, and Godber went for them. When he returned to the par-

sonage, Mander was already gone, and Hold had now an opportunity to say a few words to Godber about his relations to Idalia and Maria. But scarcely had he alluded to the subject, when Godber interrupted him with a cry which, however, sounded in no way like a willful rejection of counsel, but rather like an exclamation of despair, "I know all you are going to say," and rushed out of the house.

Idalia waited that evening in vain for his return. She now indeed wept bitter tears; though only deeply wounded pride had at first called them forth, yet as she ascribed them to the pain of injured love, they had raised her feelings to the height of real affection.

The next morning Godber was missing at the breakfast table, and no one knew whether he had been in the house during the course of the night. Idalia first saw him again when, pale and agitated, he passed on before the funeral procession, carrying the mourning flag.

Godber had watched that night with the dead, and excluded every other person from this vigil, reluctant as the two surviving sailors had been from love to their old commander and companions to consent to this arrangement. He wished to be alone with the happy dead and his own unhappy heart. His anguish was here relieved by tears of sorrow. His whole joyous childhood, his plays with Maria, the vows he had made to her, the letters he had written her, the dreams of a bright future at her side in which he had indulged through all the perils of the ocean, through all the confused activity incident to his calling, the lonely nights at the helm, when the waves of foreign seas dashing round the keel brought, as it were, a greeting from his

native island, and the stars of Heaven spoke of the peace of that home—all rose fresh in his memory, and floated by him as pictures of a lost paradise. Why might he not win again this paradise? Why could he not shake off the fetters with which his faithlessness had bound him? So he questioned himself; and Idalia's image could not for a moment lead back his mind to its former bondage. Rather there arose in him an intense desire to see once more Maria, his own Maria.

At midnight he left the chamber of the dead, went softly out into the open air, and lo! the stars seemed to smile kindly down upon him, as if to bless his purpose. He hastened rapidly forward, stepping over many a grave, not to be detained by the circuitous direction of the common path. Already in the distance there shone toward him a friendly light from the longed-for house. It did not strike him as any thing strange even at this late hour. He thought it ought to be so; she was watching for him, she was guiding him by this light back to his plighted vows. Hastily, but carefully avoiding the slightest noise, he ascended the wharf. A projecting stone served as a step from which he could look over the low half-shutter. There sat Maria by the bedside of her mother, her hands lying folded in her lap, gazing upward with half-closed eyes as if in a dream. Godber stood as it were rooted to the spot, holding his breath within his heaving chest, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the young girl, who would have seemed to him, if he could make comparisons at such a moment, like a divine apparition contrasted with Idalia's earthly image. So he remained a long, long time.

The poor girl, overcome by drowsiness, nodded occasionally ; and then Godber's heart beat stronger with the fear that she might fall. When she again opened her eyes, he was constantly expecting that she would see him, and rush toward him as on the first day, with the cry, " Godber, Godber, are you here again ?"

But was not this the first day ? It seemed to him as if he had only been in a heavy dream, and had now just arrived on the hallig.

Maria took the light, turned it carefully toward her mother's bed, and listened to her breathing. So passed away hours ; but for Godber they were minutes. Morning had begun to dawn ; but it was still midnight for him. The freshness which precedes the rising of the sun chilled him. But he did not perceive it ; it only directed his mind from Maria to the occasion of her night-watchings. Ah ! thought he, her mother is ill, and thou, thou alone art the guilty cause. Thou bringest the mother to the grave, and the daughter—he could not finish it—will follow her. Within, at her feet, must he consecrate these hours of repentance, on her bosom awake again to new life.

He had his hand already on the door latch. The cock crowed for the morning in the loft just by him. He shrunk within himself like a surprised criminal. " Peter, the betrayer," he muttered low to himself, withdrew his hand hastily from the door, and looked wildly round. The stars had disappeared, and a gray fog concealed the first red of the morning. Godber's heaving chest drew in deep, hasty draughts of the chill, heavy air. He felt again all the chains with which he was bound, and dashed rapidly away. Breathless he

reached once more the room of the dead. The lamp was nearly burned out, and threw only a faint glimmer into the darkness. His rapid footsteps struck one of the coffins, the dry boards gave forth a hollow sound, and the living sank unconsciously down by the side of the dead.

After such a night the day following must naturally be a most trying one to Godber. The complete exhaustion of his physical strength gave his imagination entire mastery over him. He saw and heard in every thing only allusions to his faithlessness. In this church had Maria prayed for his happy return ; hither had she thought to walk the first time by his side. This whole congregation knew of his betrothal ; every look expressed the deepest contempt. Every whisper was an imprecation upon him ; every step was turned away from him. The very letters of the psalm-book shrunk from his eyes, and the tones of music forsook his poisoned breath. At the pastor's question, "Where are the nine?" the pale faces of the dead seemed to greet him, and say, with a grimace, "The nine are again together." That these words were connected with the sermon he could not comprehend ; he saw and heard only the dead, who were always pressing nearer to him, and whose icy breath penetrated to his very bones, while hot drops fell from his forehead.

In this state, after the conclusion of the church service, was he drawn unconsciously into the funeral procession, as the bearer of the mourning flag. But the flag of the ship, which had been intrusted to him, seemed transformed into a huge wave that was rolling on before him, and dragging him after it. He grasped the staff with a

convulsive effort, clinging to it more and more, as he became ever more impressed with the delirious fancy, that he had fallen into the sea, and was holding on to the last plank of the shattered ship. Tortured by this horrible idea, he had thrice headed the funeral train, and now stood by the open grave. He gazed down, and strained his eyes in vain to penetrate the pit at his feet. Deeper and deeper the bottomless abyss seemed to open before him. Leaning further and further forward to measure the grave with his uncertain eye, he would have fallen in if Mander and Oswald, who saw in him only a deep mourner for his lost companions, had not held him back. Just then he heard the pastor, speaking of the captain's refusal to leave the ship which was in his charge, say, "There is a blessing for the faithful, if not in time, in eternity." These words crushed his last strength. He murmured softly, like one dying of a broken heart, "And a curse with the unfaithful, both in time and eternity." Again he would have fallen, had he not leaned his trembling frame against the flag-staff which was thrust into the ground by his side. Hold was obliged to remind him that he must lower the flag into the grave. He seized it convulsively and staggered forward. There lay the three coffins; but though the vault had looked fathomless before, he now saw them, as it were, rising toward him; the black lids seemed to fly open, and the dead to start up with angry threatenings. He reeled backward in terror, and the flag fell from his fainting hands down upon the coffins.

CHAPTER X.

RESIGNATION.

Beneath that cottage roof so lowly,
Simple in life, in purpose holy,
 Ripens a priceless heart ;
Each wound to it a blessing brings,
From darkest hours its sunlight springs,
 And dew from every smart.

MARIA'S conduct during these days had been the mirror of a heart given to God. She performed the household duties that devolved upon her with the same zeal and the same patience as before. One who had not known her when cheered by the hope of a bright future, could never have suspected with what anguish the young girl, who seemed born with this still, quiet, nature prayed daily for the victory over herself, and what strength she needed to fix her in her choice to be the handmaid of the Lord. God, who cares for the broken heart, and who will lay no more upon any one than he can bear, lightened her struggle by the illness which attacked her mother. And Maria, as if she had been conscious that this illness was to bring healing to her wound, gave herself up with such devotion and self-sacrifice to the care of her mother, that all her

thoughts and feelings were entirely absorbed in this new occupation. The hallig afforded no medical aid and to seek it elsewhere was not within the means of the poor widow, had there been a wish to do so, and if rest, care, and domestic remedies had not been thought sufficient in cases of sickness. Hold frequently visited the patient, and when she sometimes alluded to the faithlessness of Godber, Maria would quickly interrupt her, saying, "Never mind that, mother, I can take care of you all the better for not having him to think about." When, however, she talked with the pastor alone, a tone of sorrow would sometimes break forth, but as if he had only one message of peace to bring down from the mouth of the great Carer for souls, he always returned to the plain requirement of pious submission.

He could not help smiling when Maria, on one of these visits, gave him a couple of novels much read at that time, with a request that he would return them to young Mander. He now learned that Oswald, perhaps, merely to gratify a desire for a little variety in the uniformity of the life to which he was condemned, had sought the acquaintance of Maria, bringing one day a bottle of wine for the mother, and the next, the novels for the daughter.

But she thought she should understand as little of the books as she had been able to comprehend of his conversation. Indeed, she did not like the latter because it sounded very much like what Godber had written in some of his letters, and which was probably the cause of his having forsaken her; and unacquainted with the flower whose very name should bind fast the

memory, she added, with the keen irony of a deep wounded heart :

“They talk about *forget-me-not* as if it were something to be plucked like a flower that is destined to wither. No wonder they can forget so easily.”

“Ah !” thought Hold, as he went home, “these fine gentlemen who are attracted by every pretty face, when they have the simplicity of innocence before them, do not perceive that the clear crystal is incapable of imbibing their poison, and that its purity remains unsullied. Ah, my fine Oswald ! would you first skillfully prepare the soil with your novels ? But here is no soil on which such ensnaring plants can take root. This is God’s own garden, and no foul bed of concealed passion. Maria must long be your pupil before she understands you and your poison, thereby giving it power to injure her. And the forget-me-not which blooms in her heart like a flower in God’s paradise, *that* shalt thou not pluck so lightly—*that* shall God’s angels protect against every secret or open attempt to pluck it.”

To spare the father, Hold waited for an opportunity to return the books to Oswald when no one was present ; and said to him, at the same time,

“Do not suppose I have taken these books from the young woman. She gave them to me quite of her own accord because she can not understand such things.”

“I thought,” stammered Oswald, with some embarrassment, “that a little cultivation would not harm one for whom nature had done so much.”

“And was it her personal attractions,” asked Hold, seriously, “which first led you to think about her mental culture ? Why then, if you prize this cultivation

so highly, do you pass by without sympathy those who are equally uncultivated, but with less external beauty?"

"It is quite natural that those who possess external beauty should excite particular interest."

"Yes, quite natural," replied the pastor, "if we are in the habit of allowing our interest to depend upon mere physical charms."

"You take the matter too seriously," said Oswald smiling, having recovered entirely from his momentary embarrassment; "but, as shepherd, you are quite right to see that no mischief happen to any of your flock."

"Was there then any wrong intended," said Hold, with a severer tone; and Oswald, who felt himself caught by his own expression, answered after a pause,

"I have told you already that I desired for the girl, who, I will not deny, pleased me much, at first sight, a little more cultivation of mind and heart, and accordingly gave her the books."

"For Maria's sake," resumed the pastor, "I should not have wasted a word about this affair. She has that innocence which may drink poison, and be unharmed—which may tread upon serpents, and be unwounded; her heart is simple and devout. For her understanding sin is too high; for her heart it is too low. But for your sake, young man, permit me to say a few words. Compare yourself, for once, in your own conscience, with this Maria. You know much, she very little. You know the history, the language, and the customs of nations; Maria's knowledge is almost entirely confined within the sphere of this little island. You have seen and experienced much, and can talk of a hundred thousand things, the names of which Maria has never heard.

From your refinement of manners, your pleasing address, and your judicious use of all your advantages for improvement, you pass for a well educated person. Maria is straight-forward and natural ; speaks what is in her heart without ornament or coloring. You seek recreation from business by entering into all the pleasures which excite the senses and gratify the desires of this mortal body. Maria prays and toils day after day, and nurses her sick mother with a self-sacrificing love. You regard joy and sorrow alike as the sport of chance. Maria thanks God and trusts her Father in heaven. You stand far above her, far as earth with her gifts and pleasures can raise you, and yet"—he took Oswald's hand, and concluded in a somewhat elevated tone—"I say to you, if you believe in God, then in the name of that true God, I say to you that Maria stands far above you, for her walk is in Heaven." Young Mander hesitated between displeasure and shame, and then replied with a tone of mingled vexation and embarrassment, "A little more culture would do the pious young woman no harm."

"Maria's education," replied Hold, "is sufficient for her condition, and whatever else it might be desirable for her to know is not to be found in these books. Yes—pardon me if, as a fellow-islander of Maria, I speak plainly and directly what is in my heart—what you might learn from her is more and greater than any thing that she could learn from all your knowledge and all your books. Suppose she were capable of the culture you offer, what would she gain by it? Discontent at her situation, and a longing for a life by her unattainable, and what is still worse, the excitement of passions

which as yet have found no entrance into her heart ; but who would lose, irrecoverably lose, the patience and repose of a spirit given to God, the peace of a soul now triumphing over earthly sorrows ; lose the quiet of an unspotted conscience, and the sure happiness of a childlike undoubting faith."

"How can you ascribe such a pernicious influence to these harmless novels ? They are designed only for momentary amusement, but, at the same time, they insensibly improve the understanding."

"*We take,*" was Hold's reply, "such books for what they are—mere fruits of the imaginative faculty—and are too well acquainted with the life which they describe to find in them any thing except ourselves in a new costume. But for Maria, if she could understand them, they would open a new world, a world which would kindle as ardent desires, and therefore would be as injurious to her, as America was, on its first discovery, to the Spaniards. But I am forgetting that your wish for Maria's improvement was only a preface to your playing the same part with her that your sister is now doing with Godber."

Oswald did not again attempt to vindicate himself from this reproach. He seized rather, with an eagerness which betrayed his satisfaction at seeing the conversation likely to take another direction, the opportunity to bring forward Idalia as the subject of discussion.

"How can she help it," said he, "if her attractions are so irresistible ? She has already seen at her feet, men very different from this Godber."

"How can she help it !" said Hold, sarcastically. "These words seem to me like an outwork which is

thrown up against the advancing enemy, from want of time to erect more substantial defenses. But it would be idle to talk with you on this subject, as you would even now be treading in the very footsteps of your sister, if a broken heart, particularly when God's holy angels have set their watch there, were not as difficult to conquer, as it is to subdue a heart in which vanity and sensuousness stand guard."

As Oswald, reddening with anger, was taking his hat, the pastor added,

"One word more, Mr. Mander! You will always find me ready for every service due to the guest of our hallig; and you will very much oblige me, if, during these few weeks, you will allow me the pleasure of enjoying as much as possible of your society. It would be a great gratification to me to talk over, with your father and yourself, those subjects which I have so often discussed with my early friends. You must, however, permit me, in my own way, to seek to win your esteem, and consequently to show myself to you as a shepherd of souls on every fit occasion. If I failed in this; if I suffered the office confided to me by God to be forgotten, I should forfeit the respect of every reasonable man. You must go your own way as pleases you, and leave to me the path which my calling and my conscience point out to me; and in this way, we will endeavor to make the brief hours of our intercourse together pass pleasantly; and I trust we shall part from each other as men who have cause to rejoice that they have met."

Oswald was somewhat softened by this turn, and withdrew after some indifferent phrases which were intended to be friendly.

CHAPTER XI.

EARTHLY LOVE AND CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Leaving the furrow, dew, and night,
Boldly the lark now soars away!
Mounts to the fields of morning light,
To seek in heaven the new-born day.
So Faith, on pinions strong, o'er grief shall rise,
And view, with tearless eye, a Heaven above the skies.

THOSE fantasies which at last left Godber fainting by the side of the open grave, proved the commencement of a fever common in these islands ; a fever which rages for two days with violence, and then leaves the patient one day of repose to prepare him for a fresh attack. Idalia now showed again the whole passionateness of her nature. She threw herself on Godber's couch ; she covered his cold lips with her burning kisses ; she called heaven and earth to witness that she could not live without him, and reproached herself bitterly for her unsympathizing treatment of him. Mander saw with astonishment the powerful influence which love was now exercising over his daughter. It is true that her inclination for her preserver had not been concealed from him, but he thought that when time should have weakened her gratitude, distance would

make her forget the passing excitement. He had pitied the young man for whom he could not fail to have a regard, when he perceived how he was ensnared by the charms of Idalia. But accustomed as he was to be rather a sympathizing companion for his children, through their path of life, than a paternal guide, he had hesitated to disturb his daughter who was so happy in her present attachment, by a clear exposition of the true state of things. Now he rejoiced at this reserve, for if Idalia's love was really so deep and sincere as it at present appeared, he would not wish to oppose her choice. He did not lack the means of making Godber captain of some large vessel, and he might hope, from the tried skill and integrity of the young man, as well as from his good heart and firm character, to find in him a worthy son-in-law, in whose hands Idalia's happiness would be safe. With such sentiments he did not need the imploring entreaties of his daughter to induce him to seek the aid of a physician. Oswald, for this purpose, went over to Husum, and returned the following day with the physician for whom Idalia had waited with the most anxious impatience. The doctor, unacquainted with the mental state of the young man, saw in his case nothing but an ordinary fever, and said that at present only good nursing and a careful diet were necessary, and that medicine would not be required for some days.

Idalia was obliged to be satisfied with this announcement, unpleasant as it was to her. She had watched nearly the whole of the first night by Godber's bed, and only with difficulty could be induced to seek rest for herself when the sufferer, after the wildest fancies, in

which the emotions that disturbed his breast manifested themselves strongly and incoherently—at last fell asleep. Godber's youthful vigor seemed determined to overcome the disease by a long slumber. When he awoke, the chill that precedes fever was already past; his pulse was growing quicker, bringing back the former delirium. Idalia sat again by his bedside. He stared wildly at her, without making any answer to her inquiries. It seemed as if he was trying to collect his thoughts, and as if the young person sitting before him, was totally unknown to him, and that he could not bring her form within the sphere of his recollection. Suddenly he shuddered convulsively, his features contracted as if some strange peril of death had presented itself, and with the exclamation, "thrice forsworn!" he concealed his face among the pillows, uttering a deep groan.

Idalia could but partially divine what had so much agitated the young man, and she was sometimes half inclined to regard the whole merely as the illusion of fever, having no foundation in his actual feelings; but she was heartily rejoiced when, on the following days, these fancies ceased to return with the access of fever, and Godber's tenderness for her manifested itself in the most unequivocal manner, more gentle, more submissive than ever. His physical weakness softened the conflict within. Idalia's faithful care had touched him more deeply, harmonizing, as it did, with his own character, than all the former proofs of her affection, although these had excited a more passionate rapture. He resigned himself at once to his destiny, without struggling longer against it by recalling the memory of the

past. Upon her only rested his feeble gaze ; only when she sat by him was he satisfied ; only her smile cheered his pale face. As the child watches its mother, so his eye followed all her motions, and, though he said little, the most entire devotion spoke in his very silence. As a rosy twilight, after a stormy day, lends the liveliest coloring to nature, now breathing in new creating life, so now was spread over Godber's whole being, a peculiar gentleness, tenderness, and submissiveness. This change in his feelings formerly so much more passionate, arose, in part, from a really deeper affection for Idalia, and in part, from the necessity not indeed clearly understood by himself, of weaving his whole being into hers, in order to secure peace of mind.

This deep feeling on the part of Godber was not without an important influence on the heart of Idalia. She had never been so near true affection as now. This unusual, unexpected softness quite foreign to *her* character, that entire fusion of every thought and feeling with the beloved object, attracted her instinctively, and there were hours when she even experienced something similar within herself. At such times she would sing, accompanying herself with her lute which she played with superior skill, and whose preservation she owed to the care with which she put it away after use on board the ship, for she prized it as a means of displaying her talent, and once every day at least, must she sing, at Godber's request, the following song :

My former self, truly,
I know not again ;
Yet unlike the present
How could I have been ?

Did not thy first greeting
Cradle my young life—
As thy last caressing
Would seal its death strife?

Can the flower bloom freshly,
Wanting light and dew,
Can the rolling ocean
Touch the ether blue?

Is there any region
Where thy potent will
Could not place thy creature
There held captive still?

But I only render
Back what thou dost give,
If, alone for loving
Thee, I wish to live.

Godber saw in this and other similar expressions, proofs of the most devoted love, and they served to strengthen him in his effort to cover his former relation to Maria with the vail of complete forgetfulness; for they seemed at the same time to impose upon him the full return of such an affection, as a duty, in the fulfillment of which his heart too was deeply interested.

So passed about two weeks, and, except the debility which naturally followed such intense excitement of body and mind, Godber had almost entirely recovered from his illness, and the bond of affection between the lovers was greatly strengthened. The manner, too, in which Mander spoke of this connection, promised a certain future to an attachment which till now had seemed to Idalia only a pleasant dream of the moment, a transitory boon of fate which she had surrendered herself

without consideration ; and she now seriously regarded herself as really a betrothed bride.

Although she confessed to herself that many new cords of her heart had been touched by her love for Godber, Idalia, reversing the words of her song, considered him as her creature. Had she not elevated him above the narrow sphere of existence in which he had once been contented to live ? Had she not opened to him a new world, even to the portals of which, without her, his boldest dreams could scarcely have soared ? Must he not see in her the star which was lighting him to a brighter, happier future than his birth and life thus far entitled him to expect ? That she could think all this clearly and, except in occasional moments of self-forgetfulness, weigh so nicely her position in reference to the young man, and regulate her conduct accordingly, shows how little her heart was accessible to true womanly love.

Perhaps a circumstance which occurred on the ninth day of Godber's illness, may have helped Idalia to make a more precise estimate of her situation.

It was a cheerful afternoon. The mild autumn sun shone warm and kindly into the little room, which was really charming in its lively coloring and neat order. Various occupations having taken all the other inmates from the house, Idalia was sitting alone by Godber's couch, and watching his peaceful slumber. His pale face, from which every trace of the rude life of a mariner had disappeared, while returning health had breathed the first faint flush upon his cheeks, showed in this reflected sunlight its manly beauty to the best advantage. She had never found him so attractive,

and could not refrain from touching his lips with a gentle kiss. It did not awake him, though he must have felt it, for, from the quiet smile which played around his mouth, it seemed to have blended itself with some pleasant dream, or to have called one forth. Idalia leaned back in her chair, and turning her eyes with a deepening tranquillity toward the sleeper, she soon fell herself into that half sleep which is something between waking and dreaming, and in which, sometimes with half-opened, sometimes with closed eyes, we smile on the charming pictures of fancy ; as the child who knows that the mother's loving face is over the cradle, often in his light dreams throws through his scarce lifted eyes a drowsy glance toward her.

Bewildered, and uncertain whether she was waking or sleeping, Idalia started from this slumber, as she saw, standing at the foot of the bed, a dark figure which was gazing fixedly at her and Godber, and which, upon her suddenly waking, laid its finger upon its lips with a sign toward Godber, as if begging silence for his sake. The sign was scarcely necessary, as the unexpected appearance of Maria, whose countenance night-watching and mental suffering had changed to a deadly paleness, increased by her dress of deepest mourning, completely paralyzed her rival. The black kerchief which was thrown over her head, and almost entirely covered her forehead and chin, making the pallor of her cheek and the feeble glance of her eye still more conspicuous, gave to this figure a startling aspect. Maria had very carefully clipped from Godber's finger, the plain gold ring which she had given him and which he still wore, and hidden it in the folds of her little shawl.

Then she drew from her own hand the ring of betrothal, bent toward Idalia as if to give it to her ; her lips moved—she tried to speak—but her tongue refused its office—only an audible sigh forced itself from her heart—a hot tear fell on Idalia's hand and the ring upon her lap. But Maria turned quickly round, threw from the door-way another long, painful look at Godber, then looked at Idalia with a confiding smile, as if to commend his happiness to her, and—had vanished.

Idalia remained long in the same position, before she could draw any clear ideas out of the confusion of her thoughts and feelings. It was now perfectly plain to her that she had broken the heart of a loving girl, and her sympathy was excited in the highest degree. At the same time, she felt herself unpleasantly restricted as to the freedom of her own heart, from the fact that it had now become a duty to bestow on the young man an affection as sincere as that which he had lost in the heart of Maria, through her. Even though this duty might harmonise with her inclination, still it was a fetter, and it was, therefore, in accordance with her character, rather a check than a spur to her passion. She concealed from Godber the fact that she had received the ring, and said nothing to him of Maria's visit to his bedside. She was now, in her relation to him, burdened with a secret. She might have felt conscious that her love would not stand every trial ; how, then, could she have full confidence in his love ?

Maria, indeed, would scarcely have gone there, as above related, to remind Idalia of her, if the death of her mother had not excited her feelings to a greater degree even than the infidelity of her lover, and given her an

impulse which had driven her out of the current of her ordinary life.

The physician who had come to the hallig on Godber's account, had, at the request of the pastor, visited the poor widow, although her illness was thought by no means serious. How startled was Hold, when the doctor, after his visit, informed him that medical aid was here too late, and that the aged patient was rapidly approaching her final release. Must Maria then stand completely orphaned, alone in her sorrow? Must her hard-earned faith in the guidance of her Heavenly Father receive a new shock? The pastor endeavored to prepare her as gently as possible for the loss that was threatening her. To his astonishment, she received almost with indifference, the gradual communication of the physician's opinion. Could any thing be too hard for her, after the sorrow through which she had already passed? She seemed almost ready to challenge Heaven to smite her yet more heavily. Only when Hold made her observe how little such submission deserved the name, how much she was sinning by a determination not to feel the grief which her Heavenly Father was again preparing for her, when he with some severity called this indifference unchristian, then she burst into tears and asked sorrowfully,

“What would you have me to do?”

“I would have an open soul,” answered Hold, “where the warm beams of Divine mercy, which also manifest themselves in affliction, may find a fruitful soil, no closed, icy heart, over which the tempest may pass and leave it untouched. I would have childlike obedience, not obstinate endurance. I would have life, not death.

The Lord shall see thy tears and hear thy sighs, that thy humility may be made manifest, and thy wounds from his chastening. Thy prayers and entreaties shall rise to Heaven for strength and energy. Thou shalt not be silent before him, as if thou already hadst what thou needest. Thou shalt learn from the Author and Finisher of our faith, to whom it would have been a small thing to assume that cold, hard indifference with which thou seekest to bear and suffer ; thou shalt learn from him who *wept* and *prayed*, ‘Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me.’ See, Maria, a spirit has come over you which is not the true one, however much it may boast of its patience and tranquillity. Let us who have a Father in heaven ; let us go to him in sorrow as well as in joy. We will speak with him confidently—with child-like frankness and sincerity of heart. We will ask him, and he shall answer and explain to us why he hath done thus. Certainly we shall have an answer such as the Saviour obtained, when he cried to Heaven upon the cross, ‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?’ and the reply was received when, in expiring, he prayed, ‘Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.’ Go into thy chamber, and weep from a full heart, before thy Father who is in Heaven, and may thy tears no longer fall like burning drops on a barren soil, but may they become a heavenly dew to cool the wounds of thy heart.”

Maria’s tears flowed more freely, and she said at length, “Now I understand in myself what means, ‘Lord, I believe ! help thou my unbelief !’”

“Yes, it is so,” replied Hold. “The understanding of Scripture comes to us only by degrees. It would al-

ways remain to us a book sealed with seven seals, if the experience of our lives did not come to our assistance, and open to us the revelations of God in their fullness, as words of truth and salvation. We *live* ourselves into the sacred writings, and in this way, they become for us light and life. The mere reading of the Bible leaves us in much darkness, even where we fancy that we see clearly. So then, if with all thy past experiences, and with what still remains before thee, thou wilt knock at this sacred portal, it shall be opened to thee. A rich treasury of comfort shall lie before thee, and thou shalt be filled with resignation to the will of thy Father in Heaven—a resignation which is sad, and yet joyful, which trembles, and yet overcomes, which feels painfully the loss of what has been taken away, and yet rests peacefully in God who hath taken it.”

Maria's mother died as she had lived, calmly and devoutly. She received the Lord's Supper, not as the solace of a troubled conscience reserved for a dying bed, but as the last seal of a faith in which she had remained steadfast even unto the end. Her age made her incapable of understanding the depth of the wound from which her daughter was bleeding. Standing on the border of the grave, her thoughts were turned away from earthly things ; and the vanity of our temporal wishes and hopes appearing more clearly to her now that she was so near to her eternal home, it was impossible for her to enter into the feelings of a youthful heart, which does not so easily surrender its claims to this world's happiness. She feared therefore nothing for her daughter, and the less because she saw in her religious character a certain assurance that comfort from above

would not fail her, and that she would be able to overcome all things. Her last words to Maria were the exhortation, "Continue to trust God, and keep in the right path, for with such it will be well at last !" and she departed with the exclamation, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit !"

So passed away one who had experienced much bitterness in her life, but who never lost her Christian faith nor her inward peace. She passed from a world in which few had known her, and in which she would scarcely be missed by any but her daughter ; and yet many a one whose life millions have admired, and whose fame millions celebrate, might envy this widow, poor in spirit and in worldly goods, and so soon to be forgotten in her little circle, her place by the throne of God.

To him whose calling leads him often to the bed of the dying, and who has occasion to observe the simple Christian spirit in the hour of departure from a life as quiet and simple—to him any display of worldly grandeur is distasteful, even where it has true merit as its foil, and if merit be wanting, it is hard for him to prevent his sympathy from passing into contempt.

CHAPTER XII.

PHILOSOPHY FALSELY SO CALLED.

O proud philosophy ! thy shining stream
Has brought me no refreshing ; all is vain.
Give back for one short hour young faith's bright dream,
Give back my heart, my child-heart back again !

MANY persons in whose house there is no chamber for retirement, and most of those who do not lack their closet, would find it very agreeable if they had the opportunity to withdraw themselves, for a longer or shorter time, completely out of the circle of their ordinary surroundings and activity, and be thrown entirely upon themselves, in a life of tranquil leisure. Many a tone which is drowned in the tumult of every-day action will then be heard ; much that lay concealed in the depths of the heart will come to light, many a plant which has till now wanted the proper soil, the proper air, will put forth its blossoms, and at the same time, the worm will become visible in many a fruit which has hitherto seemed very fair. We are spiritually more or less enslaved by our earthly calling, and by the circle in which we live. In the chains and bands which are thrown around us by our position in the world, we easily lose the strength and capacity for free observation beyond

the sphere of vision which it allows us. The requirements, the enjoyments, and even the prejudices of the class to which we belong, and the relations which we sustain toward others, exercise an imperceptible dominion over our thoughts and feelings, and are so many clogs to hinder us from taking our proper place as men in this world and in the kingdom of God.

This Mander felt while on the hallig. It seemed to him as if he had taken off the garb which till now he had always worn, and when he tried to gird it again closely about him, the old garment seemed intolerable. He had always expected to find eventually in philosophy, to which he devoted all his leisure hours, that flood of sunlight which should give him a full and clear view of the transitory human and the everlasting divine ; although he was obliged to confess that so far he had risen no more than the unfledged bird which vainly beats its wings—that between the search after the fountain from which all illumination proceeds, and the transfiguration in and through the same, there is a great gulf fixed. Now the question forced itself upon him, whether it were possible for philosophy entirely to shake from herself the dust of this lower world, on which she was striving to reign a queen ? Whether the most acute thinker must not be influenced, in some degree, by his time, his nationality, his relations in life, his hereditary habits and the errors of his predecessors ? Experience seemed to answer the question in the affirmative. The point, which had been supposed the summit, has proved only the foot of yet another ascent, and philosophy, with her changing systems, resembles a perpetually molting serpent. Beau-

tiful as the new covering may be at first, it can not escape the fate of its precursor, and must become a dull, colorless thing, serving merely as a foil to yet another which succeeds it.

These thoughts led Mander to have many earnest conversations with Hold, in which, when Oswald was not present, he gradually allowed the pastor a clear insight into his heart, which was by no means at rest on the subject of religion.

“How often,” said Mander, “on the announcement of some new system of philosophy, have I rejoiced like a child over its Christmas gift ; and when, having toiled through its difficulties, I at last comprehended it, I found only new questions without answers, new riddles without solutions ; a deep insight into the human heart, but no food for it ; profound research indeed, but no rewarding discoveries. Philosophers have seemed to me like persons digging for a treasure whose hollow ringing is continually urging them to new efforts, while mischievous spirits are always sinking it lower and lower.”

“Let us,” said Hold, “consider for a moment an apparently trifling circumstance—the difficult language of philosophers. There is a wonderful power in words. When man gives a name to an object, he makes himself, as it were, master of it. It is no longer a vague something which confuses his thoughts and may at any moment escape from him ; no, it is bound to follow his intellectual eye, and must listen as soon as he calls it by name. There lies a deep significance in that portion of the account of the creation, in which it is said that God brought every creature to Adam to see what he would call them. In this way was given to him a

fixed dominion over them ; for now with the name, their form, their properties, their habits, in one single expression, immediately arose before his mind, and now he could see at a glance their similarity, and their unlikeness, their usefulness, and their hurtfulness. So we are first really masters of an idea, when we have found the proper expression for it. Our thinking is speaking, either inwardly to ourselves, or for the outward ear. To become masters of the idea of God, as that philosophy aims to do which seeks to bring down divine things to the level of man's capacity, we must also have a language to express him. If we have not this language—and I think the want of it sufficiently proved by the hollow, ambiguous, sophistical dialect of modern philosophy which seems to writhe helplessly beneath its own sepulchral stone—so we must not expect from this philosophy any explanation of divine things.”

“And indeed,” sighed Mander, “we are not to expect it from any quarter, since all explanation must come to us through language.”

“Through no *human* language,” replied Hold, “but through the divine speech, through faith.

“Do you think it is so strange,” continued Hold, “that God, the Invisible, the Eternal, takes a different method to reveal himself to us from that through which we attain to a knowledge of things visible and temporal ? To these we may *speak*—to use the word in the sense of the serpent-charmers—we may grasp them, hold them, and make ourselves masters of them by the power of our intellect, whose chief force lies in words. Shall this faculty, whose development and per-

fection depends upon language, shall this faculty venture so far as to prepare a place for the Almighty in this our dust, that we may have, hold, and search him out, as something to be discussed, as one to be measured by the measure of *our* conceptions, to be bound within the limits of *our* comprehension? Should we not rather conclude beforehand that if he desired to make himself known to us and to be our God, he would choose another method? This method, then, is faith; by it he manifests himself to us, and through it we come to him; this is the only language in which heaven and earth may converse together, and we dissolve this communion, and ourselves forget, and teach others to forget, this speech, when we seek to bring the divine within the sphere of our own vision by the same means which we use to comprehend the earthly."

"Are you not speaking of his being, his attributes, his government, in your character of theologian?"

"As I speak of the spiritual in view of the material, of its indivisibility, its immortality, its invisibility, and of its manifestation by faith. I never attempt to make my hearers conceive of the soul as a naked idea. So also of God. In our sermons we call him Creator, Preserver, and Ruler; we point out all the manifestations of him in nature, in the guidance of our earthly destinies, in faith, in the conscience of men and in revelation; but in so doing we only prepare the way for him into the hearts of men; our sermons do not aspire to be the way. Indeed, if God himself had not already trod the path before, all our smoothing and straightening would never carry him thither. And it is here I think that philosophy is in error. She sets her-

self up as the way to God ; she takes upon herself the office of the Holy Spirit, and performs it very badly, for she makes no use of its principal instrument, faith, or at least where she can avoid it—and then not as the only ladder to heaven, not as the only bond of union between that which is above and that which is beneath.

“But,” inquired Mander, “does faith speak clearly and distinctly in all hearts? Must not philosophy first overcome a host of errors which force themselves into the idea of God? Must she not labor continually to erect a barrier against superstition, which, like a rolling sea, is ever threatening humanity with a new deluge? Has she not, to this end, inspired the efforts of the noblest of our race?”

“Allow me first,” said Hold, “to reply to your last remark. Was there philosophy in the language of the prophets, ‘The Lord hath spoken!’ Was there philosophy in the language of Christ, ‘My words are not mine, but the words of Him that sent me?’ Is there philosophy in the *demon* of Socrates? or in the *myths* of Plato? In all this, is not rather the voice of God assumed to have preceded discourse about God? Is there not here this lesson for our philosophy, that the human understanding can bring forth no revelations from the depth of the Godhead which none can search out, except the Spirit of God, and him to whom he will reveal himself. As to what you say of philosophy as a barrier against superstition, he who came into the world to be the light of the world, and whose teachings, whatever you may think of them, have been mightier than all the systems of the schools united, whether as taught or learned in the lecture-room, or wrapped in

the dark mystical language of metaphysics, he has spoken far more powerfully and more effectually against it. He always testified that he spoke not of himself, but only declared what God had given him to declare. But as to the errors which philosophy combats, you must yourself admit—and the contending philosophical theories sufficiently prove this—that in her conflict with these, she has not yet discovered the truth herself, and that she often conjures up new falsehoods which would be more pernicious than those she is attacking, if the poison did not find its antidote in the unintelligible dialect of the spiritual poison-vender. You have already confessed that to you, philosophy has not been able to bring peace, and that, so far as you are concerned at least, she has failed of her aim.”

“It is precisely *that* which depresses me so much,” said Mander. “I can not sleep away life, burying myself like a mole in the earth. A restless force is continually driving me out of these merely temporal concerns, these surfeiting sensual enjoyments, these inferior cares, to sigh, and ask anew, What is truth? again to look upward, and long for the light which, like an *ignis fatuus*, leads me into by-paths—for the peace which beckons, and yet flies from me.”

“Then throw away at once your knowledge and your doubts,” said Hold, with zeal. “Away with the old inquiries and speculations! Offer once more to the Great Father in Heaven a childlike, open heart, that desires nothing but to receive. Rise once more, with a free soul, from the pit into which you have fallen, and be not ashamed of prayers and tears! Then truly you shall find that Heaven sees and pities the seeking, long-

ing, human heart ; that the dew of Heaven still falls on the mountain of Sion ! Believe me, my friend, we have only to keep at a distance whatever hinders and impedes ; we must not put a glass over the flower, and then expect it to be refreshed by dew of its own evaporation. No ; let us place the plant under the open sky of heaven, and then it will not lack refreshment.”

Mander was struck by the enthusiastic language of the pastor ; a tear trembled in his eye ; and his emotion was still further increased by the interest of the pastor's wife who pressed her husband's hand with a look of affectionate approval. He could not immediately answer, and the lady filled the pause by saying,

“It can never be so easy for man, as it is for our sex, to forget himself and his knowledge, and force the activity of his intellect into subjection to the receptivity of his heart.”

“Believe me,” said Mander, “I have never been entirely a stranger to hours in which every doubt and every question was silenced by religious feeling ; and I have never ceased to cherish them as the consecrated moments of my life, and to long for their return. But precisely because they have only been holiday moments in life's long work-day—only aurora beams of the night, not the morning red of a bright future—it is this which saddens me, even makes me distrust them. How then can those dim, vague feelings, which we can neither direct nor arrange, which rather, like some extraneous influence, carry us out of ourselves—how can they possibly give us a conception of God which will satisfy our calm contemplation ?”

Hold's reply was,

“Why do you give the name of feeling to that which has so moved you at such periods? I would rather call it a sermon of Pentecost, which the Lord of heaven and earth, in his mercy, sends to your weak faith. The word feeling implies, beforehand, the idea of obscurity, uncertainty, and instability; we think of it as something belonging to ourselves, even something sensuous. But you must remember what I have already said with regard to the language in which God has chosen to reveal himself. Regard this religious excitement, this devout solemnity within, as the voice of God, as you have yourself compared its effect to that of some external influence, and you will give it more confidence. When the breast swells as if heaved by a fresh breath of life, when the frame trembles as if that too felt the presence of Divinity; when heartfelt tears gush from the eyes; when the soul is inundated by emotions in which she feels herself so happy; when the spirit breathes freely and purely as if relieved from every bond and fetter—why will we in such moments refuse to acknowledge—deny that the Lord speaks? How then shall the eternal spirit manifest itself to the finite soul except by taking it up into itself? By this means it triumphs over its clay covering, and generates emotions otherwise foreign to the finite. The ambiguous expression, *religious feeling*, deprives this nearness and energy of the Holy Spirit of all its worth for us, and of its influence in illuminating, sanctifying, and blessing.”

“May not this devotional excitement and elevation be a mere delusion, the consequence of some preconceived idea of God, some false notion perhaps which we have brought with us from our childhood?”

“Is it the work of man,” answered Hold, “our own work, which at such moments lifts us far above all our former sensations and emotions? We can beget only what is like ourselves; we can only elevate ourselves in degree; we can only advance on the same road; we can not overleap the gulf—we can not create something new. But I ask you, I ask every one who has experienced similar periods of devotion, whether he was not an entirely different being from what he had been before? Whether the old man did not fall off like a garment, and a new one spring up in him so that he became another creature full of light and life, until the former darkness again came over him, and he recognized himself in the old garb? But who, save the Almighty Creator, could call forth such a new creature?”

“Admitting all this,” said Mander, “here is no question answered. Even with very imperfect religious conceptions, such periods of devotional elevation are not wanting. They may be perhaps a revelation of the Godhead, but a revelation by which no knowledge of God is gained.”

“There is at least joy, peace, and blessedness gained for the moment, and the certainty that God has an access to the human heart which is not, like our way to him, filled up with stones of stumbling. The confidence is gained that he will not leave his child in error and blindness, in the dust, but that he will give him of his fullness what is needful for him to know, that he may not lack the power of receiving the gift of his Holy Spirit by which he may be called to carry the fruit of these consecrated hours into his ordinary life. Yes,

what we know of him, must be his own free gift, not the doubtful hesitating deceptive result of our research."

"But is not reason, too, the gift of God?" said Mander. "And, if we use it as a means of making ourselves acquainted with him, we too draw all our knowledge of Divine things, if less directly, from the same source as the believers in revelation."

"Our eyes have to thank the light of day for the power of vision," said Hold; "but if they obstinately gaze into the sun, then they must shrink back blinded. It seems to have been especially reserved for our time to deny the fact of a revelation from God to man above the limits of human reason. We find the declaration 'Thus saith the Lord!' in every religion upon earth. Will you object to me that this comes from the fact that the uncultivated reason is astonished at her own triumphs, and dares not attribute the honor to herself, or that the solitary sages felt obliged to lay claim to Divine authority, in order more effectually to lead the blind? Then I may answer with equal probability, that it comes from this: man knew that he had received a divine revelation. But why are we talking of these things? Is it not because you have traveled through the heights, and the depths, the length and breadth of the realms of reason, and now come and inquire: What is truth?"

"But do not many walk the same way in peace, firmly adhering to the religion of reason?"

"Do you call these vague ideas of God, freedom of the will and immortality, the religion of reason? You must remember that it is not yet proved that these ideas are the gifts of reason, and not rather a theft from

revelation itself. And whence then comes the peace of these many? From this, because they seek no nourishment beyond this gathered crumb; or because they anxiously hold in check their reason, that is striving to escape from that twilight, as if it were a spirited horse, which, in rushing forward, might dash his rider over a precipice. How often do we hear the remark—This is a subject not to be examined further except at the expense of reason, as there are examples enough in the mad houses to prove? Just heaven! am I not to think upon the link which binds me to communion with the Eternal? upon the light by which I am to walk while on earth in the way of the children of God? upon the bridge which is to conduct me over time's destruction and death's decay, to a blessed eternity? Am I to shrink from reflecting upon these things? Shall I fear to look boldly into them? Shall I timidly draw back at the prospect of more light? Where the worship of God in spirit and in truth is concerned, where my own being, my confidence in life and death, my salvation in time and eternity, is at stake—am I there to take as a warning the fate of the fly whose wings are scorched by the flame that attracts it?"

"But is not this often, in fact, the fate of those who inquire too deeply?" asked Mander. "If they have not discovered it themselves in their passion for some brilliant systems, still it shows itself in their own change of doctrine, in the contradictions which are apparent in them, in the trifling influence of their wisdom which lives feebly on in a few disciples, and even in them assumes quite a different form from that in which she sprang, Minerva-like, from the head of her master."

“What need have we of further witnesses?” said Hold; “have we not come to the necessity of a divine revelation?”

This conversation might have lasted much longer if Oswald had not come in to attend his father home, as it was already late. The pastor’s wife declared that she was not sorry to have this conversation postponed, as she could not resist the inclination to listen, and yet was conscious of a chilling effect upon her heart.

Oswald said, smiling:

“My father is certainly likely to be converted by you, Mr. Hold. But before I could bow my knee to Balaam’s ass, my hair must be as gray as the donkey’s.”

His father gave him a look of disapprobation, and would probably have severely reprimanded his unseemly jest if the pastor had not answered hastily,

“You must pardon a little rudeness in your son. He is only returning, in his way, what he received from me at our last interview, in mine. But for your sake,” continued he, turning toward Oswald, who, though smiling, reddened slightly at the allusion, “for your sake, I would wish that your hair should soon be as gray as you think necessary before you can bow the knee, if not to Balaam’s ass, at least to Him whom a similar animal bore, when he entered into Jerusalem to bring no constrained, but a free-will blessing, not to one, but to all.”

“Pardon me, my dear sir,” said Oswald, “if I expressed myself rudely. But it has always been incomprehensible to me how reasonable men can help finding insuperable difficulties in such narratives as the one to which I alluded in the so-called word of God.”

Hold replied, "Do you regard the saying, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;' and this other, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things;' do you regard these as good, pure doctrines?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then do as they command. What would you say of a man who should pass by a table richly loaded with choice food, because he observed a dish which he did not relish?"

"I would take good care not to call him a fool," said Oswald, "for fear you might send me at once to the mad-house, by the extra-post of my own words. But you must admit that your ingenious question is an evasion, not an answer."

"Let me stick to my comparison," continued the pastor. "The guest who seats himself at the table prepared for him, and who satisfies his hunger and thirst with food and drink which he can not help praising, might be allowed to ask about a dish which seemed to him tasteless. But he who despised all on account of that one dish has no right to inquire."

"You have me there," said Oswald, and took leave with his father.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Wouldst thou receive! then *give*, as price!
Within thyself dost thou retire?
Behold thy looked-for joys expire!
Life only pays for sacrifice.

Thou wave-rocked child, of ocean born!
Poor islet on a stormy sea!
Thy sod from earth's broad kingdom torn!
Thou art my home! my joy's in thee!

No waving forest hems thee round;
No rocky girdle holds thee fast;
Only the watery waste profound,
With heaven's broad curtain o'er thee cast.

Thy meager landscape lieth bare
Beneath the source of light intense;
And 'gainst the elemental war,
Thou hast no weapon, no defense.

Peace in thy humble huts doth live
Thy riches are thy poverty;
And simple manners aye survive
From sire to son, unchanged, in thee.

Virtue and piety remain
Guests at the fireside of the poor;
None envies here another's gain—
No heart, impatient, asks for more.

Thou wave-rocked child, of ocean born!
Poor islet on a stormy sea!
Though man may pass thee by in scorn,
An angel loves to dwell with thee.

GODBER found these verses on a slip of paper that was used as a mark in one of the books which Hold had lent Mander. This simple song must have moved him powerfully, as the sentiment seemed to be taken from his own heart. He could scarcely read it without tears, and would gladly have expressed his thanks to the pastor who alone could have composed it, had not his presence always inspired him with a sort of timidity. The concluding line,

“An angel loves to dwell with thee,”

he referred to Idalia, and she was pleased with this, as his love really made the place pleasant to her, and she knew that her stay on the hallig could not now last much longer. She could also enter into his views of their future life together on his native island, so far as to conceal from him for a long time the fact that she saw only dreams in these pictures of a contented, world-renouncing happiness. Had she for a moment supposed that Godber would hesitate, in the least, as to the choice between the loss of her or the leaving of his home she would have drawn back from him with pride, even with contempt, although perhaps with a wound in her heart. If she felt herself happier, here on this naked waste, than she had ever done in the gay world, she referred this happiness in no way to the miserable sod, but to her love for the young man whom she believed indifferent to every thing on earth but herself.

If she was pleased with her present mode of life, it was only the momentary charm of novelty, of something which was certainly different from all the former associations, and the attraction of domestic duties. For the amusement of a few weeks such an existence was well enough—might even serve as a substitute for a new watering-place; but to remain forever on this island whose inhabitants must renounce all the enjoyments of life, where life itself was always in danger, that was a thought so far from her that she could not suppose it to be even in the mind of another to whom a choice of something better was possible, especially, if to this were to be added all that love, wealth, and intercourse with the world can offer.

But if we were to suppose Godber capable of giving up his sea-washed home for any such prospect, we should have sketched in him no true son of the hallig.

The author has seen the hallig, which is the scene of our story, when half the houses were heaped up in ruins on the dikes of the mainland, and of the other half only the bare frame-work and roofs remained to show that they had once been inhabited—when only a single cabin stood on its washed and crumbling wharf, sufficiently firm to serve as a refuge for those of the inhabitants who had escaped death—when the adjoining island presented nothing but a naked flat from which mounds, houses, flocks, and men, had been swept off in a single night, without leaving a trace of their former existence. He has seen those to whom life seemed scarcely a desirable gift, in the midst of this awful desolation, in which they had lost every thing, while the recollection of the terrors of that fearful night was still

fresh, with all the impression that cold, hunger, and wet clothing, could make upon the mind through the body ; he has talked with them under these circumstances ; he has represented to them that the next night might complete the destruction by overwhelming all who were left, and yet he was able to persuade only two persons—and these so very old and infirm that they could not raise a roof beneath which to shelter themselves—to seek a more safe asylum. All the rest remained, and built again, as the truly Christian charity of the high and low, the rich and poor, on the mainland, gave them means to do—on the same soil so dear to them. They might have lived wherever they wished, so abundant was the relief afforded them ; but they were quite sure they should die of home-sickness, even in the most favored situation. They expressed very decidedly, the wish that their pastor would always remain with them ; and in their love for their home, they did not suppose they were asking any sacrifice which would require a struggle ; for to them, after the late terrible experience, a hallig was sufficient to satisfy every desire.

We have been obliged to speak of this here, that the reader may comprehend how it could be so far from Godber's thoughts to leave the island again, and how he could flatter himself that Idalia would willingly share such a home with him. This illusion could not last long ; and Oswald was the first to open the eyes of the dreamer.

“ If one could only bring a horse over here !” said he one day at table. “ They get on so slowly with the un-lading. If we are to be as long re-loading as we have

been in getting the cargo out of the wreck, winter will come and swaddle us in ice and snow, with this 'wave-rocked child of ocean born,' till spring. Besides, it would give my future brother-in-law a chance to practice the art of riding." "Skill in riding is quite unnecessary here," replied Godber; "and here I would live, and here die, by the side of Idalia."

Oswald looked with astonishment now at him, now at Idalia, who could not find in Godber's tone the jest which was certainly intended by his words.

"Idalia here!" exclaimed Oswald, when he found words to express his wonder. "Here, on this solitary turnip, which is rolling about in Neptune's big kettle! this amphibium which one knows not whether to call a land animal or a turbot! Here, in this room painted heavenly blue and purple red! Here, with the eternal tea-kettle and its near relations, sheep's-milk cheese and black bread! Here, Idalia princess of the ball-room! queen of the kingdom of hearts! the hope and despair of a hundred suitors! the undisputed leader in the circles of fashion! that's a precious idea of yours, Godber, that I shall not have done laughing at for a week."

Godber turned from him, coloring with vexation; and taking Idalia's hand with confidence, repeated to her, with the tenderest expression, the words from her own song:

"Is there any region
Where thy potent will
Could not place thy creature—
There held captive still?"

It was doubtful whether he intended by this to express his willingness to follow her wherever she desired, or

whether he intended to infer her sentiments from her own words. He thought he was reading in her very soul, as he was making use of her own language which had so often delighted him, as a confirmation of his highest hopes. But she—whether entirely without suspicion that it was contrary to his meaning we will not decide—chose to consider the words as the language of his own heart, and without precisely saying as much, she answered,

“Our mutual affection will make any place on earth a pleasant home to us—to me *as well as to you*.” The decided emphasis placed on the words “as well as to you,” struck his heart as if with a painful blow ; a deep red mounted to his cheek, and with a question on his lips, he fixed a long and earnest look on Idalia. But the words remained unspoken, as if in fearful anticipation of the wounding reply they might receive. She bore this inquiring gaze with a smile, and a slight touch of his lips with her finger, completely checked the question. But Oswald was not disposed to let this conversation drop so suddenly.

“That sounds like a pastoral,” said he gayly, “and certainly I should have nothing to say against it—although I am no Myrtillus myself, and never sued to any Daphne—if it were any other place than a hallig, which would scarcely be habitable for a pair of loving seals.”

Mander, who, till now, had listened to the conversation as mere pleasantry, reminded his son that they had no occasion to speak contemptuously of this island to which, by the help of God, through Godber’s courage and skill, they owed their lives, and where peace, vainly sought by thousands in great cities, seemed to dwell with all its inhabitants from the cradle to the grave.

Godber caught joyfully at this praise of his birth-place. "Is it not so?" cried he; "is not our life delightful? These numerous privations, this isolation from the world, this want of outward attraction, throw man back again upon himself, and teach him to find within his own breast, in his little domestic circle, the happiness which is the more enduring because it is independent of external things, and has its root, as well as its nourishment, in man himself. Even the dangers which are connected with a residence here serve to keep alive in us the childlike, humble, trusting spirit from which proceed faith, confidence, and a cheerful dependence on our Father in heaven. Here, man is once more man, having stripped off the gay trappings which are, after all, rather a care than a pleasure to him. Here, he is free from the chains which conventionality has forged for him by a thousand habits and necessities which his heart does not know, and does not need, in order to be happy; which even he himself has only too often felt to be fetters, without having the courage to shake them off before the world. Here he is *himself*, not what custom makes him, not what others require him to be. Here, he may rejoice and weep, work and rest, love and shun, where, how, and whom he will. He has no master but himself, and there is no man to call him to account. Not for all the treasures of the earth, would I again willingly come under the yoke of this perverted world, which cries 'Peace, peace, and there is no peace,' where there is nothing but disunion and distrust, struggling and straining for a goal which lies far behind, which runs blindfold after its own pleasure, and finds only disgust, fatigue, and satiety without en-

joyment ; which reaches the poisoned chalice with the sweetest smile, and, at the same time, unconsciously mingles the venom in her own cup."

"And would you not even follow *me* into this perverted world?" said Idalia, with an affectionate glance, while Mander and Oswald laughed at this dreadful picture of their world.

"You!" cried Godber, as if struck by a sudden flash—but calming himself, he added immediately, "it is because your pure brightness has not been dimmed by this former intercourse ; because though nursed in its midst you have preserved your chaste feeling for true happiness, of which the world knows nothing ; it is for this that my soul is so chained to you, that you are to me a priceless pearl."

Idalia could not, at once, find an answer to these words, and her expression, in which surprise and embarrassment were visible, threw an icy chill over Godber's enthusiasm. But Oswald said with tragi-comic pathos :

"Farewell, Idalia : I bow myself in profound admiration before the future heroine of the green bodice and striped petticoat ; but, for your fame's sake, I must leave you. I will go, a winged messenger, into the mourning circles of your native town, to bear the news of your blessed martyrdom on this sea-embosomed altar of love. Your name shall shine among those constellations, grown somewhat pale of late, which are sacred to all-conquering love. Every week I will send you over, post-free, a hundred harmonious sonnets and fifty ambitious odes from the lips of poor broken-hearted poets, in honor of your world-despising heart. You

shall be a burning coal to every girl who has not the courage to follow your example.

“ ‘ A little hut on a little sod,
A husband and a little dog,
Some sorry sheep with wool like hair,
Black bread and tea for daily fare ;
Whose fancy adds to the above,
Knows nothing of Idalia's love ! ’ ”

Idalia remarked, that if her worthy brother should hereafter condescend to make verses upon her himself, she hoped they would be more refined and polished, both as to manner and matter. But at the same time she laughed at Oswald's jests, and the pain which Godber felt at this repressed his rising anger, and he choked back the bitter answer which rose to his lips. Mander saw that he was pale and trembling, and said to him kindly,

“ Our friend here does not take pleasantry so readily as he uses it ; ” and then added, gravely, “ for myself I can never speak contemptuously of a place which was once so welcome to us. It would be hard for Godber to leave his home, for the love of it seems to become second nature to all who were born here. But he is, at the same time, too reasonable not to suppose Idalia to have her local attachments as well, and, therefore, he will not expect from her, a sacrifice which he finds himself incapable of making ; especially when he must confess that to give the hallig the preference to Hamburg, would be possible only for a native of the island.”

Godber was deeply agitated by these remarks. It had never entered his mind that, happy as he now felt himself on his hallig, perhaps Idalia could only find

contentment in her native city ; that he had no more right to insist on the necessity of being an islander, than she of being a town lady. If he felt that, even at her side, he should pine with home-sickness in the great world, how could he complain of her, if she were to suffer from the same with him, on the hallig. These reflections kept him silent. A deep melancholy lay like a weight upon his heart. He became lost in thoughts which now and then directed themselves toward Maria, and awakened a feeling not unlike remorse.

Oswald broke the embarrassing pause by raising his glass to drink to their happy meeting in Hamburg. Godber took up mechanically his glass, touched it to Oswald's, but set it down without drinking.

From this day there was a certain distance between the lovers. Idalia was more serious, thoughtful, and reserved, and, although she did not doubt that Godber would give up his whim, still it was disagreeable to her that he had ever conceived it, above all, that he should not dismiss it at once, as soon as he perceived her disinclination to this life. He, on the other hand, was much grieved, but at the same time so submissive, so attentive, so careful to show her the most entire devotion, as if he still cherished a secret hope of inducing her to make the sacrifice upon which the happiness of his life depended. Both avoided making the slightest allusion to the difference between them as to their hopes of the future.

The orphan Maria had, in the mean time, been received into the pastor's family, and, in this way, was brought nearer to Godber's house. They could not now

fail to see each other more frequently, even if only at a distance. It sometimes happened, too, that they necessarily came near and were even obliged to pass each other, however much they might seek to avoid such occasions. One day they met accidentally near the little foot-bridge, having walked on, lost in thought, without either observing the other till it was too late to avoid speaking. They stood before each other; the eyes of both fell to the ground. Maria laid her hand on her oppressed heart. Godber's lips trembled, unable to utter a syllable. At last he took her hand and said, faintly,

“Maria, it was to be so !”

She looked up, and a tear trembled in her eye.

“The Lord has so willed it !” sighed she. “May He make you happy !”

“And you, Maria !” he replied.

She turned her face toward heaven, and a light seemed to break through her tears.

“His strength is powerful in the weak.”

“Maria,” cried Godber, grasping her hand more firmly, “can you forgive me ?”

“When I took the ring from your finger,” replied she, “then I forgave you.”

Godber dropped her hand, and looked for the ring. For the first time, he saw that it was missing. He gazed at the finger on which he had worn it, and, unable to comprehend how this pledge had been taken from him, it seemed to him as if his faithlessness was now first complete—as if now, all return was impossible. He would have given much at this moment to have seen the ring still there; he would have given it

up for no price. The thought that he had it no longer, seemed to open a gulf before him, which separated him forever from Maria. Now she was first lost to him, irrecoverably lost, as if they had not been already long parted ! When he looked up again, Maria was gone.

Idalia had seen this meeting from a distance, and without making the least allusion to it, she grew colder and more reserved toward Godber. But his affections clung to her more and more closely. She was the anchor that must hold him fast in the strife of his contending feelings, in the struggle of his conflicting thoughts. He felt that if she gave him up, the strength of his life would be broken, that then his conscience would tell him why it was so, and that he should, ever after, be tossed on a sea of self-reproach.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

Light and life are of God's giving;
Peace, the offering of his love;
And the heavenly host appearing,
Tread no ladder of thy rearing;
They have lowered it from above.

MANDER might perhaps have observed the lovers more attentively, and have seen that his duty as a father required him to dissolve a connection which, from the entire want of unison in their hopes and wishes for the future, could not fail to end in misery, had he not been at this time especially occupied with himself. He no longer hoped to raise the ladder to heaven, neither was his mind yet prepared to admit that God, in his mercy and love, had long since lowered it down to us.

“How can you suppose,” said he, in one of his conversations with the pastor on the subject of revelation, “that God, who rules more worlds than the age of our earth counts seconds, the ocean drops, or the desert sand-grains—that this God should do so great things for this puny race of men, whose mightiest intellects—not to speak of its poor potentates—are like motes that play in the sunbeams?”

“And whose great and even little intellects,” added Hold, “fancy they can limit and define this Being whom they were created to worship, and assign to him his place in their systems of the universe.”

“Let us leave them,” interrupted Mander. “I perceive that here, on this little flat, with the heaven so wide above it, the sea so broad around it, and almost without an object to remind one of the feeble works of man, that *here* the heart grows larger, and that thought will no longer permit itself to be bridled and held in check by abstract ideas and logical conclusions, but soars freely outward, toward eternity. As I was sitting, last evening, on the broken font in the old churchyard, and saw only the sea around, and the starry heavens above, it seemed to me as if I, too, were floating in the ocean of the universe, myself a little world, moved by the breath of God, sustained by his power, illuminated by his Spirit, peaceful and happy as the other stars, worshiping, like them, the Creator, the Upholder, and the Governor of all; and I still feel as if, having been once so rich, I could never again be so poor in faith and in the joy of believing as before.”

“May, then,” said Hold, as if in benediction, “may then, the morning-star which has arisen in your heart shine there forever. Must he not be a God of love, who gives such hours to men? Shall we deny that in such sacred moments, the Lord himself speaks? deny it, because our tongues have no power to repeat His words? But you inquired why God should do such great things for insignificant man as to reveal himself to him, in his majesty, to bring him light in his darkness, peace in his warfare, in such a way as the Gospel

declares him to have done through Jesus Christ. *I* go still further. I call man not only insignificant, weak, helpless, ephemeral, but self-blinded, and stained with sin. There is none, no not one, who is found just before God. Our hearts are stained with unholy desires, and in our lives we are indifferent to the truth, and disobedient to God's commands. Every thought of God, the holy and just Judge of all, should be a confession, a prayer for mercy, from which all confidence in our own merits and our own righteousness must be banished. Not only then for a puny creature, standing on a little point of God's vast universe, but also for a self-ruined, and daily self-ruining race, hath God done so great things—for such is his love ! And if on this earth there had been but a single soul, instead of all these millions, capable of receiving his call and his blessing, for this single soul would he have moved heaven and earth in their axes to draw it back to its Father's heart, for such is his love ! And, even if this soul were to have fallen seventy times seven times back into its darkness and ruin, he would seventy times seven times have moved heaven and earth to bring it again to the kingdom of righteousness, joy and peace, for such is his love ! We speak of his omnipotence and his omniscience which fill immensity with their witness ; we see the smallest worm of the dust as delicately and artistically framed, and as little forgotten of God, as the seraph whose hallelujah resounds through heaven ; and shall not the love of God be as perfect as all his other attributes ? Shall that know limitation, confinement, restraint, when his power and his wisdom know none ? It can and ought never to be

asked whether God could be so merciful as the Gospel asserts in the doctrine of a Redeemer? For that is a question which denies him perfection—perfection in the most glorious attribute in heaven or earth—love. The only question is, was it needful for man for the healing of his soul, for his peace in life and death, that God should reveal himself as the way, the truth and the life, as Saviour, Mediator, Redeemer, and Prince of Peace? Man must answer this question in the affirmative, when he has faithfully examined his conscience, himself and his life; when he has learned to disdain and despise all half-way courses, all lukewarmness in thought and deed, then he may with a bold hand grasp at the cloud, then he can joyfully admit ‘that God so loved the world.’ Then will he no more ask how can such things be? For as the being of God is far above human knowledge and understanding why should not the love of God be above his knowledge and understanding as well?”

“You have a faith strong enough to remove mountains,” said Mander, with emotion.

“Would that it were so,” replied Hold; “then we would soon be of the same faith.”

“I would willingly inquire what I shall do to inherit eternal life,” said Mander, speaking rather to himself than to the pastor.

“Ask the Scripture which testifies of Christ. First of all, consider carefully the law. Try your life and conduct, with unsparing severity, by the commands of God, and by the example of our Lord. Excuse not yourself for any sin on the plea of weakness; for any impurity on the ground of natural impulse; attribute

no fall to irresistible temptation ; soothe not your conscience by a comparison of yourself with others. But do not imagine that the love of God is, like man's sickly affection, indulgent, flattering, forgetful ; it is a love which goes hand in hand with the sternest justice, and is illuminated by the lightning of his judgments, which must prostrate in the dust, and sweep from us, our virtue and our honor like chaff, that we may learn to fear before him who will demand an account for every idle word which has proceeded from our mouths ; and our souls, little as we may now think it either needful or possible, must tremble in repentance and grief, before the light and the judgments of the Divine law. Only through sorrow can we come to joy ! Only through judgment, to mercy ! Only through conflict to peace ! Only through death to life ! Only the lowly shall be lifted up, and the humble accepted ! As long as we esteem ourselves something before God, we are nothing, and can become and inherit nothing. But such a saving penitence is not to be preached into us. It must come from above, as the gift of love, the grace of God. My words can only advise, can only assault the opposing bulwark, only knock at the doors of your heart, that you may open the more readily, when the Lord himself shall come to judgment. Go, in some solitary hour, and try this path of thorns."

"And is it, then, through this thorny path that you, too, have attained to the joy of believing ?" asked Mander, gently.

"I tread this path daily," said Hold, "and yet am happy, and blessed in the Lord."

"That is wonderful."

“Not so wonderful as the union of divine pardoning love and unbending justice. Not so wonderful as Christ’s shrinking before the cross, and yet voluntarily submitting to it. But I can give you no explanation of it, till you have reached a certain point—which I must require of you, which God requires of you, since he has himself brought you so near the same—if indeed you should then ask for an explanation.”

It was, however, by no means easy to bring Mander into that path of thorns, where his self-satisfaction was sure to be wounded. Many evenings were passed in animated conversation, in which the pastor especially combatted Mander’s inclination to build up for himself a sort of philosophical Christianity.

“But are not all the materials for that purpose furnished by the Scriptures, as in all the other evidences of Deity?” said Mander, by way of defence.

“Materials more than enough,” replied Hold; “but the mortar is wanting. The heart’s blood, which flows from repentance, and the tears which gush forth through longing for peace, such as the world and the world’s wisdom can never know. You are likely to fail, because you commence by trying to fit the materials together, before the idea of the whole edifice, in its length and breadth, exists clearly in your mind.”

“But, perhaps the way to faith is not the same for all,” thought Mander.

“Without humility none can enter there; and without a deep, penetrating, self-abasing sense of sinfulness before God, without a clear and honest confession of the same, wrung forth by sorrow and repentance, there is no return for those who, like you, have wandered in the

false paths of spiritual self-idolatry. That you would, even now, be an architect before you are yourself truly built up, or at least, are living only in the first spring of your desire for a saving edification, proves to me sufficiently that you are still under the bondage of your own intellect, and are not yet brought into the freedom of the children of God, whose faith is no Doric or Corinthian structure, but a bold column, shooting upward, whose base has its foundation in the depths of the heart, and whose capital is crowned by the rainbow of promise."

"A firmer foundation, certainly, could be no injury to faith," interposed Mander; "would even make it acceptable to reason, so that she might unite with the heart which has need of her."

"Now 'faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen,' says the Apostle," was Hold's answer. "In this expression, 'things not seen,' is included all which reason does not embrace in her abstract ideas and conclusions; for what she so chains together, link upon link, *that she sees*, and that ceases to be an object of faith; it then becomes a thing known, and remains a patch-work, as is all our knowledge. But faith is a complete, perfect whole; a day without a cloud, a jewel over which we rejoice without fear of thieves or robbers. It is no spoil, but a gift. We do not make it; but it makes us. It is not ours; but we belong to it. We do not obtain it by drawing it down to us, but are lifted up by it into its own sphere. Therefore you build in vain at your edifice; it remains but a bare frame-work, through whose open timbers every

wind blows, and in which the Spirit of God will never take up its abode."

"But do not learned theologians aim to do precisely what I would wish to do?"

"Unfortunately they often aim at nothing else. For that reason it not unfrequently happens that their hearers," said Hold, "come to the same conclusions about them as I once did"—and he took from the shelf a note-book which had belonged to his student-life, and on a leaf of which was the following epilogue:

TO POSITIVE DIVINITY.

So then, O knowledge, 't was a lying boast
That to the blinded soul thou couldst give light!
And now the last, last ray is vanished quite,
And the mocked heart its hope of peace hath lost.

Behold me borne far out into a sea
Where no mysterious needle guides my bark,
Where never lead an anchorage doth mark,
And o'er whose billowy waste the winds blow free.

One pilot cries "To left!" and one "To right!"
See there, the home lights beaming full in sight!"
"No! *there's* a sunken reef; here, follow me!"
Lo, with a smile the third exclaims, "Take either;"
A fourth, with angry tone, shouts "No, take neither!"
Meanwhile my foundering bark is sinking in the sea.

"It may be bad enough," said Mander, "to be a leader when one is still standing in uncertainty on the cross-way. But it is wiser first to place the ladder firmly, and try it step by step, than to wait till the upper round is reached, before examining its position, and testing the strength of its steps."

“Of such a trial,” said Hold, “faith has no need. It requires no ladder. It is an eagle whose wings bear him far above the clouds. It does not *become* ; it already is. It does not grow by degrees, but stands forth at once in all its glory. A weak, lukewarm faith is a non-entity. It may indeed yield at times in the hour of trial, or to the temptations of a corrupt heart, and of worldly lusts ; but it knows no composition, no analysis, no division. It is all, or nothing ; entire, or non-existent. There may be compromise in knowledge, will, and action, not in faith. It must either bless or condemn ; it can not comfort a little, elevate a little, terrify a little, cause a little fear, a little trembling. It does not contend ; it conquers. It takes possession of the heart in its strength, and fills it with its fullness, hurls it into the abyss, then brings it triumphantly out of the deep and raises it to heavenly heights. From these heights we may discover the path of faith, but not from below ; with the plummet, not with the glass.”

Mander was often disposed to charge the pastor with one-sided and narrow views. On the other hand, in his painful struggle after certainty, he was often as humble and teachable as the youngest disciple. Then he complained of obscurity in Hold’s language, to which the latter replied :

“The word is seed, neither more nor less. But in the seed, beneath the husk, lies the germ, and waits for sun and dew from heaven to burst its shell and become flower and fruit.”

Sometimes he complained of the obscurity of divine revelation. Hold reminded him—

“That the sun which is to illuminate the various ways of divine revelation, is the manifestation of the saving grace of God in Christ. If this has arisen on the heart in its full splendor, its beams will be shed over all the darkness, and every thing will become light. Light only proceeds from light. Our modest understanding may well teach us not to expect to learn the truth from that source. Our sinfulness, indeed, may waken in us a longing for the grace of God, but what truth is, we first learn from the truth, and redemption we first learn to understand from the Redeemer himself. But you strive for both as if you had already examined their nature and experienced their power. But that this is not the case is proved by your difficulty with certain obscure points, for shadows lead us away from the light, and are no guides to it, as you must regard them, since you remain so long with them.”

CHAPTER XV.

POETRY AND PROSE.

Of a blissful home of quiet,
Far above this wrong and riot,
The stars shed witnessing light;
But the poet's fire revealeth
The bright promise it unsealeth,
And aids in the mortal fight.

A PROFESSIONAL duty obliged Hold to make an excursion to the nearest island which was almost a German mile distant. Oswald went with him, partly to take some measures for the more rapid transportation of the rescued cargo to Husum, and partly, to give a little variety to the life of the hallig, which had become tedious to him. One fine moonlight evening, a favorable wind bore the boat, with a swan-like motion, toward her destination, and Oswald, who had seen this same sea in the most fearful agitation, and whose life had been in peril there, expressed, again and again, his wonder at the contrast.

“To-day so still, floating the vessel onward with wavelets scarce perceptible, and when last seen by me it was itself one huge wave, on which the ship swung up and down like a feather which the child blows into

the air. To-day the light breeze barely fills the sails, and seems afraid to do more than just what we desire—then, a mad wind raging and howling as if about to roll the ship together like a ball and toss it toward the sky. We have given so many names to the wind to designate its fickle nature, but the sea is still called sea, whether it serve us like a timid slave, or sports with our lives like a furious tyrant.”

“Man is called man,” remarked Hold, “whether he plays with flowers in childish joy, or piles corpse on corpse in blind passion, and the transition from one to the other in the same man is not less surprising than the change in the sea, and it is fortunate that the stormy waves in our own breasts have for the most part little power to do mischief.”

“It is for this reason,” said Oswald, “that I think it best to take the smooth side of life, and keep the blood as cool as possible. Tempests, either of love or hate, are no affair of mine. In this way I have managed, so far, to laugh and joke when others grieve themselves to death, or are beside themselves with distress or anger.

“So life let us cherish!
Enjoy what we have;
Before our frames perish,
Forgot in the grave.”

“If you were to pine long years in a dungeon, or were, for years, to be stretched on a bed of pain, do you think you would then decorate the damp walls with these lines, or lull your suffering with such a melody?” inquired Hold.

“I am not prepared to say that,” replied Oswald,

“and so I rejoice that I am not exposed to the trial.”

“But why do you not rather aim to secure something which will stand even such trials? Can you regard *that* as the true philosophy of life, which makes us dependent on external circumstances beyond our own control? Do you take mica for a gem, because it sparkles in the sunshine like a diamond?”

“You are quite right my dear pastor,” said Oswald, “simply because you are pastor; but wrong for me because I sing,

“Forgetting is pleasure,
And thinking is pain;
Then take for the real,
What seems the most plain.”

“I can give you another verse,” said Hold:

“O childish resolving!
O folly most stark!
So billows are tossing
The rudderless bark.

And these lines remind me to ask you how you thought and felt in those hours when you were lately struggling between life and death, on these same waters.”

“I thought and felt just nothing at all. All thought and feeling entirely forsook me. I was a hollow shell, into which the kernel returned only after we were safe. Of what use would thought and feeling have been to me? They would not have tamed the savage sea, nor have held together the fragile boat.”

“Thinking and feeling would not have helped *you*,

but it would have been quite different with him, who, in the dangers of the tempest could have said in the words of the song,

“Who, fighting or falling,
Doubts not of success,
Hath gained a sure triumph,
Hath won the bride’s *yes*.

“She leads to the altar,
She guideth him home;
His faith is now seeing,
His rest-day hath come.”

“I will not argue with you my good pastor,” answered Oswald; “I admit, as I said before, that you are perfectly right. I respect your opinions and you, on account of them. I should rely on your integrity and truth, with more confidence than on my own. But, I must remain what I am and as I am; unless, as I have half promised, I should become converted to your way of thinking when I am gray-headed, in order that I may fold my winding-sheet decently about me. Certainly my dear sir,” added Oswald, when he observed that the pastor turned away displeased from him as he was making the last remark, “I don’t mean to jest, though it may sound so; it is mere empty words, to which you must attach no more meaning than belongs to them. But we are so wide apart, and take such different views, that no agreement between us is possible. You stand firm on Zion, and I am steering my little bark through every flowery brook that will float me!”

“The empty words do not disturb me,” replied Hold, “but that there should have been an hour in your life,

when, to use your own language, you were but a hollow shell, and yet that, after such a confession, you should be satisfied to entertain longer such shallow views which are, as you say, truly nothing more than mere thoughtlessness ; *that* I can not understand. I fear that God will some day lay a still heavier hand upon you, or rather, I shall hope that he will."

"Then you must pardon me," said Oswald, smiling, "that I do not offer you my thanks for your pious wish."

Hold now turned the conversation upon other subjects, and as they were both familiar with the little poem from which the above stanzas have been quoted, poetry now became the topic of their discussion. Here they agreed almost entirely. Oswald's extensive reading in this department of literature had not injured his correct taste, but rather rendered it more discriminating. No dazzling imagery bribed him, no poetic thought escaped him, for want of the proper dress. Ossian, the bard who knew how to give strength and grace to the cloud, was his favorite, and he maintained, with Hold's entire assent, that he must be a critic of gross perceptions who could suppose that Ossian's poems could be the forgery of a later age. The more animatedly Oswald spoke, the more he unfolded his extensive and varied knowledge of literature, the more he separated the shallow from the profound, the artificial from genuine inspiration, the greater was Hold's surprise that a person of so acute and just a judgment could live so thoughtlessly ; that one who could feel so truly and so profoundly, should be so insensible to the Spirit of God. It was incomprehensible to him how

Oswald could live in the poet's lofty inspiration, with full recognition, and not be forced to think of himself and his own estrangement from every thing divine. It seemed as if his fancy bore him aloft with the poet, but he saw in this flight only the course of a balloon which descends from its lofty heights, bringing to earth no news of heavenly things. But they have eyes and see not, ears have they and hear not.

For the sake of the reader, we insert the poem, some verses of which have been introduced above.

LIFE.

Beginning, unending;
No picture, yet veiled;
A dreaming, and longing
That never is stilled.

A blooming and scenting,
A song of sweet lies;
Yet naught but illusion
That charms and yet flies.

A willing and doing,
Yet nothing complete;
A learning and knowing,
No wiser a whit.

A rushing and pushing
O'er valley and hill;
A caring and toiling,
The grave waiting still.

A wonderful play for
Both master and slave;
For earnest, too trifling,
For jesting, too grave.

And yet for such living
The love is so great!
In folly's lap idling,
How pleased the fools sit.

But why art thou chiding
The comical play?
The end art thou asking?
The end is the *way*.

Thy hoping and caring,
Suppose it not paid;
In hoping and caring
A joy thou hast had.

Uncrowned with laurels
The hero may bleed;
He joys in his courage,
And there finds his meed.

The riddles so many?
The answers so few?
Why ask the red wine-cup
On what vine it grew?

Forgetting is pleasure,
And thinking is pain;
Then take for the real
What seems the most plain.

So life let us cherish,
Enjoy what we have;
Before our frame perish,
Forgot in the grave.

O childish resolving!
O folly most stark!
So billows are tossing
The rudderless bark.

Dost call life a vailing,
That nothing doth hide?
Nay! honor that covering!
It drapeth the bride,

Who vails herself coldly
From gazers profane,
But gladdens the faithful
With promise most plain.

Her breathing is wafted
On every side,
As sea-air bring greetings
When oceans divide;

And wanders the pilgrim
To north or to south,
She welcomes him kindly,
With smiles on her mouth;

From stars shining o'er him
Kind glances doth give;
And smileth, prophetic,
On cradle and grave.

In storm, then, and conflict,
In nights of thick cloud,
Though blamed by the wise ones,
And scorned by the proud,

Thy brow bind with garlands,
For festival hall,
From hope's tree immortal,
Whose leaves never fall.

Who, fighting or falling,
Doubts not of success,
Hath gained a sure triumph,
Hath won the bride's yes.

She leads to the altar,
She guideth him home;
His faith is now seeing,
His rest-day has come.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EBB-WALKERS.

Each new wave for me is weaving
A watery shroud that I must wear;
Each new wave, with steady heaving,
Sounds the death-call in mine ear.

WE pass over the short stay on the island, whose interior, surrounded and intersected by strong dikes more than twenty feet in height, and from eighty to a hundred feet in thickness, was thus cut off from all view of the ocean, and presented the appearance of a camp defended by ramparts, now forsaken by its garrison, or occupied by peaceful husbandmen who had hitherto neglected to remove the bulwarks.

On their return to the hallig, the vessel had at first to contend with contrary winds; then came a perfect calm, and, within about a mile from the ordinary landing, the anchor was cast, for as the ebb-tide was approaching, they could advance no further even with a favorable wind. It was a bright afternoon, and the scattered houses of the hallig lay in full view of the persons so unpleasantly detained. The vessel was soon left on dry ground, and it seemed very easy to walk over the little space which separated them from the

higher surface of the hallig. Even if it were necessary to wade a little in the soft mud, or now and then to leap over a channel or run, still they would get home before evening. The idea of being detained in this way, made Oswald impatient, and every hour of absence from his family was a loss of so much happiness to Hold. The two sailors made no objection to let the boat lie till the next tide, as they had often done before, and so the four set out together on their way to the hallig. The many unfortunate accidents which had happened to ebb-walkers, certainly ought to have withheld them from this undertaking; but the air was so clear and the land so nigh, how could there be any danger? Oswald laughed outright when Hold remarked incidentally, that such attempts had cost many a life, and even the latter was readily induced to believe that to-day, there could be no risk. O shortsighted mortals who think themselves so safe, when rushing into the very arms of death! Scarce ten minutes had passed when the wanderers stood anxious and uncertain, knowing no longer in which direction to turn their steps, whether backward or forward. A thick fog which came so suddenly that it was impossible to tell whether it was from the earth or the air, had completely surrounded them.

These fogs, or sea mists, are often not higher than six or eight feet, and it once happened to us that we conversed from the deck of a vessel, with people on the island, without being able to see any thing of them except their heads which seemed to swim in clearest light over the gray impenetrable mass, and whose motion from place to place, the body and limbs being

invisible, presented a most curious spectacle. What we are about to relate may seem almost incredible to all unacquainted with these seas, but we speak from personal experience here, as well as in other portions of the book.

As soon as the fog rose, every eye was unconsciously turned back toward the vessel. If they could only have seen something in any direction ! If they were more than three steps apart they became invisible to each other, and could find one another again only by calling. Oswald had as yet no suspicion of the great danger, and could not understand their anxious consultations. He thought that by carefully keeping the right direction, they could not fail to reach firm land. The result of the council, too, was to go forward, as the hallig, though more distant, would not be so easily missed as the small vessel. Oswald walked boldly in advance, trilling a song, but when they came to deeper places which could not be waded through, to runs which they were compelled to avoid by making various turns before a place could be found narrow enough to overleap, when sometimes one, sometimes another of the party, was lost for a considerable time in the fog, he then became more and more silent. When he had twice, either from hurrying thoughtlessly forward, or remaining too far behind, been able to find his companions only by loud shouts—for the thick fog impeded sound as well as sight—when sometimes sinking deep into the ooze, sometimes making a false spring, he had learned all the difficulties of the way ; then cold drops fell from his forehead, and at every pause, he felt the trembling of fear in his limbs. Such pauses became more and more

frequently necessary, partly to recover from exhaustion, and partly to make sure of the right direction. But what circuitous ways were taken in the dense fog, which might have been avoided in a clear atmosphere. How easy would have been the passage of a channel a few steps to the right or left, and yet a half hour was wasted in searching for the ford, because they had mistaken its direction ; and when they were at length satisfied that it was not where they were seeking it, another half hour was lost in trying to return to the last starting-point. At length the four unhappy wanderers were obliged to take each other by the hand, to prevent being entirely separated by the gray wall which made them invisible to each other, at the distance of a single step. Till now, little had been said except what the circumstances necessarily required. They had walked on, each occupied with his own troubled thoughts ; only Oswald now broke the painful silence by his sighs and lamentations. But soon the terrible question passed from mouth to mouth, " Which way shall we go ? " Alas ! the contradictory answers only too surely proved that no certain reliance was to be placed upon any. The direction, hitherto partially kept by observing every turn, and by the familiarity of the sailors with the course of the principal runs, was entirely lost. For the zig-zags and windings had become more and more intricate, the running backward and forward, this side and that, more and more confused, and—fearful token !—the channels were, by degrees, becoming wider and wider, overflowing into new runs which crept on like stealthy spoilers, winding themselves around the more elevated portions of the land, or lurkingly resting

against some higher bank, while waiting for reinforcements ; then boldly climbing the wall and spreading out in every direction, they inundated the whole plain.

Of these movements the travelers saw nothing, although the fog now began to disperse a little. But they well knew the hour when their mortal enemy would again assert his dominion over the soil which they had so lately boldly ventured to tread. They had observed, too, that he was already casting his net-work about them, for wherever they went, they struck upon his path, wherever they turned he pursued them, and soon he was playing continually around the feet of his prey. Now, heaving and swelling, it crept on slowly but surely, and in the same proportion increased the discouragement and fear of the wanderers, whose steps were every moment more hurried and more uncertain on the now completely overflowed flat. The water curled around their trembling knees with a rushing sound, as if saying, " You escape me no more." Of what avail was the new consultation, which way shall we turn ? Even if they had been sure of the true direction, as indeed a careful observation of the motion of the tide now showed with partial certainty, had they not before them channels which had become of impassable depth ? Independently of this obstacle, could they conceal from themselves the fact that a direction only *nearly* right was no direction at all, as they might easily pass to the right or the left of the hallig, now, as it were in mid ocean. Yet an attempt was made to press forward, but soon given up, as the leader of the party suddenly sunk to the shoulders in a run, from which he was with difficulty lifted out. Nothing was now left but to remain

just where they were, and, in utter helplessness, resign themselves to the steadily advancing ocean, commending their souls and bodies in prayer to that Father in Heaven who alone can say to the waves, "Thus far and no further." "My poor, poor wife!" thought Hold, and his mind was so completely occupied with this idea, so entirely filled with sympathy for her in the loss of her husband, that all consciousness of the present danger was forgotten in her affliction. The two sailors stood in silent resignation. But in this forced inactivity, Oswald had no power of contending against the fear of death by opposing it with a stronger feeling, or even to conceal it under apparent tranquillity. As long as it was possible to make any effort to escape, every favorable circumstance filled him with hope, and the difficulties of the way caused him, sometimes, to forget entirely that they were treading a path which was perhaps only leading them to more certain destruction. But to stand still with the wide waste of waters around him; to see in every light dash of the waves a new messenger of death, sent maliciously by the enemy now sure of his prey; to endure a martyrdom which was without change of pain; to see drop after drop steadily falling from the cup of hope; to measure, second by second, the advance of a cruel death which surrounded him like a huge serpent, winding itself upward in higher and higher circles; to feel it approaching nearer and nearer to the loud beating heart; this was more than Oswald could bear. At first he vehemently urged his companions to endeavor to think of some other means of escape. At length, when forced to believe their repeated assurances that every expedient had been tried, and that

their last hope was now the possibility that the fog might clear away, and the land prove sufficiently near for them to be able to call over a boat to their assistance, seeing only certain death in delay, he gave a scream so piercing, so heart-rending, that only the most fearful agony of soul could have given him the preternatural strength to utter such a cry. But this shout completely exhausted his strength, his limbs could support him no longer, he trembled violently in every joint, his teeth chattered, and his hair stood up with horror ; he could no longer utter a coherent word. He would have sunk if the pastor had not held him up. They were now all obliged to draw closely together for mutual support, as the waves had already risen so high that it was difficult to resist their pressure. Silent, with hand grasped in hand, the group stood firmly by each other. Each had his life's reckoning to work up, and therefore had no time to complain, no disposition to console. Oswald, indeed, desired to commit his soul to the protection of Heaven, and in the confusion of his wild thoughts and feelings he once threw a look upward, but the heavens, where here and there a star was glimmering through the fog, did not seem to regard the glance ; at least the young man's eye shrunk timidly back, and, at the same moment, a higher wave rolled up behind him dashing a double stream from his neck and shoulders upon his breast. "Thou art condemned," was the thought that passed through his shuddering soul, and forced from him a new cry of anguish, which was followed by low continued moans, mingled with broken sighs. Perhaps, to firmer souls, this lamentation might have been repulsive, but its effects on his com-

panions in suffering, was to make them give free vent to their own sighs and complaints.

But onward and onward came the rolling water ; wave piled itself on wave, each one cutting off a moment from the brief hour of life that remained.

The fog finally disappeared entirely, burying its damp mists in the sea. Only a few stars were visible in the sky, and on the sea they who were standing nearly breast high in the water could see nothing except, here and there, the reflection of the star-light on the crest of a curling billow. The darkness concealed the boat. But there ! there ! and there again ! there are the lights of the hallig. Close up your accounts the more quickly, ye unhappy ones ! the light of your homes will serve for your funeral tapers. How you have gone astray ! These lights show that you are three times further from the hallig than when you first left the vessel. No cry of yours can reach that distant coast ; and even if it could, the swiftest boat could not come in time to save you. There sit your loved ones waiting for you ! “ He will come soon ! ” say father and mother, wife and child, brother and sister, and your place will be left vacant in their midst till you come. For your warm reception, for your refreshment after the journey, every thing is ready ; all will seem familiar and friendly ; hearty and sincere will be the welcome that greets you. You shall tell the listening circle what you have seen, and praise again your pleasant fireside. But no ! your place will remain empty in the midst of that circle ; for onward and onward rolls the tide, wave heaps itself on wave, each snatching a moment from the short half hour which still remains to you.

“My poor wife ! my child ! my child !” cried Hold, aloud to Heaven. Beside him the men stood, sighing ; and Oswald’s despairing groans filled every pause. But the troubled spirit which had oppressed the soul of the pastor, and which had so paralyzed him who was generally filled with the joy of believing—perhaps because he had been led by an impulse of vanity to assent to this walk over the flats, rather than risk being thought cowardly—this troubled spirit had with this cry reached the acmé of its anguish, and was now met, as it were, by the lightning from heaven ; “God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love.” Then it seemed as if Hold came forth in victorious triumph from the shades of darkness and the bonds of death, which had so long bound him ; and with a loud and firm voice, he commenced a sort of exhortation ; rather, indeed, in broken sentences, as the nature of the circumstances permitted, than in the connected form in which we here present it.

“Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercy and the God of all comfort, who consoles us in all our sorrows, that we may comfort those who are in every kind of affliction with the comfort wherewith we are comforted by him. Praised be the Lord in all his works, for his works are perfect. At his command the waters rise and fall. He blows upon the sea with the breath of his mouth, and the waves shrink before him. He blows upon the sea with the breath of his mouth, and it heaves and swells obedient to his word ! and what he commands, that comes to pass in good time. So this too is his hour. It is his counsel which prepares this grave for us ; and

his hands will lead our souls also into his kingdom. Rejoice ! for in this hour of anguish he hath cleansed us from our sins. He hath left us to our weakness that the last fragment of our self-reliance might disappear before the words, ‘ Be still, and know that I am God ! ’ Thus hath he judged us here below ; and in his visitation, our sins have gone over our heads, as the water is now going over them ; so that we have thrown far from us the robe of our own righteousness, and clothed our souls in the wedding-garment of Christ’s righteousness, which alone avails before God.—Hallelujah to the God of strength, the Father of love ! Through his power we overcome the world ; and his peace fills the panting heart with peace and joy. And those who weep for us—O Lord, our God, our prayer ascends from the deep, and through the clouds to thee, and thou hearest us who pour out our hearts before thee ! We entreat, and we doubt not ; thou art the father and the helper of the widow and the orphan ; under the shadow of thy wings they rest. Thou upholdest them, when they think themselves ready to fall. Thou pointest out a way where they see no path. Father, comfort them, strengthen them, lead them for the sake of our prayer, as thou hast promised, ‘ Ask and ye shall receive.’ We pray not for ourselves. We have only to render thanks that thou hast permitted us to hear thy word with true understanding and full faith. ‘ We are troubled on every side, but not distressed. We are perplexed, but not in despair. We are persecuted, but not forsaken. We are cast down, but not destroyed.’ For thou hast set a bright light in our hearts ; and our faith has become sight, even here below. May that

light continue to shine through the darkness, that we may praise and glorify thee in death, and may our souls ascend from the deep, with wings like eagles'. Hallelujah ! Honor and glory to our God who hath given us the victory over death. Hallelujah ! To the Lord be glory and thanks through all eternity. Amen."

These animated words of the pastor produced the strongest impression upon the men of the hallig. They had just heard his sighs and lamentations, had seen him share the weakness and distress of his companions, and now he was suddenly raised to such lofty faith, to such triumph over death that they received his address, although it was entirely within their comprehension, as a voice from on high, as the language of a spirit which had triumphed over the world, which had driven out the demon of fear and despair, and taken its place in the breast of their shepherd who was so lately overwhelmed like themselves. That almost every sentence was borrowed from Scripture, gave this consolatory exhortation, for those who, from their childhood, had revered the Bible as the Word of God, the perfect stamp of truth ; and therefore, it produced the more decided effect upon their minds. But this consolation was lost upon Oswald. While the others gave praise and thanksgiving, as though the hour of death were an occasion for rejoicing, this testimony of the triumph of faith seemed like a mockery of his own heart. He sometimes tried to repeat a word of faith and hope after his companions ; but he was not sure that he really uttered it ; at any rate, it returned to him empty, and found in his heart, agonized by the fear of death, not even a momentary abiding-place. He hoped by

cries and lamentations to move some power to pity ; but these cries and lamentations were entirely within himself ; his lips quivered, but gave forth no sound ; he thought he was contending vigorously against the waves ; but his nerves only twitched convulsively ; all muscular power had forsaken his palsied limbs. He presented the perfect picture of a man who had become a martyr to his own want of faith and forgetfulness of God.

But onward and onward rolled the tide ; wave piled itself upon wave, each reducing by one, the few moments that now remained to the unhappy victims of the sea.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WARNING AND THE RESCUE.

Every thing they fain would know,
Every thing would comprehend,
Every thing would overthrow
And the faulty fabric mend.
If aught most plain agree not
With the doctrines they declare,
The open eye must see not,
And the open ear not hear.

Not alone with the above lines, would we introduce the following narrative of the influence of mind upon mind, which seems exalted even to the supernatural. By the mere assertion or denial of an opinion which is at variance with the ordinary belief, or of an experience which is out of the every-day course of events, nothing is gained. As to the grounds upon which our experience endeavors to explain away such influence as mere delusion, we must confess, that they, thus far, have not had great weight with us, doubtfully and carefully as we have always moved through the dark regions of psychical investigation. Hold's effort to make an undeniable fact more acceptable to his faith, partakes of the usual character of such attempts. It is gray on gray, or chiaroscuro, the wonderful explained by the wonder-

ful. Yet we gladly quote from him here by way of introduction to this chapter.

“Is there not much in our souls,” says he, “which is above the common laws of thought and feeling? Does not devotion open within us depths, which, but for her, we should never discover? and are not the pearls and gems which she draws forth from these depths, of a kind, the value of which, our knowledge and understanding are not competent to estimate? But devotion in its highest state is unity with Deity, a losing of our own souls in him, and we must be dead to our former self-reliant psychical life, and live, move, and have our being in God alone; by which means we become capable of thinking, feeling, and acting far above our former selves, because the power of God is mighty in the weak. As then, love to God enables us to walk upon heights unattainable by our natural faculties, so earthly love shows us a way from heart to heart, which would be unknown without this gift. There is in this love, too, a language and a sympathy which, like devotion, inscribes its mystical character in the book of our lives only at a certain period. In moments in which we entirely forget ourselves and sink all our thoughts and feelings in the soul of the beloved object, the distant becomes the near, separation becomes union; and our prayers, warnings, sighs, and greetings become the thoughts and the feelings of the person beloved, and so they remain not as mere insignificant dreams, but clothe themselves also in the garment of visible forms and audible words, which, however, are only reflections of ideas and emotions so called forth, and, therefore, not appreciable to the senses of any but the person so

acted upon. There are recognitions here similar to those whereby we shall know each other in the everlasting habitations, when the soul is clothed with her new body, of which our earthly covering is but a coarse type. But these mutual influences of mind upon mind, can be possible only in those whose love is not alone capable of the most complete self-devotion, but where it has been proved and strengthened by long and intimate acquaintance, and a complete union of thought and feeling."

But now to our narrative.

Godber and Idalia were sitting near each other in their little dwelling, in the evening twilight of this day which threatened to be one of so much sorrow to the hallig. There were frequent pauses in their conversation, because each was making an effort to keep it up.

This is always the case when two persons are together who have something on their minds, about which they ought to come to a mutual understanding; but while recognizing this necessity, they avoid an open explanation, because they fear from it a result more painful than the present oppressive uncertainty and indecision.

Idalia took little pains to conceal her dissatisfaction, while Godber exerted himself to the utmost to show the greatest possible kindness and tenderness in his manner. Their hearts were already separated. The flame of love was almost extinguished, only they could not bring themselves to confess it to each other or to their own hearts; Idalia, because a certain sympathy for the young man who had ventured his life for her, and sacrificed to her his betrothed, was still strong in her

heart, and this feeling gave a weight to the feeble remnant of her love which it would not otherwise have had. Godber dared not think clearly upon his own feelings, because he was loth to lose a treasure which he had so dearly bought, although he began to perceive that it would not make him happy, and because he shuddered at the vacuity of a heart floating between one life's hope thrown away, and another that had proved deceptive.

During one of these embarrassing pauses, the door suddenly opened and the pastor's wife, a rare visitor in that house, stood, pale and trembling, before the astonished pair.

"Godber, Godber! I implore you! take your boat and row over toward the ship. They are in danger! my husband is in danger! Pity an unhappy wife, Godber, and row over!"

In the mean time, she had seized his hand with the most imploring expression of anguish, and was on the point of sinking to the floor, when Godber sprang up and placed the half-fainting woman on his chair.

"Quiet yourself, madam," cried he; "I will do every thing you wish. Is there any news of them?"

Mander, who now came in from another room where he had been occupying himself with books calculated to enlighten the present twilight of his faith, inquired, eagerly, the cause of Madam Hold's distress, and how she knew that the vessel was in danger.

"O you ask questions! you don't believe!" complained she, wringing her hands, "and meanwhile my husband is sinking in the waves! you did not see him as I saw him! His finger tapped at my window. I

hastened joyfully to the door. He stood there—I saw his face so plainly in the mist! I was about to embrace him and bring him into the house—but his features dissolved, and as they melted away I heard him sigh, ‘My poor, poor wife!’ O, Godber, take pity on me and row out! I will go with you; I am strong enough to row. You do not know what a wife and mother can do when struggling for the life of her husband.”

Mander vainly endeavored to represent to her the powerful effects of imagination, and how natural it was that her love which endured so reluctantly the absence of her husband, should conjure up before her every possible cause for anxiety, which, after all, had its foundation only in her longing for his return, and perhaps in the idea, too long indulged in, while alone, “what if he should never return from some of these journeys?” In vain Godber spoke of the wind, of the weather, of the tide, that there could not possibly be any danger, but that detention must have been unavoidable. The pastor’s wife opposed to all these objections what she had just seen. She told what she had thought and done up to the very moment of this strange appearance; she declared that, at that time, there was in her mind nothing but the most cheerful picture of the pastor’s return, and spoke with such certainty of conviction, and gave such an exact description of the most minute circumstance, that all further open objection ceased. Godber, who participated with most sailors in a readiness to believe in mysterious influences and wonderful premonitions, had scarcely a doubt that there was something of the kind here. As the distress of the wife, like a flood restrained with difficulty for a short

time, again overwhelmed every thought and feeling so that she begged in the most heart-rending tones, "Godber, save him, save him ;" he hastened to execute her wishes. Mander and Idalia walked home with the poor woman who was so tortured with anxiety for her husband, and whose strength, now that she had obtained her object, was completely exhausted. Yet she was unwilling to remain longer from her child. Godber, with the two sailors who had been his former shipmates, went down to the beach and got into the boat. Fortunately, as it was to be used the next morning as a lighter, it lay in a place where, at the first coming on of the flood, it could be easily pushed off, and although the fog had as yet broken away little, they soon found the vessel they sought, one of the sailors having observed where she cast anchor just before the low-ebb. When their calls, which had been kept up from the first sight of the vessel, remained unanswered, when they had climbed upon the deck, and gone down into the cabin, and still saw no soul ; there was no longer any doubt that the unhappy persons who had been on board, were wandering somewhere on the flats, or perhaps had already become the prey of the rising sea. Where should they seek them ? In what direction should they turn the boat ? So questioning, Godber stood on the deck, and gazed with the most searching look, as if his eye could pierce the dense fog. He heard the light dashing of the waves against the keel, with a shudder, as if he were standing himself, a helpless victim, in the midst of the swelling tide. "Hark ! what was that ?" cried the three men at once. There came a short, shrill cry, as if from far, far away. Each one

thought he heard in it a call for help, and our readers will understand that it was Oswald's fearful shriek. It is true they were doubtful again, when their united and often repeated halloo brought no reply. As they had nothing else to guide their choice of a direction, they determined to follow the one from which they fancied the cry had proceeded. They rowed rapidly forward, often relieving each other in order to keep up the speed of the boat, only pausing now and then for a moment, to listen for an answer to their shouts. But none came; and the tide had already risen so high that, in their present situation, it seemed scarcely possible to find the lost ones alive, if they had wandered about until now. The fog having cleared away, the surface of the sea as far as they could overlook it, showed only the unbroken play of the waves in the starlight; yet they resolved once more to unite all their strength in one long halloo, and then turn in another direction.

We now go back to those whom we left in the most imminent peril of death. Their strength, which they were constantly obliged to exert in order to withstand the pressure of the advancing tide, was gradually failing. Had there not been a perfect calm, death would long since have done its work. The triumphant spirit which had animated Hold, and through his exhortations, the two islanders, had now sunk into a silent, almost unconscious submission; while Oswald's breast, though his body had become completely torpid, was still fearfully possessed with the dread of the coming doom; and the vain seeking for some word of comfort had tortured him to frantic despair. He had indeed always

belonged to that class of persons who observe the rules of external respectability, though they extend its limits so far as to include all those sins which arise from the so-called weakness of human nature. He had obtained universally the name of being an amiable, agreeable, entertaining young man ; and this he thought all that could reasonably be required of him. And yet what a fearful emptiness and nakedness was here, in view of eternity ! Why did his “good heart,” with which he had consoled himself hitherto in his most earnest hours, leave him now so entirely comfortless and hopeless ? His kindness to every one, his sympathy in their weal or woe, his readiness to advance their interests, his diligence in his own affairs, even the emotions, in moments once not rare in his life, when he gazed at the firmament of heaven or was reading the finer portions of some noble poem, which awakened his better nature—could not the recollections of these sustain him now in the presence of death ? Why did all this vanish from his memory ? or, when he was about to grasp it for support, disappear so like an empty shadow ? Why, in spite of all this, did his life lie before him like a dry naked heath, on which no blossom was to be gathered for the harvest which was now come ? Why then, since there are thousands in no way equal to him, thousands so deeply sunk in sin and shame, that in comparison with them he might be called a saint—why did not the searcher of hearts, he whom the Christian praises as the God of love and mercy—why did not he turn from him the flaming sword of judgment which was pressing his soul, and consuming the very marrow of his strength ? Wherefore must he hear approaching

nearer and nearer the fearful thunder roll, "Lost ! lost !"

Might not similar questions trouble your soul, dear reader, if the Almighty should have such a fearful hour in store for you ?

The final struggle seemed now to have come, for they were well-nigh covered by the waves.

"Lord, into thy hands," said Hold, thinking that he was uttering the last words for himself and his companions, when lo ! a loud halloo came over the waters, and penetrated, like a resurrection call, the souls of those who had given up the last hope of life. But a long moment of rapture and of agony passed away before they could gather strength to answer. The first sound was scarcely more than a deep sigh, and served only to waken the fear that their voices could not possibly be heard. At the same time, that hard-won resignation to the will of God was suddenly swept away from them by that call, and the full consciousness of their terrible situation, the memory of dear friends, whom their death would plunge in grief and anguish of heart, came back in all their strength. At last, with a fearful effort, a cry broke forth from all, which echoed far over the sea, and which, now that their tongues were once loosed, continued almost uninterrupted, and even became stronger as the answers drew nearer. A boat now appeared in sight, rolling on like a dark wave, and impelled by vigorous strokes of oars, the spray from which sparkled in the starlight like a shower of fire. A shout of joy was exchanged. A thrill of delight trembled through the frames of the drowning men. In longing expectation, they already stretched out their arms

toward the still distant boat, which was rowed with almost superhuman strength, and which seemed to dash forward more and more rapidly, the nearer it approached. Now it was beside them. The joyful cry of the rescued mingled with that of the rescuers ; and the little boat, which had arrived at the latest moment, snatched from the sea its victims, and soon bore them to their own friends.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW BIRTH.

This life is but a mirror
Reflecting thine own heart ;
The echoes thou art hearing,
From thine own lips did start.

THE sending of the boat, and the cause of so unusual a circumstance, were soon known on the hallig, and the whole congregation assembled on the shore to await its return. They saw from a distance that no one was missing, and the extreme anxiety of the pastor's wife was now readily forgiven, in consideration of her affection for her husband. But when it was told in what a dangerous situation the four men had been found, which was abundantly confirmed by their complete exhaustion, then every eye was turned to her whose strong presentiment all regarded as the means used by a merciful God to save them. She only clasped her husband in silence, gazing, with a smile of grateful, happy love, now at him, now at the heaven above her. And thither, too, she pointed, when the wife of one of the sailors openly ascribed to her the rescue. It was not till after their arrival at their own dwellings, that the sufferers became fully aware of the physical effects of the dangers

through which they had passed. In proportion as the mental excitement became quieted by rest, the bodily weakness increased, even to fainting, thus causing fresh anxiety to the hearts of their friends. The following day they passed in a half dreamy state, from which they could scarcely rouse themselves for a moment, to receive the cordials which were administered to them. Hold, apparently the least strong of the party, was the first to recover his physical and mental faculties. Perhaps because his feelings were soonest directed heavenward, and poured out in joyful thanksgiving to God.

Oswald lay for several days in an unquiet slumber, broken by convulsive shudderings and fearful dreams, and required the most careful medical attendance. On the fifth morning, after a deep refreshing sleep, he woke invigorated, but several days passed before he could leave his bed for any considerable time. Leaning on his father's arm, he walked up and down the chamber, and tried, in talking over the late occurrence with him, to take his former gay and trifling tone, although it was not without an inward struggle. But the father was grave and solemn, and said, finally :

“Oswald, let us not strive against God's providence. He has brought us to this island that we may know and acknowledge the one thing needful. He wills to save us. On me, too, has he laid his hand anew, in the providence which suspended such a terrible fate over your head. I can no longer resist him ; I must praise him and thank him that his grace has been greater than my blindness and my guilt. Henceforth I will serve him, and him alone, and would I could say, ‘As for me

and my house, we will serve the Lord.' How fearfully has he revealed to you in his judgments, and by his mercies also, that he wills not that any should perish, but that all should turn to him and repent. As a brand snatched from the burning, so the Lord would draw your soul to himself. Oswald, my son, strive no longer against him."

"But, father," replied Oswald, as much embarrassed as agitated by the emotion of his parent, "shall I then sacrifice my youth to a joyless seriousness?"

"No, you shall not sacrifice it," said Mander; "you shall sanctify it, illuminate it, and your whole life, even to the end, with a joy which is greater, and gives more than all that you have thus far derived from worldly pleasure. You shall obtain an inward, sure happiness which can teach you to overcome such hours of agony as those that have marked you forever."

Surprised at the words, "have marked you forever," Oswald turned toward the little mirror, and now stood there, paralyzed with horror. "*When I am gray-headed,*" he had said to the pastor, jestingly, "I will perhaps think about my conversion." • And lo! that one awful night had changed his hair to silver gray. He had become a white-haired man in the flower of his youth. Long he stood speechless, trembling in every limb, and with the paleness of death on his face; then with the cry, "God, I acknowledge thee," he sank fainting in the arms of his father.

When he revived, he asked for a glass, but, at the first look, he pushed it away with a shudder and groan. He answered the soothing words which were said to him only by a broken moan which spoke, now of a soul tor-

tured by despair, now of a heart languishing for consolation from above.

“Let him alone,” said Hold, to whom Mander had turned. “It is enough if we watch him in silence : we must not disturb him. The Lord has laid his hand upon him, and a struggle is going on within him, in which all human help would be useless, even dangerous. Oswald must experience, must live through hours more fearful than those in the sea, and it is not well that the boat of safety should come to him too soon. In that case he might leave it again.”

And the anxious father saw and heard Oswald start from his bed, and, with hasty steps, in spite of his previous weakness, walk up and down the chamber, sometimes throwing a timid glance upward, sometimes covering his eyes with his hands, then, throwing himself on the side of his bed, he would bury his face in the pillows. At another moment he would try to pray—then renounce all hope of God—then, again, more like one dreaming than sleeping, he would lie speechless on his couch. Toward evening, they heard him gently sobbing and weeping, and he then took feebly, and with indifference, the refreshment which his father offered him. But when the latter inquired how he found himself, he seized his hand, and wetting it with his tears, said entreatingly—

“Father, father, forgive me !”

“Let us both pray God to forgive us, my child,” replied Mander, tenderly ; and his tears mingled with those of his son.

But the thought of the necessity of divine forgiveness exerted again, in Oswald’s heart, all the terrors of

the last few hours ; and Mander passed a night, by the bed-side of his son, which, he confessed afterward, was for him a school of the severest, and yet most wholesome discipline.

The morning came, and with it came to Oswald the new creating Word, with its note of triumph, "old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new." The tempest in his breast was still ; the troubled sea was calm and smooth ; and the star of divine hope was mirrored in its depths. This transition from the most torturing distress to the most happy peace, was not like the gradual subsiding of the waves, when the tempest grows weaker and weaker, but rather resembled that miraculous change that took place when, at the prayer of his disciples, "Lord save us ; we perish !" the Lord rose, and rebuked the wind and the sea. Then there was a great calm. In like manner, here too, had the cry, "Lord save us, we perish," been uttered at the right moment ; and in the wildest night of gloom, the sun of peace and triumph suddenly arose. So does the hour of spiritual regeneration often resemble that of the natural birth. And are there not often, in our seasons of devotion—unless our prayers are but a feeble knocking, and have no entrance to the Father—moments in which the feeling of God's presence, and the joy of communion with him, completely overflow the heart, without gradual elevation or subsequent depression ? Oswald was like a child that has just waked from a frightful dream, and sees the bright display of his Christmas pleasures all spread out before him. No thought of the anguish which had but just now rent his soul, disturbed the hosanna of the new life.

The father's emotions were but an echo of the son's ; and his joy that his child had found peace, scarcely left a full consciousness of what he himself had obtained.

The pastor found him, early in the morning, on his knees by the bed-side of his son. Their hands were clasped together in united prayer. Their eyes, still moist with tears, were turned toward him who had granted them this healing mercy.

The work of the Holy Spirit was complete. The pastor said little. He made no allusion to the past, no exhortation for the future ; his words were rather the closing benediction, the final hallelujah of this solemn consecration.

It was not until the second and third days following, that Hold indulged himself in a longer conversation with young Mander ; and he found him so ready to receive all the blessings and promises of the Gospel, so willing to accept all the mysteries of faith, so clear and decided in his understanding of such portions of the Revealed Word as were pointed out to him, that, full of astonishment, he exclaimed,

“ When have you learned this ? ”

“ Learned ! ” replied Oswald ; “ I know neither how nor when. Those terrible hours in the water seemed to me like the fire which purges the gold from its dross. Terrible as were those, and the hours which have followed them, still it seems to me as if I had suffered nothing for the peace which I now possess ; as if I ought to drink a far more bitter cup, before enjoying the riches of his grace, which, out of his fullness, he has poured upon me. Oh ! God is full of love, goodness, and mercy, far, far above our knowledge or understanding ! How

could I so long refuse to acknowledge him ! How often has he called me ! I see him now, from the beginning, so careful for my soul ; I now understand that voice in my heart, whose tones were once disregarded. My whole past life lies before me, as an uninterrupted succession of claims on my heart, of warnings from my conscience, of directions into the right way, of the menaces of God's judgment. How could I have been so deaf and so blind !”

“ We baptize our children with water,” said Hold to himself ; “ but God chooses his own time to baptize them with his Holy Spirit. And shall we question that grace, when we see that our preparation for this baptism has been longer and more painful, and the baptism itself not richer in gifts than that of another child whom God has chosen for a witness of the wonderful power of his love ?”

Was this soliloquy of the pastor, who, only through circuitous ways, and hard conflicts, had attained the heights of faith on which he now stood, the result of a feeling akin to envy, or of a cautious distrust of so sudden a change in one who had till now been so completely a stranger to God ? There might have been some little mixture of both, without the pastor's being able to distinguish quite clearly the one from the other.

The next morning Oswald declared his intention of preparing himself to become a missionary.

“ I must go out,” said he, “ among the heathen. I must preach the Gospel. I would stretch out my arms to all those who are wandering in darkness, and call out to them, Enter into the peace of your Lord ! The love which I have experienced will become heavy and burdensome to me, if I can not suffer something for it. It

will grow to a flame that will consume me, if I do not share its glow with others."

Hold opposed this resolution, first by advising him not to feel too sure, now in the first spring of his enthusiasm, that he possessed the stability necessary for an apostle. But when Oswald urged the entire change which had taken place in his being and character; when he declared it absolutely necessary to his future peace that he should go and risk suffering and death, for the sake of the Gospel, Hold reminded him with an earnestness which is explained by his above mentioned reflections on the conversion of Oswald,

"How hardly do we learn to be truly humble in spirit! How continually we strive against being mere recipients; we would take for ourselves, give to ourselves, or, at least, pay off as far as possible, the debt we owe entirely to the Lord. And so you would now struggle, bear, and suffer, that you may in the end, claim a little self-desert, where there is nothing but the pure mercy of your heavenly Father."

"O, certainly not," said Oswald, "I feel too entirely that nothing is mine, that all is his, that only his warm spring-breath has driven the cold night of winter from the desert of my life. I feel as new and strange a happiness as must the earth, had she a soul, in spring-time, at whose approach the long frozen rivers are unbound, all the streams flow freely again, and along their banks vegetation shoots forth into life, and buds and blossoms in the sunlight. I desire to do nothing but to carry these blossoms and this perfume into the wilderness where winter still reigns. I desire only to seek a soul which shall awake like me, to life, and with

me, praise our Father who hath done so great things for us."

"Do not forget," replied Hold, "that hours will come in your life, in which you will feel your own poverty, although you now fancy yourself rich enough to share with others. And then I would prefer, at least, for messengers to the heathen, men of plain, pious minds from their youth up, such as were the first apostles ; men who, neither misguided nor bewildered from the beginning, brought simple hearts to the Lord ; men whose recollections of their youth would be less darkened by repentance, and who would, therefore, assume the office of evangelist from pure love, not coupled with the idea of doing penance for the past. Their preaching will be more simple, less studied, less out of their own hearts, more certain to give only that which they have received from the Lord and from his word.

"Its object would not be so much to root out former sin from the hearts of the converts, as to illuminate, to sanctify, and to bless. It would not regard the heathen world so exclusively as a field to be prepared for the seed, but it would sow the grain in hope, and leave its growth to the sun and dew from heaven ; and I think that the true apostolic way, from which, however, he departs so easily whose heart was a long time a bed of weeds before the good seed took root."

"O !" sighed Oswald, "you are always in the right, after all. But it is impossible for me to return to that dry business in which I was formerly engaged, and the only object of which is to secure the luxuries of life ; impossible that I should ever again feel happy in the society of my native town."

“Faith transfigures every thing,” said Hold; “all our affections, occupations, trials, and hopes. If you have, till now, considered the business of a merchant merely as designed to secure earthly enjoyments, you will now regard it in a new light. It is commerce which breaks down all natural and artificial barriers between nations. It sends its flag over the broad ocean, passes mountain chains, and leads the beast of burden through barren wastes and desert sands. No toil, no peril deters it. It defies the vertical sun of the south, and the ice of arctic seas.”

“Yes,” said Mander, joining in the conversation, “we assist, too, in the intellectual development of mankind. It was not until after I had become satisfied of this, that I was able to pass without repugnance, from the study of writings calculated to elevate the mind above every thing merely selfish and worldly, to the exchange and counting-room. We advance the growing brotherhood and further the progress of nations, by bringing them nearer to each other, thereby removing their mutual distrust, hostility, contempt, prejudice, and ignorance. For commerce is a living, moving web, stretching over the whole surface of the earth, whose threads bind all nations together, making them mutually dependent, and so teaching them to love and respect each other. It is the bearer of a never-ending exchange, not only of worldly goods, but of intellectual advancement. Not only does it make the products of each one common to all, but it scatters everywhere that intellectual light, which, without its world-embracing activity, would have shone only over a very small part of the earth’s surface. It tends

to maintain peace, because its interests, which suffer severely during war, weigh heavily in the balance against it. It makes the earth one common country, man a single nation, which, though differing in language and customs, is united by mutual intercourse, and though often roused to conflict, yet at the first note of peace, is again bound together by brotherly exchange."

"And," continued Hold, "does not the flag of commerce open to the Gospel messenger, lands which would otherwise be inaccessible to him? Does not trade build for the word of God bridges from land to land, and from people to people? Destroy commerce, and it will be long before we can say, one flock under one Shepherd, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and father of all! We can not all labor directly, but some must work indirectly, for the kingdom of God. If we would elevate our calling, which, apparently, serves to promote only immediate earthly well-being, we must learn to connect it with the one thing needful, with the raising of the children of dust to the children of God. It is a pleasure to the physician, if he has been able, by his science, to raise his patient from the brink of the grave to the enjoyment of life. But his joy is greater, diviner, if he considers besides, that God, through him, has granted to an immortal soul a longer probation in which to ripen for eternity—that God, through him, has given a sinner yet room for repentance, to one weak in faith, an opportunity to grow stronger, to the devout, time to reach still greater perfection. So, too, the merchant. He provides the necessaries and luxuries which perhaps satisfy only the

lower, sensuous nature of man, but he is an instrument in the hands of God, to smooth the way, and break the paths for the blessings and promises which bring peace and joy in time and eternity. With this consciousness, he transacts his business cheerfully. It becomes a consecrated work to him. He no longer envies the clergyman whose office is confined to purely spiritual things. Like him, he is a servant of the Lord, and desires that all should receive the blessing, even to the ends of the earth."

"Now," remarked Mander, "I understand better what you said some time ago, that you respected the efforts of mankind only as they serve to advance the cause of truth."

"But," objected Oswald, "are not large commercial towns precisely the places in which there is the most complete estrangement from spiritual things? Does not the striving for wealth and profit, most surely divert us from the search after true riches?"

"All great cities are alike in this respect," said Hold. "But irreligion is by no means the natural consequence of commerce. During the middle ages, the great commercial cities—remember Augsburg, with its noble families, Fugger and Welser—were richer in piety, virtue, and honor, than many other towns, whose renown rested on their being the seat of a bishop, or a royal residence. Return to your former calling. In the midst of corruption, be a witness for the kingdom of God. Be in your mind and life the pattern of a merchant who knows that his real treasure is in heaven, who, wakeful and active in his business, ennobles it by the consciousness of his higher vocation. Even among scoffers be not

ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, be ready to give answer to every man for the faith which is in you, and win respect even from those who do not share it. Then you will be what you desire to be, a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and perhaps more blessed in the harvest for his kingdom, than if you had sought out places which are still lying entirely fallow."

"You open to me a prospect," said Oswald, "whose attractions I can not fail to recognize, but you are sending me back to a conflict for which I am not yet sufficiently strong."

"But now you are clad in the panoply of light, armed with the sword of faith, and covered with its buckler. Yet you will have great need of constant care, of strict watchfulness. Though the Lord has done great things for you, Oswald, yours is yet but a budding faith, which needs further cultivation and development before it can refresh others with perfume and fruit. Pray God that he will strengthen and perfect you. Then he will set you for a witness without your pressing too earnestly to become one."

Oswald made no further objection, but he felt himself embarrassed by the evident distrust of the genuineness of his conversion, and might have suspected from this very feeling, that this distrust was well founded.

For his further establishment and edification, a longer stay on the hallig, and the counsel and guidance of the pastor, were certainly necessary, and Oswald's triumphant joy arose chiefly from a review of the past, and was not sufficiently blended with a serious consideration of the beginning and the end of faith.

Perhaps, too, Hold had not relied sufficiently on the

life-giving power of faith, and did not respect this conversion so much as he ought, because it was something entirely new to him. Besides, he had previously known of young Mander, only as much as the latter had chosen to show of himself, and thus he knew not that the gradual operations of the Spirit of God, which turns the hearts of men like streams of water, had long since prepared the dry ground for the seed. Even Oswald had not understood this preparation, and had seen in it only an impulse of childish weakness, which he thought it his duty to combat, and which he tried carefully to conceal, that he might not lose the name of a strong-minded man. And what witness could there be of the fearful torment of purification in that hour when every wave was a messenger which repeated the same sentence, "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment." Who could testify of the severe conflict afterward, until the morning star rose in his soul.

In his later years, Oswald had many sad proofs that he had trusted too much to himself in these first moments of enthusiasm, that the morning glow of the sun of faith is not without succeeding clouds and storms, that sometimes we may soar above heights, which, afterward, we only climb with difficulty. His fight was not yet fought. He was still to strike into wrong paths. But he had gained this, that his eyes were opened to the true goal, and for this reason he was always able to return to the right way, and his tears of repentance were blessed by the consoling words, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

And indeed, few gain more by their faith in the Gos-

pel. Their good works are, perhaps, not more numerous than those of such as despise salvation through Christ, but they know that these works are without merit, and without righteousness, and do not esteem themselves on their account, rather confessing with all humility how far they are behind the example of their Lord. Perhaps they are not stronger to withstand temptation than others, but they feel their unworthiness, and returning in sorrow and repentance, they mourn over their own sinfulness. So then, though externally they differ little from others, within they are wholly unlike. Here is humility, there pride. Here a mourning for lack of righteousness, and an ever-growing consciousness of needing a Redeemer ; there, careless excuses, thoughtlessness, and reliance on what they call "a good heart," and upon the few laudable efforts to satisfy the demands of the divine law.

We say that few gain more than this from their faith in the Gospel, and yet they will confess that even this is of infinite value. Still, far be it from us to offer any excuse for this half victory ; we would rather point to that perfection after which we must strive with prayers and entreaties, with sighs and tears, with watchings and struggles, with carefulness and hope ; the entire renewing of the spirit of our minds, that illumination of the inward man which is reflected in every thought and every feeling, in every word and every work ; which banishes every unholy emotion, every worldly desire, as cloud and shadow fly before the sun ; that new birth by which the natural man is transformed to a child of God, and the life on earth to a life in heaven, so that the world itself becomes a new creation, the joys and the

sorrows of which are witnesses that it is God's world. The idea of such a new birth is only comprehensible to those who believe in the doctrine of redemption, because by this faith, man's affections—and love is the strongest motive power in heaven and upon earth—are directed toward the Divine nature ; but this faith is not regeneration itself, as our self-love may often persuade us, it is a necessary condition to it, but remains a sounding brass, a tinkling cymbal, if it does not become living through love, through that love which labors earnestly for the sanctification of the heart and life.

But what mortal may venture, then, to call himself regenerate ?

Let us pray our Father, that he will forgive our weakness ; but woe to us if we forgive ourselves.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PARTING.

Though corn-field and vineyard no harvest give,
With a hopeful heart I would always live ;
Though faith be not sight in my earthly ill,
Yet my breaking heart shall look heavenward still.

THE approach of winter reminded the strangers that it was time to think of their departure. Mander and Oswald were reluctant to fix a day for leaving a place which had been, to them, an altar of the Most High. This island was, indeed, their birth-place, for here they had first learned, with a true sense of life, to lisp their Father's name ; here they had found that rest from the perplexity and confusion of their own spirits, for which they had thirsted. Here the night had vanished, and the morning-star had risen in their hearts. Both shrank from returning to the now distasteful element of their former life. There they must feel themselves strangers, and they loved the hallig, which, though a new, was a blessed home to them. It was with pain, too, that they thought of leaving the pastor and his wife. They respected him as their guide to light and peace, as a man in whom knowledge was blended with the most childlike faith ; a shepherd of souls, who,

with all the variety of his acquirements, with all his culture, seemed only to live for the duties of his apparently insignificant post. They respected her loving nature, her quiet management in the domestic circle, and in both, their contentment in a more than humble earthly lot; one in which thousands accustomed, as they, to something better, would have been completely miserable. They did not know that a hallig pastor was little respected, from the very fact of his being such, and that this title is sufficient to inspire many with a feeling of contempt; but had they known this, they would have considered the privations and self-denials, the weariness and the dangers of such a position, and would have represented the insignificance of the salary, the necessity of busying himself with household labors, and even the care of the sheep—the chief source indeed from which his salary was derived—his isolation from the world and all intellectual intercourse; they would have spoken of all these, to such of Hold's professional brethren as might be disposed to complain of a want of congenial society and means to keep up with the progress of knowledge. Has the clergyman—their defense would have been something of this sort—whom you admire for his refinement of manner and his bearing in the highest circles, whom you have placed among the number of well-informed, highly cultivated, even learned men—has he passed the best years of his youth and manhood as a hallig pastor? Has he tried what it is to pass from a rich world of enjoyment to such a state of privation, with a heart beating warmly for the whole human race, to be transplanted to such a forgotten soil, taken from a blooming paradise of youthful

hopes, to find himself in a situation where not only man is poor, but nature herself is more desolate than the barren heath, to be banished to such a waste, destitute of every source of knowledge, of every intellectual refreshment, condemned to servile labor, a mere keeper of sheep? Has he tried what it is to support a family on such a slender salary, earned in such a way, and then to see a threatened death in every inundation, and to know that if his wife and children survive him, they must be left as beggars to the charity of the world? Ask him, on his conscience, if, under such circumstances, he should still have been the man you so much praise? Ask him whether he could have remained true to himself for years—and many a hallig pastor never leaves his sea-girt turf during his whole life—if he could have preserved that spirit which is satisfied with an inward reward, with the consciousness that his labors are blessed and which, therefore, sustains the mind and heart under such external disadvantages?

The writer of these pages is not ashamed to confess that during the early years of his ministry, he was himself a hallig priest—as the clergymen on these islands are called, and not unfrequently in scorn—and perhaps would have been so still, had it not been found impossible to rebuild his little church after it had been swept away for the second time; and he has wished to say a few earnest words in defense of his early fellow-laborers, to those who regard them with contempt. These words will bring them no fruit, will prompt no hand to collect a fund to provide even for their intellectual necessities, and without which provision the most thinking and learned young clergyman can make no advances in

knowledge, or even keep up with the progress of the day, and it must be a rare triumph over the weakness of human nature if want, solitude, elementary teaching, care of the sheep, dependance upon the price of wool, do not by degrees dwarf the former man, and unfit him for further development. Only in him, who, before this trial, had become thoroughly penetrated with a true intellectual life, can we ever hope to find it preserved. For him who is placed in such circumstances before he is thoroughly matured, it is earnestly to be desired that his stay there should not be long. But even though it may be fruitless to you, his former companions, still he must speak with the warm zeal of a brother who has long felt the necessity of saying something for you, and who reaches his hand to you over the water. If his words return empty to him from the closed hearts of those, who, from the high places of their worldly care, look down upon you, still they will be soothing to your hearts ; and it is the first time that a voice has been heard in your defense against the unjust opinions entertained of you, and the little consideration felt for your martyrdom in the service of the church.*

* The above remarks have induced some women of rank, in Copenhagen, to make an attempt to improve the condition of the hallig clergy. Little as the success of their effort has answered their wishes, I can not pass over these exertions in silence. The interest of the capital collected will at least furnish an increased allowance for the desolate widow of some hallig pastor, in her extreme destitution, and so this mite, too, shall not lose its reward. Neither would I take back my greeting to that Danish island which was the only witness that these words, in behalf of my fellow-laborers, were not in vain, although the relief afforded

As the day of departure drew near, Idalia found it absolutely necessary to speak frankly to Godber. She would willingly have seen their connection entirely dissolved without any such explanation. She had already anticipated, in thought, her return home, and fancied herself again in the brilliant circles of her native town, in full enjoyment of an animated existence. There too, she hoped her father and brother would soon recover from their strange whims, which were only fed by solitude and their long talks with Hold. Her aversion to their mysticism, as she called it, rendered the hallig altogether disagreeable to her ; and her dissatisfaction on this subject, extended even to her relations with Godber, who was so one with his island, that he seemed to hesitate whether he would sacrifice it, or his love. There was always the same tenderness in Godber's manner ; but she well knew that he would not leave his home for her without some hesitation ; and now that his passion found no longer a response in her heart, his affectionate devotion seemed to her unmanly and childish. She could not understand how she had ever been able to think of a closer connection with him. She could no longer see what she had found extraordinary and attractive about him, and called herself a fool for having allowed her gratitude to her deliverer to go so far. She now seriously feared that he might decide to follow her, was less than was hoped. I here transcribe the last verse of that greeting, with a heart as warm as when I wrote it :

Hail to the isle where civic wreaths
Are crowning every head !
There found we ready sympathy,
And not less ready aid.

and devised various plans, in case he should go with them to Hamburg, to force him, by degrees, to retire into the back-ground, and gradually give up all hope of possessing her. But she must herself put the question, for he seemed resolved not to speak, although she had signified plainly enough her own resolution, by laying aside the dress of the hallig, and had endeavored in vain, by her coldness and reserve to alienate him ; it seemed as if he were only the more magnetically attracted toward her, the more she repulsed him. He could not fail to see that his love was no longer returned as before ; and his passion for her was cooled as well ; but the necessity of having some object in whom he could forget himself still chained him to Idalia. He anticipated her painful question, saw the hour of separation drawing nearer and nearer, and yet anxiously avoided every allusion to it.

One bright November afternoon he was standing on the sea-shore, and watching the play of the waves at his feet. A melancholy feeling gradually threw a soft veil over his thoughts and emotions, tranquilizing them as the mother does the restless child, when she wraps it in her drapery, and presses it to her breast. The past, the present, and the future, seemed blended together into a pensive vision of a quiet life, in which all his dreams and longings were realized ; but whether this picture was lighted by the rising beams of morning, or the rosy glow of departing day, he could not tell ; that it was only an image, only a longing, not a reality, the tears which rolled over his cheeks were sufficient evidence. He stood long in that forgetfulness, which, after all, is no forgetfulness, where the wings of the brightest dream are draped in mourning, and can not raise the

heart to any great heights of light and happiness. In this mood, his hallig seemed to him the only spot upon earth which could satisfy him, the place in which alone the wounds of his heart could be healed. It was impossible for him to fancy himself in the midst of social tumult ; and he shrank from the fearful loneliness and abandonment, which he should feel among men who were engaged in the loud bustle of life.

The pastor—in whom exactly opposite feelings had been excited by his intercourse with the guests of the island, by their animating conversations, by the renewed exchange of thoughts, by the recollection of the activity of the great world, and who oftener than before, looked longingly over the water which separated him from the mainland, and its spiritual and political interests—surprised Godber in his dream.

Their conversation soon turned to the subject in which both, each in his way, were especially interested.

“So, then, you are going to leave us ?” said Hold.

“No, no,” replied Godber, warmly ; “I shall not leave my home.”

“And does Idalia remain here ?” asked Hold, with astonishment.

“I do not know,” replied Godber, gently, and in a hesitating tone.

“You do not know !” exclaimed the pastor, at the same time, looking inquiringly at the young man, who stood before him, silent and with downcast eyes. “You do not know ! Godber, have you examined yourself ? are you sure that you are taking the right course ?” And as Godber still did not answer, he went on earnestly, “Certainly you would never be happy in a great

city, in an active and exciting life, among men who would only ridicule such tears as are now standing in your eyes. You, with your quiet, simple habits, would never feel yourself at home in their brilliant circles. For the son of a hallig, a hallig is the only soil in which his being can thrive ; nowhere else can he be happy. And Idalia—the inclination she has shown for you is merely the excitement of gratitude, a consequence of unusual solitude, the filling up of idle hours, or at most, an impulse of passion which she could exchange as easily as her fashionable dresses.”

Godber colored deeply with mortification at these words ; and Hold, observing it, took his hand, and said,

“It humbles your pride that I say this ; it is painful to you that another should know the fact that you have over-estimated yourself. But it would rouse your pride still more to learn it first at her side, when no retreat was possible, when you were fastened by a holy bond to the magic sphere of her brilliant being, and when you felt yourself uncomfortable there, and she allowed you to perceive that you were only a disagreeable shadow. And it is not your fault that you have trusted her honeyed words and flattering ways. It is rather to your honor that you could be deceived by it. The man who can say, ‘I was never deceived,’ has pronounced judgment against himself ; and I would shun his friendship as much as I would seek that of one whose heart was bleeding from the wounds inflicted by confidence betrayed. For this reason, Godber, and because I promised myself to do so, when in the boat you brought to restore me to my wife and child, I press myself upon you, and beg for your full confidence. I will never prove

untrue to it so long as I remember the moment when your shout and that of your companions, came ringing over the waves which were playing around my head."

Godber resisted no longer; a glance of his eye in which stood a grateful tear, and a hearty pressure of the hand, showed that the reserve he had hitherto maintained, was entirely overcome by the cordial manner in which he had been approached.

Godber now spoke frankly of his position and his feelings. He did not conceal the fact that Idalia's conduct for some time past, had greatly wounded, and almost convinced him that she wished to see her connection with him dissolved.

"Then let it be so!" said Hold. "Separate what naturally stands apart as far as pole from pole. And if your heart bleeds, cast it, with all its wounds, on your heavenly Father's heart. He will know how to heal it so that it shall come forth safely from the severe conflict, with only scars to show that one may confidently trust its strength and purity."

Hold trusted more to the future than Godber, for the latter alone knew the self-reproach which tormented him whenever he allowed himself to reflect seriously. It was but a show of strength which gave him courage to have a last decisive conversation with Idalia. The foundation of his weakness lay deeper than in disappointed affection, for in that case a return to entire peace of mind would have been very easy, since he was now on the point of breaking a chain that had thus far withheld him from the happiness for which he had toiled patiently and hopefully during long years, and which, even through the flames of a new passion, some-

times beamed on him as a milder, friendlier star. But if his love for Idalia were to seem hereafter only as a dream which fades on our waking, and scarcely survives in our memory, could he also forget that for her sake he had forsaken the ship whose helm was confided to him, that for her sake he had been faithless to his betrothed Maria? If she could forgive him, could he forgive himself? So long as he had any hope of possessing her for whom he had given up so much, there was a bright side to his sacrifice, an advantage, though perhaps too deeply purchased, an altar on which he had laid his offering. Now that he was about, himself, to annihilate this hope, it fell back upon his heart like a dark, heavy cloud, through which no beam of morning could break to enlighten the prospect of his future days. Only one thing was clear to him; that it was his immediate duty to separate from Idalia. All the future was night and darkness for him, while Hold looked forward, with happy sympathy, to the renewal of his former relations with Maria.

“Do you go with your father?” said Godber the next morning to Idalia in a tone which made the question sound as if the answer were already certain; for a sleepless night of reflection had only fixed him the more decidedly in his resolution to wrap himself, with despairing courage, in the dark drapery of an unavoidable destiny.

Idalia trembled visibly. Was it a last feeling of affection for the youth, or was it the sudden approach of the long wished-for moment of separation, which agitated her so violently? She could not immediately answer. She was seeking for words, which, while they

should cut off every hope of possessing her, should pain him as little as possible, and as is usual in such cases, her reply wounded him most severely.

“How many thanks do I owe you, Godber! Without you, I should never again have seen my native place, for which I long so much. Never”—and she took his hand and pressed it warmly—“never can I forget how you threw yourself into the rolling sea for me. Never will my gratitude to you cease, never can I fail earnestly to desire your happiness. And have we not amused ourselves pleasantly with each other on this island, and shall we not always think of it as a period of happy, childish relaxation, such as we can seldom enjoy in this world?”

Godber colored with shame and indignation. So she could call amusement, what had cost him and poor Maria the happiness of their lives. He pressed his lips together and stood for some time like one doubtful whether it were best to bridle his anger or let it break forth.

Idalia became more and more disturbed, the longer his silence lasted. She tried to summon all her pride and turn away from him, but the consciousness that she had done wrong, mingled with a certain fear of him whom she had so deeply wounded, triumphed, and she said with a caressing tone,

“What a holiday it will be for me, if you should visit us some day, in Hamburg. Then we will talk over old times, and you shall see how faithfully my memory has preserved the smallest circumstance connected with our own life together on this island.”

Godber had heard nothing of these last words, but

the angry tumult of his soul suddenly subsided to a sadness which filled his eyes with tears ; a change of emotion natural to a gentle disposition which has not been hardened by frequent excitement. The extreme tension of his features and his whole frame was followed by a relaxation which alarmed Idalia even more than the appearance of anger, as she feared an exciting scene which she wished to avoid at any price, because it would lead to nothing, and because, on witnessing Godber's deep agitation, she found that she was not so completely mistress of her own heart as she had supposed.

But Godber bethought himself that Providence had so ordered it ; that he himself desired the separation ; that in fact, this separation had long since taken place and only a word was wanting to confirm it. He turned quickly round and hastened away without casting one farewell glance at Idalia. She would have much preferred a more friendly parting. She hesitated a moment whether she should not follow him, and say a few more affectionate words to him ; but before she could resolve, it was too late. Godber hurried down the wharf and was soon in his boat alone upon the sea. He did not return until after the departure of his guests.

Here we, too, may take leave of Idalia, only casting a hasty glance into her future. Had she known how to elevate her affection for Godber into true womanly love, she might perhaps have overcome his disinclination to leave the hallig, and he might have forgotten how dearly he had purchased the happiness of being at her side. But having once in her life experienced such devotion and thrust it from her, could she expect ever

again to find a heart that saw all its desires fulfilled only in her love?

Again in Hamburg, she was soon engaged in all the amusements in which she had formerly lived, and eventually married a man whose means and inclination permitted her to shine as a wife in all those follies which fill up time and never satisfy the heart, but rather spur it on to a more headlong chase after new objects to gratify vanity and the love of pleasure. What emotions she may have felt, what memories of the past may have risen during her childless married life, when in the hours of solitude, never to be entirely avoided, she sat leaning her head upon her hand, the forgotten embroidery lying on her knee, and with half-opened eyes staring at vacuity, until, startled by the falling of a hot tear, she would spring suddenly up and pass her fingers impetuously over the strings of her harp as if the wild notes were forcibly to call forth a joy to which her heart was a stranger, he may judge who understands the following verses :

Every life hath one May morning,
One auspicious hour ; if then
Thou dost let it pass with scorning,
It returneth not again.

Fortune once draws kindly nigh thee,
Beckons thee with open hand ;
If neglected she pass by thee,
Thou henceforth art ever banned.

Tears of thine will never move her
Thy sad path to cross once more ;
Thou may'st plow the ocean over,
Thou may'st tread the furthest shore,

Gather round thee all earth's treasures,
Spread them out in shining rows;
Fill thy stately halls with pleasures,
All the pleasures that life knows,

Then from brimming goblets drinking—
Ah! thou sigh'st in all this bliss;
For thy banquet, thou art thinking,
Lacks the consecrating kiss;

And the wreath thy brow entwining,
Lacks the slighted evergreen;
For the flowers that there are shining
Blossom but to fade, I ween.

Once thou might'st have hoped, unchidden;
Fortune wooed thee once in vain;
Eden's gates stood wide, unbidden,
Once,—but hope it not again.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COMMUNION.

What God, our Father, to his own hath given,
With warring words oh, seek not to define;
Question not that which hath its root in heaven;
It claims thy childlike faith by right divine.

MANDER and Oswald wished to receive the Lord's Supper as a seal of their new covenant with him, while still with the congregation to which they had become so much attached. To her father's question, whether she would unite with them in the sacred ceremony, Idalia replied, that her thoughts were too much occupied with the prospect of their return home, to permit her to take part in the celebration with proper devotion.

It is certainly most agreeable to us, when we can clothe our "I pray thee have me excused" in the effective dress of a timid reverence for the Holy One; and there are persons who, if we are to believe them, avoid the church their lives long, solely from the conscientious fear of giving only a divided attention to the Divine service, and neglect family worship as well, waiting to the end of their days, in the hope of being sometime in a truly devotional frame of mind.

Mander inquired of Hold, when he announced to him

his own and his son's wish to receive the communion, what his views were, with regard to the holy Eucharist. Hold replied :

“ I would rather you had not inquired, but, undisturbed by contending opinions, you had resigned your soul, with entire passivity, to the impression of this celebration, and thus learned from itself what it should be to you. Perhaps this ordinance is not the same to all, but suited to the wants and capabilities of each ; and I would rather have heard from you, what worth you had found in this treasure of Christianity, than have given you a bias toward some preconceived opinion ; for such discussion is hardly practicable without giving rise to divisions in the Church, which deprive the Supper of its true character of a communion.”

“ But there can be only one true view,” objected Mander ; “ and he only can derive from the sacrament its full blessing, who knows what the Lord intended by it.”

“ All blessing comes from above,” was Hold's answer ; “ and I believe there are many who approach the Lord's table with entirely different views, and yet retire from it with equal blessing, because, when they receive the elements, they think no more of their opinions, but resign themselves to the influence which the solemnity itself has upon them. Certainly this influence will be the more sure and the more lasting with those who, both before and after the ceremony, understand its full significance.”

“ So far you have been my instructor ; continue to be so ;” begged Mander. “ Your judgment, in consideration of what I already owe to you, must have the weight of authority with me.”

“My authority should have weight with you only in so far as long years of reflection upon the sacred ordinances of the Gospel may be better than the first insight into the truth of the revelation of God in Christ. Only permit me to say once more, I do not connect the blessing of the celebration which you are contemplating so much with a full understanding of its character, as with the influence of God’s grace upon the willing heart. You should not, therefore, approach the Lord’s table with the expectation of experiencing this thing or that, but rather wait for the promise which belongs to the occasion. Do not bind yourself, or your devotion, to this or that idea of the communion, but be willing and ready to receive, with entire submission, what God offers to you in it. I, for my part, stand on the ground of the church’s teachings.”

“If we consider the divine revelation through Christ as a miracle of God’s redeeming grace, by which an entirely new means of communication with heaven enters into the life of man—not a higher development of what previously existed, but something entirely dissimilar—as an elevation of the natural man, by which he is made a recipient of that life which was with the Father, and which has appeared upon earth—then we can not deny its continued existence and constant action to be a standing miracle. If, instead of a mediation between that which is above and that which is below, linking its spiritual gifts to those already bestowed on us—as is the case with us in our most sacred hours of devotion, as was the case with the prophets in an extraordinary degree—there is promised a Mediator in whom Heaven and earth are become one ; so we must not presume to

measure the teachings, the blessings, and the promises of such a Mediator by the rules we apply to things that are obedient to laws, according to which Heaven and earth remain widely separated, and can never be brought near each other, except by this bond of spiritual communion. We should rather expect that whatever flows from this great fact, should not only proclaim the fact a miracle, but should itself possess a miraculous character. So with the Lord's Supper. It is not merely to renew the memory of the fact of expiation, but it is the fact itself which is to be renewed in the believer. In this sacrament he gives himself anew to me, not I myself to him. As redemption was conditioned by his bodily life and sufferings upon this earth, so is the Lord's Supper not only spiritual food for the soul, but a food both Heavenly and earthly, by which we become his, and he ours, in a perfect union. In the sacrament is Christ entire ; the instructor, the redeemer, the sufferer, and the conqueror ; the crucified and the risen, the son of Mary and the Son of God, the first not less than the last. While in every other ordinance, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, stands out the most prominent, in this sacrament *both* are united in one, and are conjointly received by us. Without the bodily presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper, redemption becomes a fact in time, which lives on only in faith ; it has entirely left the kingdom of the earthly, and has ascended into the kingdom of the spiritual ; while, on the contrary, it should also survive, on its earthly side, in the holy communion, not only because Christ still lives in the soul of the believer, but because he is himself actually present to the communicant. For his living on in our

souls is always only our life in him, dependent on our understanding and our devotion ; it is not, in very deed and truth, his life in us ; it is ourselves, not he. But our age is not poorer than that of the first disciples, if we do not make it poorer ourselves. We have not only his teachings, blessings, and promises, but we have himself, his body and his blood. To us also, is the new creation offered, which, penetrating and transfiguring our souls, as well as our bodies, raises us to unity with him. 'How can such things be' is not here the question, and all theories and formulas are follies. The only question is, Is this doctrine of the communion as taught by the theory and formulas of the Lutheran church—so far as human speech is capable of expressing such things without glozing or subtilizing—in accordance with the words of Holy Writ, with the whole wonderful counsel of God in the redemption of the children of men, with the fact of redemption itself, and with the faith of those who deserve to be called high priests in the great congregation of the Christian Church ? By this last reference, I do not intend to put forward any human authority, as such faith must find its support in the general accordance of the answers obtained from the other sources, but I would maintain that, as intellectual knowledge is the fruit of our intellect, so spiritual truth is the fruit of the divine Spirit. This Spirit has its special times and seasons for strengthening the faith of the Church. For that which strengthens the faith of the individual is in no way to be connected with the labors of councils, or with the midnight studies of the theologian ; but its cradle is a heart, which, with its world-overcoming faith, does indeed overcome the

world—a heart that not merely gathers a few sparks from dust and ashes, but is enkindled by a holy flame, and is purified and enlightened by this flame, to a temple from which God willingly sends forth his voice to the world. Therefore whoever would put forth new theories and new formulas in spiritual things, let him not only ask himself what he knows, but also, what is his life in God and his walk before him. With scholastic learning and critical acumen one may venture to cut up a Homer ; but the inspiration still glowing in the divided members, will flash up again to a clear flame, and a new figure comes forth in all its pristine strength and beauty. If now, this dry, cold chemistry, even in its analysis of the products of man's mind and heart, like the knight of the sorrowful countenance, obtains only a brief victory which makes subsequent defeat the more certain, with what face can it presume to experiment in the realm of the spiritual ? So then the true doctrine of divine things, as also the true formula for its expression, can be given only by the Spirit of God ; and this requires temple and altar, the heights of Horeb and the plains of Mamre, hearts whose wings are capable of an eagle's flight, men who have courage and humility enough to pray God for illumination."

"But," remarked Mander, "does not the Reformed Church,* which owes her being to just such men as you have described, regard the Lord's Supper merely as a commemorative celebration ?"

"The Reformed Church too," was Hold's reply, "through the influence of Calvin, soon inclined toward a deeper significance ; although in the Catholic and Lu-

* The *Reformed*, as distinguished from the *Lutheran* Church.

theran Churches only—however little they may agree in the nicer points of this doctrine and its consequences—will be found a deeper and a juster estimate of this sacrament ; for every thing which we have endeavored to add to it through the excitement of feelings to the highest point, by meditating upon the Lord, only produces a certain shrinking from considering it merely as commemorative. They feel the necessity of giving the congregation a nutriment which is not mere crumbs, but a satisfying bread of life ; and they but add spices, forgetting that these are only designed to give flavor, and not to content hunger.”

“How, then,” inquired Mander, “can you associate such forgetfulness with the high priesthood which you have just attributed to those men who are pillars in the church of God, and among whom you reckon Zwinglius and Calvin?”

“Remember, that to the authority of these Gospel heroes, I found a check in the comparison of their accordance with the testimony of other witnesses. Where there is agreement, I submit cheerfully ; and there is this agreement in the vital point of the Gospel, the doctrine of redemption ; where there is not this agreement, I search with more zeal the Word of life, but I rejoice when the truth that I find, has many other witnesses in the Church of God.”

“I must frankly confess,” said Mander, “that the words, ‘Do this in remembrance of me,’ seem to me so natural in the mouth of the Saviour at the moment when they were spoken—just before the death upon the cross—and the institution to which they referred, seems so naturally connected with the hour of separation, that

I can not but regard it in its nature and character, as only designed for the maintenance of a lively recollection of the sufferings and death of its Founder."

"On the other hand, I must confess," replied Hold—"so do judgments differ—that nothing seems more strange to me than a ceremony in memory of him who is the way, the truth, and the life for us ; in whom the present improved condition of society had its rise and progress, to whom we are consecrated in baptism, in whose light we breathe, in whose congregation we live, to whom we owe joy, peace, and blessedness, in life and death. Can he who said, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away,' and, 'I am with you even unto the end of the world ;' can he have intended to establish in this Supper, only a commemorative festival, such as one might have ordained, who feared that his teachings and blessings would be forgotten, and yet desired to live on in the memory of man, as an individual who had been useful in his day ? Must not, indeed, such an ordinance lose its significance in the Christian church, in proportion as the church more zealously cherishes the memory of its Lord ? The more entirely a soul belongs to him, the more deeply a soul loses itself in the fullness of his blessings and promises, so much the less important would be an ordinance which should only remind it not to forget him.

"The Apostle Paul speaks further of the Lord's Supper in such a manner that all idea of regarding it merely as a memorial, must vanish. He says, 'Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body

and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.' ”

“Permit me,” interposed Mander, “to ask a question on this point. Could the first disciples who sat at the table with their Master, have enjoyed in the bread and wine, such a sacrament as you are supposing, since the Lord himself was then present with them ?”

“I need not answer this question,” said Hold, “until you have replied to my objections to regarding it merely as a memorial, until you have shown that the theory by which it is endeavored to give the communion a higher character without confessing the bodily presence, is really any thing more than the superadding of accessories, which, with all their apparent abundance, leave it, after all, simply a commemorative ceremony, the joining in which has no other effect on the believer than such as may be derived from any lively refreshment of our memory of the Lord and Redeemer. But I would remind you, that not much depends upon the answer to your question. If we recognize in the Lord's Supper a church ordinance for all future Christian congregations—and this but few have denied—so it may well have a significance for the later professor, different from that which it had for the first disciples to whom the visible presence of the Redeemer was itself a sacrament, an import which it first received after our Lord had ascended again to his heavenly Father. This other significance consists only in this, that we have in the bread and wine what they had visibly before them.

The virtue of the Supper, its sacramental fullness, is the same, only sight with them, faith with us. Yet I feel how uncertain are all our explanations in this realm of the spiritual. The divine can only be experienced."

"You leave me with such a feeling of uncertainty in my heart," said Mander, with a sigh, "that I regret having asked any questions."

"I was satisfied beforehand, that you would derive no other fruit from this discussion. But perhaps hereafter, you may say with me to those who do not reverence the Lord's Supper in its full significance, Do not strip your church of her holy ornaments, take not the crown from her head, do not sever the roots of her life from an inward actual communion with him who came forth from the Father that he might testify of him. For the rest, you should approach the Lord's table with devotion and submission, thankfully receiving what out of his fullness he bestows. He is something to all who come to him, and he so draws them to himself that he becomes every thing to them. You will not miss his blessing."

The hour for the celebration had arrived. The whole congregation had assembled for the communion, according to special announcement made on the previous Sabbath; for on the halligs this ceremony can not take place at stated intervals, owing to the winds and inundations which often prevent the inhabitants from attending worship. The little church was contiguous to the pastor's house, or rather, indeed, under the same roof with the dwelling. After the conclusion of the hymn, Hold approached the altar and gave a short, impressive address, whose simple style seemed intended

for the comprehension of his ordinary hearers, while, from its very simplicity and the constant presentation of that which had not yet ripened to clear insight in the minds of the two who were now drawing near the table of the Lord for the first time, with sincere longing for the promised blessing—it produced upon them a truly edifying and strengthening impression. At the conclusion of this address, the oldest person in the congregation, a man with snow white hair, advanced toward the pastor, and bowing his head, spoke with a voice trembling with emotion, and the feebleness of old age, as follows, while all present rose from their seats :

“ Dear and respected pastor, I speak for myself and in behalf of the rest of the congregation. I entreat you to hear my confession, and repeat to me the promise of pardon.

“ I poor, sinful man, confess and lament that I have transgressed again and again the commands of the Lord my God, often sinning against both him and my neighbor, and truly, I justly merit God’s sentence of temporal and spiritual death. But I do earnestly repent of all my sins, and am heartily sorry for them, and I have no consolation except in the grace of God, which is greater than my transgressions, and in the dear merits of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. I come, therefore, now in the day of grace, that I may receive forgiveness, and therewith new joy in God and strength to sanctification through his Spirit. Amen.”

This circumstance, unexpected to the strangers, failed not to produce its effect upon their hearts. Mander felt deeply how important it was that the congregation should take such an active part in this solemnity. For

the moment he felt himself one with the venerable old man who was speaking for all. It seemed his own confession, his own prayer, and he therefore felt more clearly and significantly, that he was approaching the communion with humble entreaties in expectation of the promises, than he would have done had the pastor alone spoke. Oswald trembled violently. Every word that the old man said, sank into his soul. It seemed to him as if the prayer came from his own lips, but as if it were more heartfelt, more forcible, more earnest ; while it expressed his own longings, it became, as it were, a call from the depths, a cry for mercy, a sigh of aspiration, upon whose answer his life depended.

When the old man had ended, the pastor folded his hands, raised his eyes in silent prayer, and then, after a short pause, said, laying his right hand on the head of the venerable man before him, who, in the mean time, had kneeled on the steps of the altar :

“ He who came into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be blessed, he who calls the weary and the heavy laden to himself that he may refresh them, he says, through the office which he has bestowed upon me, to you and to this congregation which have made true confession through you : ‘ Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.’ ”

As the minister now stretched forth his hands toward the whole congregation, and repeated the words once more, “ Thy sins be forgiven thee,” a vail seemed to fall from the souls of Mander and Oswald.

The Gospel had now become to them light, power, and life, and all obscurity, weakness and lukewarmness

melted like the last cloudy day of winter, before the conquering breath of spring. They felt themselves so open, so ready to receive every influence from above, so clear and decided in their faith, so light and happy in their confidence in the fulfillment of the promise, that the realm of the spiritual, in which the Divine manifests itself to the human, seemed to them a region altogether natural, where they felt themselves already quite at home, and they drew near to the table of the Lord, fully confessing their faith in the whole doctrines of their church.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FAREWELL.

Life hath sorrows which, unspoken,
The resolved heart may dare;
But have words the silence broken,
Broken is the strength to bear.

THE departure of the strangers was fixed for the next day. The business, which had detained them, had been completed some days previous, to the satisfaction of all parties; and Mander and Oswald took leave of the inhabitants of the hallig by a visit to every house. All received them as dear friends whom they could never hope to see again; and took leave of them with a solemnity becoming a last interview; nowhere without tears on the part of the islanders, always so sensible to every kindness shown to them. These people—especially those on the hallig of which we are speaking, and on which, so far as the church records show, no illegitimate child was ever born, and within the memory of the oldest person, no angry quarrel had ever existed—are quite too easily disposed to consider the world, with the exception of their little island, as given up to infidelity and disorder, particularly the larger towns; and the fact that the strangers had united with them in the

communion service, had raised them so much in their estimation that they regarded them with a sort of admiring reverence. They did not know that their island had proved to their guests an Emmaus, where they first recognized the Lord. Each family gave special thanks to Mander for the silver candelabra which he had presented to the church for the altar, and which the pastor, for certain reasons, had not placed on the table the day previous, but had shown in the evening to such persons as had assembled at his house. But their most painful leave-taking was from Hold. As an indication of their friendship and gratitude, they made presents to the pastor and his wife, which were received without affected reluctance. The difficulty, too, with which these things had been brought from so great a distance, and the time required for it, were indications that their friendship was to last longer than their brief stay on the island. Hold received every thing gratefully, declining only a cask of wine, which was to have been sent to his house, as he had long since ceased to make use of it as a drink. But, even here, he was obliged to yield partially, as Mander insisted that it might be serviceable to the sick and suffering in the congregation, though the pastor himself might have no occasion for it.

Who could have foreseen, on listening to this discussion, that the lives of several persons, and the health of the whole congregation were to depend upon the reception of this gift, at first so positively declined.

Oswald took leave of Maria with more emotion even than he had felt at parting with the other islanders, and Mander deposited with the pastor a sum of money for Maria and Godber, hoping, as did Hold, that they

might soon be happily united, and promising to make it a yearly stipend. Also the ring of betrothal which she had once given to Godber, and had withdrawn from his finger during his illness, Idalia had requested her father to restore to her. Mander gave it to the pastor, that he might choose the proper moment in which to return it.

The travelers found the whole congregation assembled on the shore ; and after one more pressure of the hand, and one more hearty farewell, with tears in their eyes, the father and son went on board. Idalia turned more than once her swimming eyes back toward the little island which was soon to disappear in the mist. She would have gladly bid the vessel stay, not for the sake of landing again, but to keep the hallig in her sight. All her thoughts and emotions were in confusion ; and she could no more direct them to the future, than she could center them on the past. It would have been a comfort to her, if the ship that was bearing her steadily onward, had been overtaken by the ebb, and detained between the two shores, just as she was herself midway between the past and future. Her first steps on the mainland were tremulous and staggering, like the uncertain tread of one who first sets foot on shore, after having been accustomed to the motion of a ship during a long storm.

The islanders remained on the shore so long as the fog permitted them to catch a glimpse of the vessel ; and mutual signals of farewell were exchanged, long after it was possible to know whether they could be seen by each other.

During the whole day the pastor was in a mood which

he called sadness at parting from his friends ; but it was more than this separation which moved him so deeply. All the dreams of his youth had been awakened by his conversations with those visitors from the great world in which he had himself formerly moved, so rich in hope, so full of life. His early friends, from whom he had quite disappeared since his transfer to the hallig, beckoned him anew into their circle. The lands through which he had traveled by their side, lay once more before him in all their beauty. The active movement of the political world, of which now and then a solitary journal furnished a very meager account, presented itself again to his mind, like a magical picture which suddenly shines before us bright in the midst of darkness. The rich field of knowledge spread out its blossoms and perfumes before his soul, in the most attractive manner ; but like a beautiful garden which we may look at through gratings, and yet into which we can not enter. And here was this barren hallig, with this briny waste around it—this dense fog which enveloped him as if to shut him out forever from the world. Had he placed to his thirsty lips the cup of Djemschid upon whose brim the past, the present, and the future, were painted, only now to pine his life away for another draught ? With what entirely different feelings, with what fair hopes for his earthly life, had he trod the mountains of Switzerland, wandered along the river-banks of his native country, from which he was now perhaps banished forever, forgotten on a miserable sod, surrounded by a turbid sea, obliged to submit to every variety of privation and self-denial ! He went down to the beach. He gazed wistfully into the mist, as if his eye could penetrate it, and

follow the thoughts which flew beyond the sea, and swept over mountain and valley. His longing found expression in a song which came like a deep sigh from his heart :

Float away, oh mournful measure!

Greet once more my native strand,
Dear, and beautiful, and sacred;
Greet my German Fatherland.

Greet those verdant hills and valleys
Where rings clear the hunter's note;
Where the blue and shining waters
Play around the fisher's boat.

Where the avalanches thunder
Down the Staubbach's silvery mist;
Oh! to climb those snow-capped mountains,
Breathe the air that them hath kissed.

Where, as decked with bridal chaplets,
Glowing in the evening red,
Jungfrau lifts her snowy forehead—
Oh, once more her slopes to tread!

Or wander on thy banks, O Saale,
Where the pine its arched roof rears
O'er the monuments of heroes,
Crumbled by the storms of years.

Everywhere, along the Danube,
On the Elbe and on the Rhine,
Is my Fatherland the worthy
Birthplace of the German line.

Rich alike in oaks and vineyards,
Rough with rocks, and soft with flowers,
Everywhere you trace the features
With which all her sons she dowers.

Float away, oh mournful measure!
Greet once more my native land;
Every beauty, every pleasure
Liveth in my Fatherland.

Ah, in vain do my complainings
Wake the hidden pain once more;
No mild breeze will deign to bear them
Kindly to my native shore.

Ocean's waves are roaring round me,
Ocean mists my vision veil,
All unanswered are my greetings,
Lost upon the adverse gale.

CHAPTER XXII.

REPENTANCE.

The present and the past thou know'st,
But every rising day
Doth consecrate thee yet anew—
To what, there's none can say.

Soon after the departure of the strangers, Godber returned to the hallig and continued to live in his house, quite alone. When any one saw him, he turned away with a melancholy look, and avoided all conversation, with a painful shyness. His house, and his wharf, during his long absence, and especially since the death of his father, had become quite ruinous; but he did nothing toward the necessary repairs, and did not seem to observe that the waves, during the stormy Christmas week, had caused great damage, and made his stay there even unsafe.

The pastor often went to him and endeavored to revive in him new hopes for the future. He spoke often, though the subject seemed little agreeable to Godber, of Maria's devout submission to the will of God, of the calmness with which she awaited her destiny, of the kindness of her heart which could retain the memory of no wrong. Without excusing Godber's conduct, he

endeavored to make it appear in as mild a light as possible, and pointed him to the merciful love of God which does not suffer us to be crushed by the burden of a guilty conscience.

One day, when he was talking in this way, Godber, who had till now listened in silence, rose from his chair, and standing before him, gazed at him fixedly, and said in a tone at once solemn and fearful,

“Will the God you speak of, uncreate that night in which I forsook the helm of my vessel, to save her for whose sake I twice broke faith? Will he who has healed Maria’s wounded heart, rebuild that fair model which became a miserable wreck through me? Had you set fire to your church in blind passion, would you forget it so easily as you think I ought to forget my wrong to the ship? Will God call back to life the three who lie in the church-yard yonder, that I may again hear from them, ‘Godber is a brave pilot,’ without hearing at the same time, a hellish laughter in my ears?”

Hold trembled, as much from the wild expression of Godber’s countenance and words, as from the discovery of an unsuspected weight on the young man’s conscience. But Godber continued:

“You tremble at such crimes, and yet you only hear of them; and I who have committed them, should not I be crushed under their load? There is no help for me!”

In a more subdued tone, whose slight tremulousness indicated a transition from stern despair to sorrowful emotion, he added, after a short pause:

“Even if you bring Maria to my arms a happy bride,

you can not say these eyes have never wept through fault of yours, this heart has never bled through you, the fidelity of the sons of the hallig has received no stain from you. Maria has only *my* wrong to forget. Such forgetting is easy. But to forget it myself, death must help me do that. And death itself can not help me," cried he, in a voice of terror, "for after that comes the judgment."

So saying, he covered his face with his hands, and sank back into his chair, in a silent stupor.

After considering some time, the pastor went to God-ber and said—

"I will not talk to you of the vessel, will not call your attention to the fact that perhaps no skill of yours could have availed to save it ; how much more probable it is that you would have all perished in that case, while now five persons owe their lives to you. But I will speak of the Gospel which proclaims pardon. We are altogether sinners, and have nothing wherein to glory before God. If we conscientiously examine our own works, we must confess that we can not stand before a just and holy God, we must confess that in the light and judgment of the Divine law our virtue must melt away like a shadow, and that, on the other hand, our sins rise over our heads. Before the words "Be ye holy for I am holy !" before the declaration that "For every idle word which proceedeth out of your mouth ye shall give an account," no excuse stands, no pretext, no justification. Our weakness is but falsehood, for it is the fruit of a lying spirit, who darkens and disfigures the Divine command, but who could never have that power if we did not ourselves grant it to him, suffering evil desires to

grow up within us. What we call temptations and seductions are merely responses from without to the enticing voice of sin from within. Whoever does not take the word holy in its full signification, as a complete purification of ourselves and our lives from all evil thoughts and worldly desires, as a perfect transformation from a child of Adam to a child of God in every thought, word and deed—he knows nothing of the Creator and his will, or of our vocation upon earth, and still supposes that one may worship both God and mammon; for all imperfection and lukewarmness are abhorrent to our Maker, since whosoever keepeth the whole law and yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all. From this severity we have no power to abate any thing, and God himself can not, for he is holy.”

Godber wrung his hands, and sobbed aloud, “There is no help for me !”

But the pastor continued, “If we lay this to heart, we can not stand before God with joy, nor with joy fulfill his commands. For between him and us our sins have raised a thick wall of partition, which excludes us from all hope and consolation, and our attempt to change our characters and lives, must fail because sin which has once become powerful in us, can only be overcome by a severe conflict. To the success of this conflict, joy in God and love to him are necessary; and we have them not, so long as our heavy-laden conscience only testifies of the Judge of quick and dead.”

“He has pronounced sentence already,” exclaimed Godber.

“We must be able to cast off the old robe of our own righteousness, and put on a wedding-garment. We

must be able to lay aside our burden, and with a light heart begin a new life. We must be able to renounce our sorrowfulness, and look heavenward with joy. But such ability lies not in our own strength. If we attempt it of ourselves, our feeble efforts are soon paralyzed by the consciousness of unforgiven sin. Neither can we forgive ourselves for the least impure thought, for we stand not at our own bar, but are under the law and judgment of God."

"I know it, I know it," groaned Godber.

But the pastor went on in an elevated tone: "We need the forgiveness of God; not merely a presumed, supposed, hoped-for pardon, but a certainty against which the gates of hell can not prevail. And now, Godber, the time is fulfilled, the night is passed, and the day has dawned! The great mystery of redemption has been proclaimed upon earth; God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. Arise, thou weary, sinful soul, arise! For there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. These words did not proceed merely from man's longing desire for consolation; in that case they would be unavailing, would have no power against the eternally renewed assaults of an accusing conscience. It is the word of him who came forth from the Father that he might bear witness of him, and it stands surer than the firmament of heaven. The Saviour speaks, he whose word is not his own, but the word of him who sent him. He speaks, and through him the Judge of quick and dead, 'Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.' So, Godber, open your heart and receive within the love that is seeking with these words to enter where judgment against sin has already

been felt. Cast aside your heavy burden and enter joyfully upon a new path, as if you were born again and had no past. Think of that only, as a means of preserving that humility which esteems as nothing its own merits, and its own righteousness, only to cherish a lively zeal for the crown of perfection in all holiness of heart and life, only to shun sin, which, as you have experienced, renders us so miserable, only to praise with joy, peace, and blessedness to your life's end, the grace of your heavenly Father who hath done so great things for you. Remember the past, not to make it a curse to yourself, but a blessing, as God will remember it only to lead you forth from it into the kingdom of his blessings and promises."

Godber was much moved by the minister's words, and if they could not restore to him the peace which had fled from him, they served, at least, to turn his eyes once more with a hasty, timid, but prayerful look, toward heaven, and through the tempest of his troubled conscience to send a gentle breath, as if from a land of peace. They called forth hot tears, and at the same time made an outlet for the consuming fires of remorse which thereby lost their maddening power over him. He seized the pastor's hand, and bowing his head, laid his burning forehead upon it, acknowledging his kindness in wishing to bring him out of his darkness.

But the sufferer who is grateful to those who desire to relieve him, is already on the right road to receive consolation.

Under the guidance of Hold, Godber became more calm every day. By excusing his conduct as far as possible at first, and then condemning it where it deserved

censure, he had gradually succeeded in obtaining the entire confidence of him who judged himself so severely, and in this way he brought him at length to the feet of the Saviour. For the way to Golgotha leads over Sinai, and whoever seeks to find an easier path thither, will only half reach his destination, and, therefore, only find an imperfect peace which will not stand the test of lonely, solemn hours of self-examination.

At the same time, the pastor often turned the conversation upon worldly matters, called Godber's attention to the miserable condition of his wharf, reminded him that he was neglecting his little flock of sheep, advised him, and asked for advice in trifling household affairs, and in this way, roused him to activity and to an interest in the ordinary duties of life. He now thought his victory complete, and that the unhappy separation between Godber and Maria was near its close. But here he found an unexpected obstacle. Every allusion to a reunion was repulsed by both.

"Oh this eternal halfwayness!" exclaimed Hold. "Our gracious Father in heaven has done every thing, that his children may enjoy this world and its good gifts; has freed us, in his mercy, from the weight of a guilty conscience; demands no more penance, no more sacrifice, but desires that in the experience and acknowledgement of his boundless love, we should now live cheerful and happy, accepting and enjoying with childlike confidence what he offers us out of his fullness. He will have the hearts of his children to be open to his love, not merely to that love which speaks to them in loud organ-like tones, but also to that which breathes, as it were, in the soft notes of the flute. He

will have his children rejoice, not only in his heaven, but on his earth ; he will have them not only thank him as the great Father above, who pours out his consolation upon the weary and heavy laden, but also as a Father here below, who is present with the happy as well, and loves the hearts which are grateful to him for having made their pilgrimage so bright with sunshine, so rich with blossoms. And we will make a merit for ourselves, by doing penance continually, and take pleasure in denying ourselves the enjoyment of his temporal blessings, as if we hoped in so doing to establish a claim upon his promises for eternity ! That is a false modesty which refuses to receive any thing at his hand, a modesty which seeks to add something to the divine work of redemption, as if cheerful faith, childlike love, and the sanctification which results from such faith and such love, as the fruit follows the blossom, were not sufficient ; but as if by rejecting all pleasure in the works and gifts of God here below, a sacrifice, worthy of consideration, was offered."

"O no," cried Godber, "it is not so ! and if I had ever thought so before, you have long since cured me of this sickly humility which is the child of pride. But, Maria could never be happy by my side. In every cloud which shaded my brow she would see Idalia, in every thought which I did not utter she would read that name. Waked by painful visions from her own slumbers, she would listen to my dreaming words, and I should live with her in constant fear of giving her occasion, even though innocently, of doubting my love. It would be quite a different thing if we had not known each other before, but broken faith always leaves a

thorn behind which the most watchful love but forces in the deeper, since it must seem like calculation, to the heart once so cruelly deceived."

Hold could not make much objection, and perhaps, too, Godber was in the right. At any rate the pastor saw that Maria's feelings were much the same, for she answered every allusion to the renewal of their former connection, with a negative which could not have proceeded from any doubt that Godber would again seek her hand. Besides, they both seemed to enjoy such a childlike cheerful contentment, that whoever had seen them, without being acquainted with the bitter experiences of their lives, would have regarded it as the ingenuous hopefulness of youth, when in fact, it was the fruit of entire submission to the will of God, and the reflection of a heart filled with his peace.

"Let us leave the solution of this difficulty to time," said the pastor to his wife.

"To time? yes, if time were only ours."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FLOOD.

And such a night! through life's long years,
Fixed as a rock, it bides for aye;
Its image on the heart impressed,
No flood of tears can wash away.

So came the third of February, 1825. The portion of the story which follows, consists almost entirely of simple historical facts; and if much should seem to the reader like too bold a picture of the imagination, we can assure him of its entire truthfulness. It is precisely in those points where the events seem to pass into the region of the marvelous, that the greatest care has been taken to give the facts without any coloring; and for this reason, the materials for the following description were taken entirely from an account of that terrible night of distress in the author's own congregation.

Heavy storms from the northward had driven the waves over the island, so that even during the ebb, the hallig remained covered with water. But accustomed to such storms, and comparing its strength and direction with previous ones, the inhabitants supposed they had nothing to fear on this occasion; and while the waves dashed against the wharves, and the cabins

trembled from the shocks of the blast, most of them went early and quietly to their beds. Hold sat up somewhat later, occupied with some literary labor. His wife was quietly sleeping in an adjoining chamber by the side of her first-born.

To Hold's surprise, Maria stepped softly into his room.

"The water is rising very high," said she, with a trembling voice.

"What !" cried Hold, and then checked the exclamation for fear that he might wake his wife.

"It is not full flood till two o'clock ; and now it is scarcely ten, and the wharf is even now nearly covered," continued Maria. "The waves are already beating against Godber's house ; and one side of the wharf is settling away. From my window, I saw him standing in his door. He looked so fixedly over toward me."

Hold sprang up hastily, and hurried with Maria to the open door.

A brilliant moon was pouring a dazzling light over the ocean, whose broad, full waves, foaming and dashing, alternating in dark valleys and shining ridges, broke around the scattered dwellings, and over each other, as if one sea would drown another.

"God be merciful to our poor souls this night !" cried Hold, and looked anxiously back, as he thought of his wife. She already stood behind him ; and with that calmness which, in hours of the greatest danger, is found almost more frequently in woman than in man, she said, as she threw her arms about his neck :

"At least, we shall die together, you and I, and our child. I shall not be left behind, as once before, when these waves threatened you."

At the same instant, a portion of Godber's house fell ; and it was plain enough to foresee that the wretched condition of the wharf, which had now become so evident, would soon cause the complete destruction of the house and the speedy death of its inmate. But Godber, although many a wave rolled near his feet, and drenched him with its spray, appeared quite insensible to the danger. There he stood in the bright moonlight, his very features almost distinguishable, in the same spot where Maria had first observed him. His look, however, was no longer turned toward the house of the pastor, but directed to the side, where lay the churchyard, the top of the wall which surrounded it being now only occasionally visible. That one side of his house had given way, did not seem to move him. Maria cried out to him from her agonized heart. He did not hear her. There ! did she slide accidentally from the side of the wharf, now made slippery by the lashing of the waves ? or was it an intentional effort to reach Godber ? Maria sank into the sea, and rose the next moment on the foaming crest of a billow, twenty paces from the mound, and then drifted away on the dark ridge of a succeeding wave.

The shriek of terror from Hold and his wife, roused Godber from his stupor. His eye flew rapidly over the water, in the direction from which the piercing cry had come ; and at the same instant, a huge wave lifted Maria again aloft ; and through its cloud of foam were seen the raised head and extended arms of the poor girl. Godber plunged into the stormy sea, measuring with great presence of mind the progressive motion of the water, which, fortunately, was almost exactly in the

direction of his house. A long boat-hook which he had been holding to support himself against the violence of the tempest, served as a sort of anchor in his battle with the mighty billows, to which his strength would have been otherwise unequal ; and in this way, he struggled on in the direction of the object he had seen. Just as he rose to take breath from the deep vortex of a wave which had broken over him—see ! on the white edge of the nearest wall of water, a dark figure which is swept onward directly toward him ; and in a moment more, Godber stood again on his wharf, and Maria hung as if lifeless in his arms.

So far, the anxious eyes of the pastor and his wife had observed all their motions ; but now, a huge wave which rolled over the floor of the house, warned them to make the preparations necessary for their own safety. Hold fastened the shutters as closely as possible, and bolted the doors. The best sheep should have been taken up to the garret ; but the two alone were not strong enough to do this ; and therefore, they were obliged to content themselves with carrying up whatever else they had most valuable. But not to expose their child unnecessarily to the cold of the upper room, and in the hope that by further strengthening, the door might be made to resist the waves, they determined to remain below as long as possible. It is true that light articles began to float about them, as the surrounding water could not be entirely excluded from the house ; but as yet there was no opening large enough to make them fear immediate danger from the power of the element within. The mother, to be ready for any event, had taken into her arms her child, who, after a drowsy,

but loving look at its parents, slept on quietly as before. They spoke little, but sat by each other on the heavy oak table, which, being an heir-loom of the parsonage, had often before felt the sea around it; and at every surge which shook the foundations of the house, they pressed closer to each other. In the course of the next half hour, every box and chest in the house was afloat; and the water had risen to the top of the table. Now they were forced to leave their position, and wade to the garret stairs. But before they had reached them, the waves struck with a noise like thunder against the door on the west side of the house, which gave way, and with it a portion of the wall of the dwelling, forcing in a large beam which broke down the stairs with a fearful crash. In bewildered terror, the unhappy pair stood for some moments motionless and breathless; they embraced each other closely, and hid their deadly pale faces, each on the breast of the other. Just then, they heard loud lamentations near them; and from the fragment of the roof which the beam brought with it, and which fell to pieces in an instant, a neighbor, whose wharf stood only a short distance from the parsonage, was, with his wife, thrown in beside them.

“My child, my child,” screamed the poor woman, in the most heart-rending tone when she recovered from her first bewilderment. The child had been fastened to a bundle of hay, as the father had foreseen the destruction of the house, and the unhappy parents did not know whether it had been crushed by the falling of the wall, or was floating about in the water.

“My child, my child,” cried the mother again and again, and the father joined in the lament. Both for-

got that they were saved for the moment, both forgot that the next instant the wild waves might sweep them off again, a sacrifice to the raging sea. The situation of the pastor's family, as well as that of their neighbors, was now perilous in the extreme. The waves were rolling around them with terrible violence, breaking down, one by one, all the partitions in the interior of the house, madly tossing about the heaviest weights as if they had been but feathers, and the unfortunate inmates, in danger every moment of being crushed by the large objects thus driven about, stood half dead with fear before the open passage to the garret, which seemed only to mock them with the hope of life, since there was no longer any means of reaching the floor above. But it was some relief to them, when a portion of the wall opposite the place which had first given way, was carried off, while the part directly behind them, still remained firm. The boxes, beams, and fragments of the wall, which had been so dangerous, were washed out through this opening, and they soon had only to sustain themselves against the continually rising flood, for the bare posts alone remained, except just where they were standing. Had the wall here given way, they must all have been swept out into the sea. But the flood rose higher and higher, and the certainty of death increased, for even with the aid of the wall, the greatest exertion was necessary to enable the unfortunate sufferers to keep themselves on their feet, and it was utterly impossible for them to reach the garret. Already several waves had broken over their heads, and Hold's wife was obliged to lift the weeping child that she had not been willing to confide even to her hus-

band, still higher, to prevent its drowning in her arms. But help had been provided for them long before any mortal could have dreamed of this danger. The wine cask which Mander had forced the pastor to accept, having been probably undermined by the water, was rolled over by a heavy wave and left standing directly under the opening into the garret, at which they had been gazing with such longing despair. Inspired with new hope, they succeeded by the aid of this cask, in climbing into the loft. But what a place of refuge! A floor, already shattered by the tempest, supported by posts which were trembling at every shock of the waves; around and beneath them the angry ocean whose billows often threw their foaming spray over the very roof and poured abundant streams through its openings! In this situation, quiet compared with that from which they had just escaped, the child soon fell into a gentle slumber which was not broken by the hot tears that the mother dropped upon her precious burden. But the neighbor's wife, starting from a torpid silence, began once more to moan aloud for her son. And now the church, which, we have already said, was under the same roof, was swept away. This would have been quite unnoticed—for the howling of the wind, the roar of the waves, and the creaking of the timbers in every joint, united in such a deafening confusion, that not even the thunder of heaven could have been heard—had not the falling church carried away with it the studs which had, till now, supported the roof on two sides, leaving of the garret floor only a couple of narrow boards, with a few rafters above it, over which the thatching hung in rags, thus completely exposing the

north and east side. What a prospect! A broad boundless expanse of waves that, sometimes, heaping themselves up like an arch, threatened to crush their place of refuge at a single stroke, then sinking down, surged up from beneath, as if about to toss it high in the air and scatter asunder its few remaining fragments. Beams, boards, chests, beds, and cradles, with the bodies of sheep, were all hurrying by together, and rolling onward, as if each were anxious to find, as soon as possible, a resting-place behind the dikes on the main land which lay in the direction of the storm. Among these ruins which announced the fate of the islands lying further to the north-west, floated here and there a form which spoke fearfully to the despairing group of their own approaching fate. The full moon shed a painfully clear light on this terrible picture, as if night had cruelly borrowed the brilliancy of day, that man might not be spared this sight of horror. None of the houses on the hallig could have been seen in the direction which was open, except that of Godber, and this had totally disappeared. But see! do not two figures, closely embracing each other, stand there on the surf—for no solid object was visible on which the foot could rest. It was Godber with Maria. With more than human strength, he seemed struggling against the winds and waves. Now he braced himself against the force of a sudden gust which rolled a heavier billow completely over them, then raised himself and lifted the young girl in his arms, to recover breath for new exertions. But in vain! The support beneath his feet, whether a wall, or a timber, held no longer. A huge wave rolled forward like some greedy monster, and

for a moment Maria and Godber, a united pair, were borne upon the highest crest of the far stretching billow, as if they would so ascend to heaven together—then sank into the deep waters below from which they were to rise no more. While watching this unfortunate couple, the witnesses of their fate had for a few moments forgotten their own peril, but now their thoughts reverted to themselves with feelings natural to those who have seen others suffer the death to which they are condemned, and know that their own doom follows next. Fear of death was no longer the ruling idea, although at every renewed trembling of their poor retreat, the dreadful anticipation of their last moment thrilled through soul and body. But in the brief intervals between the shocks, the certain expectation of destruction became almost a hope, even a longing, for speedy release from these horrors, by immediate death. The fate of Godber and Maria had again fixed the thoughts of the neighbors upon their child, who, they could not doubt, was now, like them, the lifeless plaything of the waves, and their grief broke out anew in lamentations. Just then some dark object floated toward the opening. It was a stack of hay which had been held together by the loaded straw-plaiting that covered it, but now, striking against a floating beam, it was overturned and fell in pieces. The upper portion of it was thrown under the roof, covering those who were lying on the boards, with wet hay. And lo ! the child who had long since been given up for lost lies at its mother's feet, living and uninjured. O ! who can conceive the joy of the parents. They covered the boy with a thousand kisses, with a grateful thanksgiving

they praised the goodness and mercy of God. Every thought that death was so near to all, entirely vanished. And the sympathy of the pastor and his wife made even them forget the common danger; and had the poor frame-work yielded to the tempest at this moment, they would have been swallowed up by the flood in the midst of rejoicings for the recovery of the child. When their thoughts were turned once more to the dangers which surrounded them, they were found to have already diminished. The storm no longer raged so violently, and grew calmer every moment. The waves no longer threw such vast sheets of water over the ruined roof, and were soon only rolling beneath it. But the joy with which the new hope of life inspired them, was greatly lessened by the fact that the supports of the few joists and boards that remained, seemed now scarcely equal to sustain the slightest shock, but trembled even more violently than before, and seemed loosening at every joint. As the water retired, large portions of the mound on which these posts had rested, fell off, making one side of the little portion of the garret that remained, lean so much that it was only by clinging to the rafters, that the unhappy company could prevent sliding from the wet and slanting boards. But the sea sent up a few more long, heavy surges toward the prey which it left behind so unwillingly, and in its retreat, undermined, so completely, the ground on which the house-posts stood, that they were left almost entirely without support, and the danger to which the pastor and his companions were exposed, was now greater than before. The higher their hopes of life had risen, the more agonizing was the thought of falling a sacrifice at

last, to the now constantly abating flood. How slowly the minutes passed by ! How slowly the sea retired ! But time measured itself by their beating hearts, and after six hours, every minute of which had been to them a stern and threatening messenger of death, the two preserved families stood once more upon their mother earth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIGHTS.

God looks from heaven! and lo! the waves are stilled;
Help comes from him whose breath the winds did waken;
Now, in the longed-for dawn we may behold
How God protecteth and what God hath taken.

FROM "THE FLOOD," 1825.

WITH what emotions did they, who had just escaped death, look upon the scene of their former domestic life, happy, though attended with so many privations! Who shall judge them severely if their first upward glance was not one of gratitude? Life could scarcely appear a welcome gift, since they were now deprived of every thing necessary to its support and enjoyment. The very earth on which the walls of their dwelling had rested was swept away—a dwelling which had contained all the necessaries of life, and in which the devoted husband and wife had found so much happiness. The church was gone, and its loss was a most severe wound to the heart of the pastor; of his second sanctuary, too, the quiet abode of his domestic happiness, there remained but a few fragments, scarcely enough to mark the place where it had stood. The unhappy couple gazed at the desolation with tearful eyes. The husband recollected his books; not one of them had escaped;

the wife thought of all the little articles indispensable to her housekeeping, but there was no trace of any thing with which she could hope to begin anew. One rouleau of gold would have entirely outweighed all they had both lost ; but the joy in what they had earned by care and toil, the love of what was endeared to their hearts by pleasant associations, the link with which habit binds us to an article otherwise of little consequence, the old familiar look of an object which, like a tried friend, is connected with the joys and sorrows of our every-day life—all these no money could restore. And even if this had been possible, where was it to be obtained ? Were they not standing there, poor and naked indeed, with no prospect for the future, without knowing how to provide for the wants of the day ! Was it not probable that they who had escaped the flood, would now perish from cold and hunger ? Could they already look trustfully over to the mainland coast from which help was to be expected, before they knew how extensive the inundation had been, how far it had swept away dykes and embankments, and how far the charity and means of their neighbors might reach, or how soon their attention might be called to their situation ? As no one in our own country could have foreseen that such active benevolence would be exerted in behalf of the halligs, and that such abundant relief would have flowed in upon them as the event proved, how much less in the first moment, in the full consciousness of their terrible situation, could the unhappy inhabitants have expected it !

Hold and his wife stood disconsolate on the site of their former happiness, and their child cried with the

cold. They looked about them and saw on all sides only the same desolation. Wharves bare, or sustaining only a few posts with the shattered fragments of a roof. But a single dwelling was less injured, and might still offer imperfect shelter and protection. Toward this they directed their trembling steps. As the pastor descended the crumbling mound, he observed a book projecting from under one of the iron plates of the overturned stove. He stood still, and a deep flush of shame passed over his pale face. His tears fell faster, but through them he raised a beaming look to the heavens now covered with clouds. He seized the hand of his wife, pressed it warmly, and said :

“ See there ! the Lord speaks to us again ! No, no,” and he clasped his wife and child in his arms, “ we will never despair. He has resolved that we should hear him. How clearly he has spoken again ! He himself inspired me to write last evening what was this morning to strengthen my weak faith.”

And now, on the way to their place of shelter, he told her what he had written on the preceding night in his manuscript, entitled “ Sights,” for this was the book that he had found.

“ And the heavens were opened again, as at the time when Jacob the son of Isaac slept in the field. From the light clouds which veiled the entrance to the abode of the angels who behold the face of God, the heavenly ladder descended into the silent night of this cold earth. The sides of the ladder seemed broad sunbeams half veiled by morning mists, and the steps were moonlight and starlight combined. A messenger from God came down, appearing first like a white vapory cloud that

rocks itself in the blue sea of heaven on a summer day, then floating nearer to the earth, his form appeared as might that of the pious soul to the heavenly hosts, when hastening home to its Father in its transfigured body invisible to mortal eyes. But mine eyes were to be opened to behold the angel even in this form, for a fiery coal had been prepared for me in the counsels of the Father, because my weakness had despaired before the cares of this life. And the angel touched the earth, beckoned to me, and moved lightly toward me, light as gossamer floats on the breeze. We wandered over mountain, valley, and sea, through the still winter night, and my foot slipped not on the smooth surface of the ice, became not weary in the damp snows, as if its sole touched not the earth beneath it. We met also several night pilgrims, but they did not see us ; to the eye of man my form was invisible. It seemed to me as if I had left the dark heavy shadow of clay behind in its place of slumber, and as if my soul were traveling, clad in the drapery of her future home. At last we came to a great city whose gates opened and shut in silence, as the cloud-walls divide, to permit a sunbeam to pass, that with a sudden flash upon the meadows it may wake some sleeping bud. All was still and desolate in the streets, and we passed through the long lines of houses like persons, who, having prolonged their pleasures till too late an hour, find the door of their own dwellings shut, and are forced to seek hospitality with some distant friend. So the angel of God walked with me through the wide city, and those who slept in lofty palaces dreamed of the riches, the honors, and the pleasures of the world as before, and they who slept in the huts

of poverty were, even in their slumbers, as anxious how to provide for the wants of the body, as eager for gain, and as envious as they had been by day ; but the angel passed by and none saw him. Only over the face of the young child that, unconscious of the world, slept in its cradle, and knew not yet whether it was born rich or poor, a faint smile passed, more lovely and beautiful than that of the bride who sees her betrothed in her dreams. At the extreme end of the city, stood a lofty church whose slender spires, broken by the glimmering moonlight, reached to the clouds, and whose broad walls and colonnades seemed built to cover the narrow alleys which lay behind them, the home of the miserable and the despised. Lighted lamps were shining through the high arched windows, and as we stood under the gothic doorway, a pleasant chime rung out for matins. The sound from the tower, and the chant of the priest, thrilled me with devotion, and I was anxious to press in with the few worshipers who were hastening to prayer. But the angel beckoned me to stay, and turned his eye upward to the cornice of the stately temple. A sparrow, stiffened by the frost, fell from the roof at the feet of the angel. He lifted it up, and wrapping it in the folds of his vesture, warmed it compassionately on his bosom. And as if his mission in this place were ended, he walked on more rapidly, and, as I thought, with a more joyful countenance, directing his steps to the despised quarter of the town, and through the dark, narrow, and crooked lanes, until we reached the extreme outer wall. There stood a hut so ruinous that I feared even to pass by it. But God's messenger entered, and I followed him reluctantly. A moldering staircase led

us up, then another, till we entered into a small boarded chamber under the roof. The only window of this miserable abode looked over the city wall upon the open field, and its broken sash freely admitted the wind and the full moonlight, so that I could as distinctly see every object as if it had been day. Perhaps, too, my sight may have been clearer than usual. On a straw bed in the corner lay a dying person. I knew it by the rattling in the chest. Alas ! he was the only, the last stay of his family, who were standing about his bed, a wife with six children and the seventh on her breast. The children wrung their hands and wept aloud ; but the mother stared fixedly, with a pale unchanging face, for she had no more tears. The nursling alone unconcerned, lay on her despairing bosom, draining the little nutriment it afforded. The dying man raised himself feebly, and gazed with hollow eyes at his family. In every feature was expressed a longing desire to find some consolation for them ; his thin fingers grasped convulsively at the straws lying about him, as if he hoped to find among them an ear of wheat to remind him of that God who giveth bread to the hungry ; but the straws were empty, his heart, too, was void, and his sighs became groans of despair. The children wept still louder, the mother's knees failed, and she sank down by the side of her husband.

“ ‘ Where hast thou brought me ? ’ said I, softly, to the angel. ‘ Help here, if thou canst, or let us depart hence, that I may weep over the misery of mankind.’

“ But the angel replied—and his words sounded like the breath of morning which precedes the rising day—

“ ‘ The eyes of our heavenly Father behold all his

children here in the dust. Help is in his counsels. He will neither leave nor forsake any that are here ; but I am only sent hither that the soul of this dying man may depart in peace.'

"At these words he lifted the folds of his vesture, and the sparrow, warmed into new life upon his breast, flew forth, and perched upon the window. On its sill lay a broken crust, the last store of the poor family ; and the hungry bird, lighting near it, pecked off crumb after crumb. Suddenly the face of the dying man seemed transfigured. His eye followed, with kindling light, every motion of the bird, which fluttered around the new found food, tasting it now on this side, now on that. And more and more plainly was joy mirrored on the features of the dying man, and more and more blessed was the expression of peace on his countenance. He raised himself again as if the strength of his youth had returned, a tear of gratitude glistened in his eye, now turned toward heaven, and trust, and confidence, and hope, were enthroned on his cheerful brow. Then, looking again at his family, he stretched out his hand toward his wife and children, pointed to the sparrow on the window, said in a clear, firm voice,

"Behold the fowls of the air ; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they !"

"He spoke, and gazed at his wife, whose eyes had been dry so long, till gentle tears flowed from them ; and then his soul departed in peace."

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

Look heavenward, bowed and broken soul! forget not
That tears may nourish graces in thy heart;
The world's gifts passing, warn thee that thou set not
Thy love on them, but choose the better part.
All earthly perisheth, time's rightful prey,
But love and faith shall bloom without decay.

ON the morning that followed this night of destruction, the whole congregation, men, women, and children, were assembled in the only house still capable of sheltering them. All the other dwellings were either entirely swept off, or reduced to mere frame-work. What a prospect was before the unhappy islanders. Houses, lands, and flocks, destroyed! No shelter, no provision for the ensuing day, not even food and dry clothing for the moment. Sickness, hunger, cold, and nakedness, despair or death in the waves on the next returning tide—such was the fate too nearly threatened to be overlooked. As they hurried successively to the place of refuge, each new narrative furnished a fresh subject for admiration of the divine power and goodness.

I may mention, among other cases, that of a poor woman at the point of becoming for the first time a mother. When the flood came on, she was carried to

the garret ; and the house being undermined, she was thrown with its ruins, on a hay stack. There half crushed by the timbers which swayed with every rising and falling wave, she clung all night, and then waded across the hallig, through deep water, to the only house left standing, where she immediately gave birth to a healthy child, who was christened John, or *God is gracious*. This was the last child born upon this hallig, excepting the eldest surviving daughter of the author.

When at last, none were missing but Godber and Maria, the thoughts and feelings of all were turned to the losses they had suffered, and to the helplessness of their present situation. All lamented, wept, and sobbed together. But having overcome his first feeling of misery, the pastor who, during his residence upon the hallig, had often pictured to himself a similar state of things, and whom the Lord, as we have already seen, had greatly comforted in his trial, soon began to recollect the duties which his office imposed upon him ; and never before had his vocation seemed so noble to him as at this hour. He addressed himself, sometimes to individuals, sometimes to all ; called their attention to the truly wonderful preservations told by one and another, and endeavored to waken their confidence in their Father in heaven, who sustains the birds of the air, and clothes the flowers of the field ; pointed out to them the fact that so many precious promises had been given expressly for such situations as that in which they now found themselves, and encouraged them—as his first proposition to endeavor to reach the mainland by the help of the only vessel which lay at anchor uninjured, was rejected—to wait with him in entire submission, on

the soil of their beloved home, and see what God would do for them. His words were to the poor sufferers like manna in the desert ; and he was reminded of the flickering wick which does not go out, and the bent reed that does not break. He rebuked the despairing with earnest words : “Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God.” Who has been brought to shame that has hoped in God ! Who has ever been forsaken that has remained steadfast in the fear of the Lord ! Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil ? “Therefore be patient in your tribulation.” “And above all,” cried he, “if I have but thee, Almighty Father, I will ask neither for heaven nor earth. If soul and body languish, still thou, O God, art at all times the confidence of my heart and my salvation.” By degrees his consolation found entrance into the hearts of his afflicted congregation. They gathered more and more closely about him, gradually assenting to the truth of his remarks ; their complaints ceased, their tears flowed more gently, and their sighs were turned to silent prayers.

Hunger and cold now warned them to prepare some refreshment. Even if it were possible to kindle a fire, they had no provisions except such as were thoroughly wet by the sea, and most of all, they lacked fresh water, as the inundation had filled every well. Hold now remembered the cask of wine by means of which his life had been preserved, and some young men went to his wharf to fetch it.

On their way they discovered the corpse of Godber, which had found its resting-place by the washed grave of his former captain and the two sailors, as if in sign

of perfect reconciliation. Could he have chosen his own burial-place, he would have selected no other.

In hours of special excitement, man is easily inclined to give a remarkable coincidence a deeper significance than perhaps he ought. We shall, therefore, leave it to our readers to decide whether Hold was right, when afterward, in conversation with his wife upon the discovery of Godber's body on the grave of his former shipmates, he expressed himself as follows: "It seems to me as if God had designed by this circumstance to give me great consolation. I can now think of Godber without any doubts of his forgiveness. This union in death with those whom he regarded, justly or unjustly, as having been sacrificed by his unfaithfulness, strikes me as an affirmative answer to the question of survivors, 'Was his repentance accepted?' We should think of him with peace, since we have seen him sleeping peacefully by the side of those with whose death his conscience reproached him. I, at least, must thank God that he so ordered it, and would not willingly have seen the body of Godber lying elsewhere. He was to go first where the voice of reconciliation called him. Maria belonged not there, and, therefore, they were separated. The last moments of his life had expiated his offense toward her, and they are now reunited in the everlasting habitations."

If our narrative has won your sympathy, kind reader, we beg you also to take leave of Godber without reproaching him for his weakness. Who shall measure the strength of passion whose glowing flame often consumes, in one unhappy moment, all that we call our truth and our duty, and we stand before their ashes,

and ask with astonishment, "How has all this happened?" In judging ourselves, no severity is too great; but when we would judge others, let the consciousness of our own weakness make us breathe the prayer, "O God, lead us not into temptation!"

The cask was fortunately found uninjured, was opened at once, and the necessary food was prepared in the wine. In this way refreshment was provided, which infused new warmth and life into their wet and chilled frames.

"Thus far the Lord has helped us!" exclaimed Hold, when all were satisfied. "Let us go out to the place where his sanctuary stood, that we may thank him there, where we have so often called upon his holy name. There, in view of the destruction of all our temporal goods, will we praise him that he has preserved those dearest to us, and still showed his love to us, even when his hand was heavy upon us." And he commenced singing Luther's hymn, "In deepest grief I cried to thee!" and the whole congregation joined in the following verses on their way to the site of the church:

And should my grief last till the night,
Or even till the morrow,
My heart shall trust its Father's might,
Nor feel despairing sorrow.

For thus the soul regenerate,
Whom grace divine did re-create,
Will on its God with patience wait.

Although so many are our sins,
Yet more the grace he giveth;
However great may be our need,
His arm is strong that saveth.

The only shepherd true is he!
Israel's Redeemer will he be,
And from his trouble set him free.

As the pastor ascended the mound, which, in its washed condition, could scarcely be called a wharf, and upon which not a stone or timber remained to remind them that a building had stood here, the first object which met his sight was the body of Maria. She must have been floated back by the retreating tide, and was left in one of the cavities of the mound, almost in a sitting posture, so that at the first glance she seemed like a living person who had sought shelter here from the rough winds. All pressed around Hold as he bent over the corpse with tearful eyes. He was so much moved and saddened, that he endeavored in vain to recover the cheerful, trusting confidence with which he had led the congregation hither.

So, then, this youthful life which had known happiness only in a dream, had vanished. When the dream seemed about to be fulfilled, a sharp winter frost touched the buds of her bridal garland, and they withered away. And thou, too, with thy modest, simple nature, who seemed made to walk peacefully through the world unnoticed by destiny which smites proud hearts, and tries more excitable tempers, thou, too, must bleed, a patient sacrifice to a world agitated by passion. But a fair morning-star had risen in thy heart, and called forth flowers not born of earth, over which no winter frost has power, and which nourished by the dews of heavenly peace and the tears of earthly sorrow, unfolded themselves luxuriantly and sent a richer fragrance toward heaven. Thy soul has not passed into

another land, it was already loosed from the fetters of earthly desires, was even here below, not a pilgrim traveling toward heaven, but one already walking there. The tears which fall upon thy clay, are not for thee whose faith has now become sight, they are for the world which has no resting-place, even for a heart that asked so little. We are, indeed, strangers and pilgrims upon earth.

As the pastor stooped lower, less to observe the dead more closely, than to conceal his own tears, he saw beside Maria the golden communion-cup which had served the congregation since 1459.*

This discovery struck him like a message from heaven. His cheerful faith returned with overcoming power. He eagerly seized the treasure so dear to himself and his people, and holding it high in his left hand, raised the right as if in benediction over the heads of the congregation who were surrounding him. His face, beaming with joy, was turned toward the heavens, through whose light clouds the sun was just breaking, illuminating with its rays the terrible desolation, and pouring at the same time a gleam over the countenance of the pastor on which the holy joy within was brightly and clearly reflected. There he stood on the highest portion of the ruined wharf, himself the center of a wonderful picture. Near him the body of Maria in a half sitting posture, like a faithful disciple at the feet of the master; her countenance, too, turned heavenward with the mild peace of death on her beautiful features. The congregation were gathered round

* This chalice is preserved in the Museum of Art and Antiquities, in Copenhagen.

in every variety of posture, each indicating more or less exhaustion, all thinly clad from the hurry and confusion of the preceding night, men without neck-cloths and their chests exposed, women and girls with their long wet hair hanging over their shoulders ; some with countenances as it were transfigured, gazing upward ; others with an expression of sorrow and distress at the fresh sight of the annihilation of their earthly fortunes, children looking timidly around and clinging to their parents, as if seeing again the horrors through which they had just passed. And then the shattered wharf, here washed into deep cavities, there into steep slides with heaps of earth below it, like the blown up walls of a fortress. On one side a half sunk house-frame, the last remains of the parsonage, on the other a view over the smooth flats covered with scattered ruins that a light fall of snow during the morning had made visible above the dark, wet earth on which they lay. Beyond, the sea, whose waves, from the impulse of the late storm, were still in unusual agitation, proving how great had been the violence of the tempest. All this formed a picture whose reality left every creation of fancy far behind it.

“Fear not, little flock,” exclaimed the pastor. “See ! the Lord is near you ! As the rainbow after the deluge, was a sign and a testimony that God’s grace should henceforth be greater than man’s sin, so he gives us this cup which has served so many generations and has survived so many floods, as a sign and testimony to-day, that he will take pity upon us in his love and faithfulness. Fear not little flock ! The Lord who hath sent Jesus Christ into the world that he might fill the

cup of reconciliation with his own blood, he says to you through this cup of the holy sacrament, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!' Lord, we hold fast to thy word! Lord, we build upon thy testimonies! Who can dwell longer on what this night has taken from him? Whose breast is not filled with consolation from on high? Whose heart does not beat with child-like gratitude to our Father in heaven? He has sent his messenger before—even this chalice! He is here, and gives to every one of the fullness of his riches. He is here, O daughter of Sion, and has created a sanctuary in thy heart, whose foundation is the Rock of assurance, whose columns are light and grace, whose altar is the promise of this life and the life to come, whose battlements are peace and blessedness. Poor and helpless as we came into the world, we stand now before him. He allows us to be born again, that we may henceforth be more wholly his, nourished only by the pure milk of faith, strong only in his strength, rich only in his wealth, blessed only in his love. O Lord our God, here we are, we are thine, heirs of thy kingdom, no longer children of this world."

All earthly perisheth, time's rightful prey,
But love and faith shall bloom without decay.

AMEN.

THE END.

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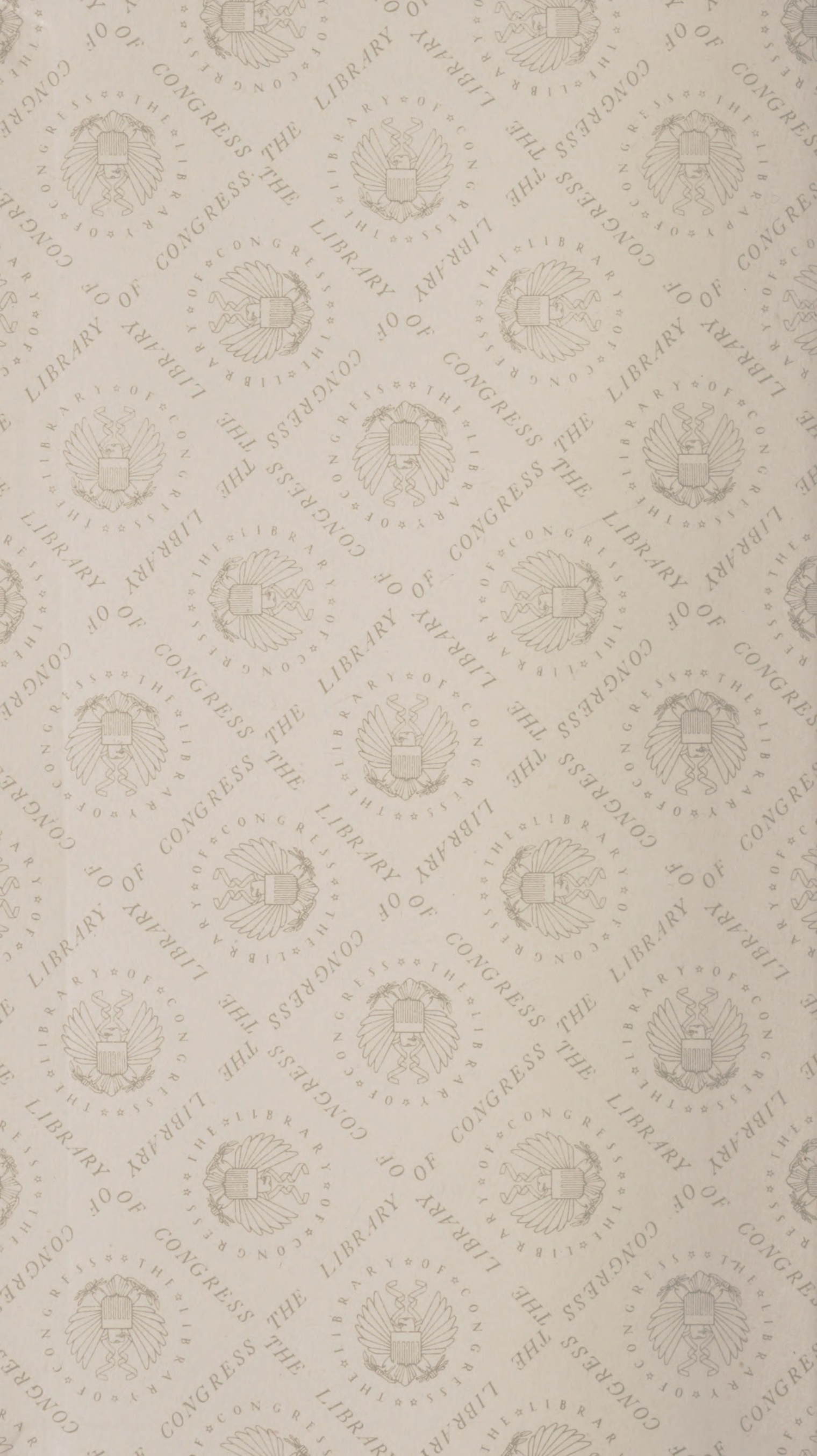
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